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· WORDSWORTH  
POEMS IN TWO VOLUMES  
1807



WORDSWORTH  
POEMS IN TWO VOLUMES  
1807

EDITED BY  
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## PREFACE

LIKE all students of Wordsworth I am deeply indebted to Professor Dowden's annotated edition of *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth in seven volumes*, and to Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's one-volume 'Oxford' edition. In editing the present volume I have also been assisted by the scholarly reprint of *Poems of William Wordsworth in Two Volumes*, 1807, edited by Mr. Hutchinson in 1897.

I wish to record my gratitude to Professor de Sélincourt for the help he has given me by criticism and suggestion during the preparation of this volume. My thanks are also due to Miss M. Loveday for valuable assistance in many tedious labours connected with the text and notes.

HELEN DARBISHIRE.

Oxford, 1914.

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## NOTE ON THE TEXT.

EXCEPT for the numbering of the lines in the longer poems and the corrections recorded below, this edition is a reprint, *verbatim literatim* and page for page, of the Bodleian copy (280. n. 290 and 291) of Wordsworth's *Poems in Two Volumes* published in 1807.

The following corrections made in the text are supported by the 1815 edition, in which most of the poems were reprinted :

- Page 13, line 66 through, (through 1807)
- Page 45, line 7 rightful (nightful 1807)
- Page 51, line 104 died. (died 1807)
- Page 53, line 2 art (are 1807)
- Page 65, line 120 extacy ; (extacy, 1807)
- Page 68, line 42 kind ! " (kind ! 1807)
- Page 118, line 6 birds' (birds 1807)
- Page 119, line 2 hast (has 1807)
- Page 121, line 12 through (though 1807)
- Page 129, line 2 for (of 1807)
- Page 130, line 12 forlorn ; (forlorn 1807)
- Page 163, line 5 the manner (manner 1807)
- Page 178, line 17 brave ; (brave 1807)

- Page 209, line 64 Yarrow ! ” (Yarrow ! 1807)  
 Page 225, line 10 Queen, (Queen 1807)  
 Page 230, line 21 strife, (strife 1807)  
 Page 241, line 26 no doubt (no, doubt 1807)  
 Page 243, line 70 Bring (Brings 1807)  
 Page 244, line 71 whate'er (what'eer 1807)  
 Page 258, line 10 islo (le 1807)  
 Page 263, line 28 (spaced in 1807 as if belonging to the next stanza)  
 Page 264, line 12 guilt- (gilt- 1807)  
 Page 265, line 13 night, (night 1807)  
 Page 265, line 22 her storo (for store 1807)  
 Page 269, line 38 seem'st (seems't 1807)  
 Page 301, line 29 uselessness (usefulness 1807)  
 Page 315, line 7 whene'er (when'er 1807)  
 Page 318, line 60 mourn. (mourn 1807)  
 Page 335, line 3 neighbourhood (neighbourhood 1807)

In passages not included in the 1815 edition the following corrections have been made :

- Page 6            *Resolution and Independence* . . 89 (88 1807)  
 Page 13, line 62 thankfulness, (thankfulness 1807) \*
- Page 172            13.....62 (om. 1807)  
 Page 221, note \*See (See 1807)

One misprint overlooked by Wordsworth till 1820 is corrected :

- Page 280, line 13 Hart (Hart, 1807)

For Wordsworth's subsequent handling of his text *vide Appendix*, p. 459.

## INTRODUCTION.

### I. LIFE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH's life, like his poetry, had a quiet surface but an inward energy and fire. Outward fact counts for little in it, except as the key to inner experience.

He was born at Cockermouth in 1770. His father was an attorney-at-law, his mother the daughter of a mercer of Penrith ; his grandfather was of Yorkshire stock. Of his brothers, Richard, John, and Christopher, only the second enters into the story of his life. His sister Dorothy, who was to mean most to him, was a year younger than he.

Mrs. Wordsworth declared that the only one of her children about whose future life she was anxious was William, and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or evil. Wordsworth himself records this remark, and explains that he was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper. But he was also sensitive and reserved, and his mother evidently understood him. He praises her in *The Prelude*<sup>1</sup> as an ideal mother, benignant, thoughtful, and religious, never over-anxious, nor bent too much on superficial things.

Above all she trusted Nature, and deliberately allowed her children to run wild. Their house at Cockermouth was on the banks of the Derwent, and the children were free to make the river their playmate. Wordsworth tells how, as a little boy of five, he made 'one long bathing of a summer's day', plunging and basking, leaping through groves of yellow ragwort, or standing 'like a naked savage' in the splash of a thunder-shower.

When he was eight years old his mother died, and in the same year he was sent to the Grammar School at Hawkshead. He lodged with Anne Tyson, a motherly old dame who won the affection of the boys under her care by giving them plenty of freedom. Wordsworth entered with impetuous energy into all the sports of the country-side, fishing, bird-catching, skating, bathing, boating, kite-flying. The keen physical life quickened his senses and emotions for an eager intercourse with Nature. The beauty of an orange winter sky mingled with the joys of a long day's skating. Perilous mountain slopes and shifting mists joined with the excitement of forbidden sports to fill his soul with a passion of primitive terror. Sights and sounds were sharply impressed upon his mind by the force of the emotion that went with them, so that he was unconsciously laying up a store of natural imagery for after years. And the appeal went deeper than his senses. Nature gave him his first and greatest revelation of the world of

spirit that is beyond the world of sense. On a night of storm, as he crouched beneath a rock and listened to ‘the ghostly language of the ancient earth’, he felt in shadowy exultation the mysterious presences of the universe. Or, watching a quiet dawn break over the vale, he gazed upon the radiant loveliness till the scene ceased to be real and stirred him with the magic and wonder of a dream.<sup>1</sup> His physical and spiritual life were united in an intensity of feeling. For the rest, these years at school, amongst a rough and independent community, in wild mountain country, left him a hardy, healthy boy, wilful and self-sufficing, with some taste for reading, and more for solitary thinking.

In the winter of 1783 his father died, leaving the children in the guardianship of their uncles; and in 1787 William was sent by them to St. John’s College, Cambridge. His college career was in one sense an interruption in his education. He was not by nature a scholar, and the petty restrictions of university life, social formalities and academic competitions, galled his spirit. He felt like ‘a fowl of the air, ill-tutored for captivity’, doomed for a time to a sedentary perch.<sup>2</sup> The habit of ‘magisterial liberty’ guided him in his studies as well as his actions. He read widely in the English poets, and to some extent in French and Italian, and he gained a respectable knowledge of the Latin classics and a taste for

<sup>1</sup> *Prel.* ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Prel.* iii. 355.

mathematics. But he never worked for academic success; he spent the week before his examination reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, and when he graduated in 1791 he had forfeited his chances of a Fellowship at the University. He had employed his ‘strenuous idleness’ in the company of his less intellectual contemporaries, and he reaped the fruits of this in a new sense of the pleasures of social life and some knowledge of human character. Cambridge was important to him as an introduction to the great world.

But the more fruitful periods of his college years were the summer vacations. He spent the first at Hawkshead, returning to his early haunts with a joy that he had hardly counted on. He felt again the ‘inner pulse of contemplation’ which at Cambridge ‘almost failed to beat’, and in the heart of the mountains his soul was once more at peace with itself and with its destinies. Next summer he explored the Yorkshire dales and the country round Penrith, enjoying the companionship of his sister Dorothy and his cousin Mary Hutchinson, who afterwards became his wife. His sister was a true child of Nature, ardent in temperament to a degree in those days considered unwomanly, and she shared his single-hearted devotion to the things of the mind and the spirit. More impulsive and open-hearted than her brother, she broke through his reserve and found her way to the centre of his affections. She

writes in an early letter that William combines with the power of steady attachment ‘a sort of violence of affection, which demonstrates itself every moment of the day when the objects of his affections are present with him’. And William writes to her after an absence, ‘Oh my dear, dear sister, . . . so eager is my desire to see you that all obstacles vanish. I see you in a moment running, or rather flying to my arms.’ His last vacation was spent in a walking-tour with his friend Robert Jones through France and Switzerland. ‘A hardy slight,’ he owns,

Did this unprecedent course imply  
Of College studies and their set rewards. . . .  
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,  
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy  
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.

*(Prel. vi. 326.)*

It was the call of the mountains that drew Wordsworth abroad rather than the excitement of passing events. They crossed into France at an auspicious crisis in the Revolution.

. . . Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours,  
And human nature seeming born again.

*(Prel. vi. 339.)*

But Wordsworth’s sympathies were not yet ripe. He  
                        heard, saw and felt,  
Was touched, but with no intimate concern.  
His imagination was fully absorbed by Nature, and

he had his most vital experience in the solitudes of the mountains.<sup>1</sup>

His college career ended, he wavered irresolutely in his choice of profession. He had first contemplated the law, then the Church. But though he was earnestly religious, his passion for wandering, and a certain stubborn independence of spirit warned him against taking orders. ‘All professions are attended with great inconveniences,’ he wrote, ‘but that of the priesthood with most.’ He aimed at one time at a travelling tutorship, at another at journalism. But no plan was carried through. He defied the wishes of friends and guardians, declined to embrace any profession, and for four years indulged himself in what must have looked to them like wilful idleness. In his first uncertainty after leaving Cambridge in the spring of 1791, he drifted to London.<sup>2</sup> The shifting pageant of life in the great city roused his intellectual curiosity but failed to satisfy his feelings. It did something to stimulate his awakening interest in social life, but it threw him back with renewed joy and gratitude upon the breast of Nature. He spent the summer months on a walking-tour in Wales, and in the autumn went abroad once more. He settled at Orleans for the winter months, but moved in the early spring to Blois, where he fell into the society of Michael Beaupuy, an officer of the Republican army and an ardent and broad-minded patriot.<sup>2</sup> It

<sup>1</sup> *Prel.* vii.

<sup>2</sup> *Prel.* ix. 288.

was he who first kindled Wordsworth into sympathy with the political movement in France.

With the independent temper of a Northerner and his democratic upbringing, Wordsworth had accepted the republican principles of the Revolution as a matter of course. His mind was never excited by abstract theories, but it could be deeply stirred by concrete fact. The sight of a hunger-bitten girl, whom they met on one of their walks, knitting as she crept along the lane, leading her ill-fed heifer, and Beau-puy's agitated whisper '*'Tis against that that we are fighting'*', haunted his imagination. He saw for the first time what a popular revolution means, saw what men and women actually suffer under ill-government, and bent his whole soul to the problem of human liberty. 'And thus ere long', he writes, 'I'

Became a patriot; and my heart was all  
Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

(*Prel. ix. 122.*)

Nature, who had hitherto held first place in his affections, now yielded that place to man. Beau-puy incited his hopes for humanity, and he eagerly embraced the republican ideal of democracy. It was a time with him when

. . . doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,—  
A hope it is, and a desire; a creed  
Of zeal, by an authority Divine  
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.

(*Prel. ix. 404.*)

In October, 1792, he moved to Paris, the scene of the recent September massacres, the dethronement of the King, and the declaration of the Republic. He was irresistibly drawn into the current of events, and in December he was on the point of throwing in his lot with the Girondin party, when he was recalled by his guardians to England. He returned, he says, ‘a patriot of the world’, and settled in London, the centre of political life. At the beginning of the year he saw through the press his two poems *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, and busied himself with inditing his *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, by a Republican*, in which he ardently defends the French Revolution and advocates democracy.

In February his feelings were profoundly shocked by England’s entry into the war against France. Wordsworth was by instinct a passionate patriot, and he had regarded England as the stronghold of liberty. He was violently thrown back upon his faith in France. But events abroad could only increase his bitterness and perplexity. In Paris a despotic government had been supplanted by a tyranny yet more cruel. Napoleon was rising to power, and the French armies were changing ‘a war of self-defence for one of conquest’. Wordsworth was thrown into a state of torturing self-conflict, in which his intellect, his heart, and his spiritual ideals were all involved. To escape from the anguish of

feeling he declined for a time upon the intellectual creed of Godwin,<sup>1</sup> and feverishly sought in Nature for excitement and distraction instead of peace and power.

In the summer of 1793 he wandered over Salisbury Plain, visited Tintern Abbey and Goodrich Castle, and spent the autumn with his friend Jones in Wales. Next year he rambled in Lancashire and the Lake Country. In anxiety about his future, he meditated journalism, and even laid plans for editing a Monthly Miscellany, to be called *The Philanthropist*. But he was saved from plunging into an uncongenial career by the discerning generosity of a friend. Raisley Calvert, who died early in 1795, left him a legacy of £900, with the express desire that he should pursue his poetic calling. Wordsworth's gratitude was deep. The first necessity for him, if he was to become a poet, was liberty to wander at will, unhampered by the 'inconveniences' of a profession. He thanked his friend, characteristically, for making it possible—

That I, if frugal and severe, *might stray*  
*Where'er I liked*, and finally array  
 My temples with the Muses' diadem.<sup>2</sup>

Upon the proceeds of this small bequest, laid out partly in an annuity, Wordsworth and his sister contrived to live for nearly eight years.

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. xxxi.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Sonnet, p. 132.

In the autumn of 1795 they accepted the loan of a house at Racedown, Dorset, where they remained till July, 1797. During this time Wordsworth's spiritual health was restored. His sister's belief in him and his destiny as a poet roused him from dejection, and she led him back to the original sources of his faith. He was drawn once more into a freshening intercourse with Nature, and turning his back on political theories, applied himself to the study of human nature itself, on the roads, and in the fields and cottages of the surrounding country. His melancholy thought worked itself out in the composition of *The Borderers*, and of the *Story of Margaret*, afterwards incorporated in *The Excursion*. In 1795 he first met Coleridge and by the end of 1796, when Coleridge was settled at Nether Stowey, they were on intimate terms. Next summer, attracted by his society, the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden, only three miles distant. It is a large house set in beautifully wooded grounds on the Quantock hillside overlooking the sea, and Wordsworth obtained it, with a good luck that followed him through life, at the rent of £23 for the year. The three friends met day by day. It was a time of rare happiness for them all. Coleridge with his eager, voluble enthusiasm, his genius for philosophical speculation, his sensitive, receptive mind, offered Wordsworth for the first time an intellectual companionship that answered his needs. Words-

worth, with his deeper hold upon experience, his steadier mind and surer balance of intellect and emotion, inspired in Coleridge an admiration such as he had felt for no other man. And between them was Dorothy, drawing them, with a woman's instinctive art, into an affectionate intimacy that played over the smallest details of daily life, and penetrated the deeper interchange of intellect and spirit. It was she—"her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature"—who kept them awake to the changeful life of earth, air, and sky. Her *Journal* breathes the very life of these days as freshly as when it was first written.

*March 18th, 1798.* The Coleridges left us. A cold, windy morning. Walked with them half way. On our return, sheltered under the hollies, during a hail-shower. The withered leaves danced with the hail-stones. William wrote a description of the storm.<sup>1</sup>

*19th.* William and I walked to the hill-tops, a very cold bleak day. . . . William wrote some lines describing a stunted thorn.<sup>2</sup>

*20th.* Coleridge dined with us. We went more than half way home with him in the evening. A very cold evening, but clear. The spring seemingly very little advanced. No green trees, only the hedges are budding and looking very lovely.

*21st.* We drank tea at Coleridge's. A quiet shower of snow was in the air during our walk. At our return the sky partially shaded with clouds. The

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* 'A whirlblast from behind the hill' (*O. W.*, p. 154).

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* *The Thorn* (*O. W.*, p. 197).

horned moon was set. Startled two night birds from the great elm-tree.

22<sup>nd</sup>. I spent the morning in starching and hanging out linen ; walked *through* the wood in the evening, very cold.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Coleridge dined with us. He brought his ballad finished. We walked with him to the Miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.

Hazlitt paid a visit to Coleridge at Nether Stowey this spring, and recorded his impressions in a famous essay.<sup>1</sup> There is no livelier picture of Wordsworth at this period.

'The next day Wordsworth arrived at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in a degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own 'Peter Bell'. There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face.'

The poets talked much of their art. They shared and stimulated in each other the belief that a new

<sup>1</sup> 'My first acquaintance with Poets.'

poetry was possible in which the very essence of life should be distilled, and the spiritual and real united. The fruits of their intercourse appeared in the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in September 1798. The next winter was spent in Germany. Wordsworth felt his exile from England keenly. He wrote during these months the group of *Lucy* poems, and conceived and started upon *The Prelude*. Returning to England in the spring, he wandered north, visited Grasmere with Coleridge and was attracted by a small empty house, Dove Cottage, at Town End. This house he soon afterwards secured, and thither in the bleak, stormy weather of December, 1799, he and Dorothy journeyed on foot from Yorkshire. Lovers of Grasmere will know how the travellers felt as they entered the quiet vale at sunset, and saw below them the lake flooded with orange light under the darkening barrier of the hills, whilst ahead, a radiant sky 'faced them with a passionate welcoming'.<sup>1</sup> It was the beginning of the most fruitful years of Wordsworth's life. Living with the utmost plainness and frugality, the poet shared with his sister the joys of perfect companionship, leisure for talk and reading, walks abroad at all times of the day and night, work and idleness in their little orchard-garden, and the society of friends. Their sailor-brother John, Mary Hutchinson, and Coleridge with his wife and Hartley all stayed with them in 1800. Under these ideal

<sup>1</sup> *Recluse*, 172.

conditions Wordsworth completed *The Prelude*, and produced some of the most beautiful of his lyrical and pastoral poems. These were embodied in a second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, and in the *Poems in Two Volumes* of 1807. In the latter, the *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty* are significant of Wordsworth's revived interest in polities, his recovered patriotism, and his matured conception of national liberty.

In 1802 a large debt owed to Wordsworth's father by the old Lord Lowther was discharged by the new Earl. William's portion was a welcome addition to his income, and in October of the same year he married Mary Hutchinson. With her radiant benignity of spirit, her instinctive love of poetry and all beautiful things and her genius for domestic life, she was an excellent wife for Wordsworth. Her silent sympathy and understanding were balm to his often excitable spirit, and her steadfast, innocent faith supported him through troubled times. Their first child, John, was born in June 1803, and two months afterwards William and Dorothy started on the memorable Scotch tour in which they visited Walter Scott and turned aside from Yarrow.<sup>1</sup>

In 1805 Wordsworth suffered his first great personal sorrow. His brother John was drowned in the wreck of the *Abergavenny*. In his last long stay with them they had found him 'one of themselves'. Wordsworth writes of him 'I can say

<sup>1</sup> *Vide p. 177, Poems written during a Tour in Scotland.*

nothing higher of my ever-dear brother than that he was worthy of his sister, and of the friendship of Coleridge ; meek, affectionate, silently enthusiastic, loving all quiet things, and a poet in every thing but words'. Wordsworth's affections were of a depth and an intensity that is characteristic of reserved natures. He gave his love to few, but those few became a necessary part of life to him. His brother's death overpowered him with a passionate grief. 'For myself,' he writes, 'I feel that something is cut out of my life which cannot be restored.' It marked in a sense the end of his youth. He could rely no more on the buoyancy and elasticity of mind that had been his, and he had to make a deeper sounding to lay the basis of his faith. His youthful creed of liberty ceased to suffice, and he strove to reconcile himself to conceptions that had the stability and permanence of law. It is this change, only gradually worked out, that made Wordsworth in later life a staunch upholder of Church and State.

In 1803 Wordsworth had made friends with the painter Sir George Beaumont. The two families soon became intimate, and in the winter of 1806 the Beaumonts lent them a farm-house in the grounds of their own house of Coleorton in Leicestershire. The Wordsworths were finding Dove Cottage too small for their increasing family. A second son had been born in 1806 and a daughter, Dora, a year earlier. In 1808 they moved into Allan Bank,

Grasmere; but smoky chimneys made the house almost uninhabitable, and in 1811 they were glad to find a temporary residence in the Rectory. This house was unbearably saddened for them by the loss of two beloved children, Catharine who died in June, and Thomas in December. Next year they moved into Rydal Mount, above Rydal Mere, which was to be their home till Wordsworth's death. His personal life was clouded by an estrangement from Coleridge in 1810, and though they attempted a reconciliation two years later, the old intimate friendship was never regained.

In 1813 he obtained the office of stamp distributor for Westmorland, which brought him a moderate income, and made increasing demands upon his time. During these years he had been active both in poetry and prose. His interest in the national issues of the Spanish War led him to devote much time and energy to a weighty and impassioned tract on *The Convention of Cintra*, published in 1809. His knowledge and love of the Lake Country and his artistic taste for landscape found expression in the first version of his *Guide to the Lakes*, which appeared in 1810. Meanwhile he was at work upon his long philosophical poem, *The Excursion*. When it was published in 1814, it did little to advance his reputation, but it contains some fine poetry, and is valuable as the key to Wordsworth's philosophical position.

In 1815 he produced the first collected edition of

his works, grouping them for the first time in relation with faculties of the mind : Poems of the Imagination, Poems of the Fancy, and the rest. In 1816 he poured out in a *Thanksgiving Ode* his joy and thankfulness for the close of the long national struggle abroad. During later years he became alarmed in the sphere of home politics by what seemed to him the rash and unbalanced spirit of reform. In two *Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmorland* in 1818 he opposed Brougham's candidature, and uttered solemn warning against the policy of 'overweening reformers'. He plunged into county politics, and on one of his rare absences from home missed the visit of Keats to Rydal Mount. 'Keats's disappointment was great, and he hardly concealed his vexation when he found he owed his privation to the interest the elder poet was taking in the general election.'<sup>1</sup>

From 1820 to 1830, De Quincey says, Wordsworth's reputation as a poet was militant ; after 1830 it was triumphant. When he came to Oxford in 1839 to take the degree of D.C.L. he received a great ovation. In 1843, on the death of Southey, he accepted the Laureateship. His poetic labours were never for long relinquished. Fresh editions of his works with additional poems were published in 1820, 1827, and 1832 ; and he was busy during 1836 revising

<sup>1</sup> Lord Houghton's *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, i, p. 152.

the whole for a stereotyped edition. Throughout his life he took untiring pains in correcting textual detail, and some alterations were even introduced into the edition published in 1849 just before his death.

His old age was keenly vigorous. In 1830 in his sixtieth year he was 'still the crack skater on Rydal Lake'.<sup>1</sup> The same year he rode his daughter's pony from Westmorland to Cambridge. Henry Taylor's description of his appearance at the time completes the picture: 'Wordsworth's was a face which did not assign itself to any class. It was a hardy weather-beaten old face, which might have belonged to a nobleman, a yeoman, a mariner, or a philosopher; for there was so much of a man that you lost sight of super-added distinctions'.<sup>2</sup> In 1845 Aubrey de Vere wrote to Taylor from Grasmere 'The Old Man of the Mountains is as strong as ever in body and soul'. They toiled up the hills together. Nature was to the end the breath of life to him.

His passion for wandering never died. In 1820 he travelled through Switzerland and the Italian lakes, and in later years took tours through the Netherlands, in North Wales, up the Rhine, through the Highlands, in the Isle of Man, and Scotland. In 1837 he saw Rome for the first time. In 1841 he revisited his early haunts at the Quantocks, Tintern Abbey, and Goodrich Castle.

<sup>1</sup> Letter of D. W., *Life*, iii, p. 181.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Taylor's *Autobiography*, vol. i, p. 180.

In 1829 Dorothy's health had begun to fail : she never recovered strength and her intellect gradually weakened. For Wordsworth her place came to be taken by his daughter Dora, whose joyous temperament and eager mind made her as indispensable to his happiness now, as his sister had once been. In his later years he still enjoyed several old friendships, notably that of Crabb Robinson, and he was happy in forming a new intimacy with Miss Fenwick, a cultivated woman of charming personality, who entered with the keenest sympathy into his literary labours. She came to live with them at Rydal Mount in 1840. This was a troubled year for the household. Edward Quillinan sought the hand of Dora, and Wordsworth violently opposed the marriage, to his daughter's great unhappiness. Chiefly through the wise influence of Miss Fenwick he withdrew his objections and the two were married in 1841. In 1847 after a few months' illness Mrs. Quillinan died. Wordsworth was utterly broken by a grief still more passionate than that which had followed his brother's death, and he never really recovered. His own death was peaceful, when it came three years later. He was buried on April 27, 1850, in the quiet churchyard of Grasmere. A friend wrote at the time, 'No man could die less than he, —so much of his mind remaining upon earth.'

Wordsworth's character is commonly misunderstood. He is thought of as a man whose ardent

youth yielded to the paralysis of an early middle age, who became conventional in habit and thought, meek and gentle in temper, conservative in politics, and narrowly sectarian in religion.

In reality his nature was first and last strongly passionate. It is not the mild and gentle who preach meekness as the saving quality of manhood, nor is it the innately conventional who feel the deeper values of law and custom. If he ever attained outward calm, it was the result of hard-won self-command, and if he came to seek the support of forms sanctioned by custom and tradition it was not from weakness but, in part at least, from knowledge of rebellious energies in himself that needed control. The passionate intensity of his affections in youth was no whit relaxed in old age. His violent opposition to his daughter's marriage was inspired by his anxious love for her. The agony he suffered at the loss of his two children in 1812 was living still forty years later. He described the minute details of their illnesses 'with an exactness and an impetuosity of troubled excitement such as might have been expected if the bereavement had taken place but a few weeks before.'<sup>1</sup>

In politics he showed to the last an impassioned interest in the cause of national liberty and in all that touched the moral welfare of the State. In the days of his bitterest Toryism he could watch the

<sup>1</sup> Aubrey de Vere, *Essays*, vol. ii.

Italian struggle for liberty with the same ardent sympathy that he felt for France in 1795 and for Spain in 1809. His political principles were founded upon the belief that had actuated his early enthusiasm for the Revolution—the belief that social and political life can be supported on the same moral and intellectual basis as individual life ‘in the wise and good’.<sup>1</sup> His Toryism was the result partly of his experience of the lawless violence that followed the Revolution in France, and partly of his distrust of the intelligence and moral balance of the commercial classes in England. His interest in later years centred more and more in the social problem. He said in 1833 that he had given twelve hours’ thought to the conditions and prospects of society for one to poetry.<sup>2</sup> He felt painfully the need for Poor Law reform and wrote with enlightened wisdom as well as practical knowledge on the subject.<sup>3</sup> His interest in the conditions of the poor is shown in *The Excursion*, where he deals with education, industrialism, and the relations of labour and capital. He was always on the side of the poor man, and a supporter of individual liberty so long as it could be morally safeguarded. His jealous defence of Church and State at the time of the great Reform Bill was inspired by his sense of the value of these

<sup>1</sup> *Prel.* ix. 361.

<sup>2</sup> *The Old World and the New*, by Orville Dewey.

<sup>3</sup> *Address to the Freeholders of Westmorland*, and *Postscript to Poetical Works*, 1835.

institutions as moral bulwarks. ‘The world is running mad’, he said, ‘with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums,—whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them.’

His conformity to the Church of England was a matter of conviction rather than of practice. Once when he was hotly defending Church Establishment and even saying he would shed his blood for it, a laugh was raised against him on his having confessed that he knew not when he had been in church in his own country. He was not in the least disconcerted. ‘All our ministers are so vile,’ said he.<sup>1</sup>

It is the custom of critics to lay stress upon the narrowness of Wordsworth’s range, and upon his depth and intensity within it. The best testimony to his real breadth and greatness is that of John Stuart Mill, who visited him in 1831. ‘Those who know him best seem to be most impressed with the catholic character of his ability. I have been told that Lockhart said of him that he would have been an admirable country attorney. Now a man who could have been either Wordsworth or a country attorney could certainly have been anything else which circumstances had led him to desire to be. The next thing that struck me was the extreme comprehensiveness and philosophic

<sup>1</sup> Crabb Robinson’s *Journals*.

spirit which is in him. By these expressions I mean the direct antithesis of what the Germans call one-sidedness. Wordsworth seems always to know the pros and cons of every question; and when you think he strikes the balance wrong it is only because you think he estimates erroneously some matter of fact. . . . If one's conclusions and his were at variance on every question which a minister or Parliament could to-morrow be called upon to solve, his is nevertheless the mind with which one would really be in communion; our principles would be the same and we should be like two travellers pursuing the same course on opposite sides of a river.<sup>1</sup>

Wordsworth is difficult to know. He lacked humour, and he had not the genius for personal expression that gives Keats and Spenser, Cowper and Burns their intimate, abiding appeal. It is true of him as of the Poet of his own verses:

That you must love him ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

But to love him is to come in touch with a nature austereley pure in habit and thought, passionately tender in affection; of an inward joyousness of spirit, refreshing itself perpetually at the central springs of life.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of John Stuart Mill*, i, p. 10.

## II. THE LYRICAL BALLADS AND THE POEMS IN TWO VOLUMES OF 1807

No poetry is more difficult to criticize than Wordsworth's. Perhaps the best way to understand it is to go to the heart of the Lake Country in early spring or late autumn. There is something in the rare mountain air, the sound of wind and waters, the solemn outlines of the hills, the changing depths of tone and colour, that magically quickens the senses and the spirit. Nature here has an elemental simplicity, a beauty that is both radiant and austere; and against the mighty background of sky and mountains, mist and cloud, a human figure stands out with strangely moving appeal. All this has passed into Wordsworth's poetry and is its breath and being.

Wordsworth was in later life a fluent writer of verse, and he wrote much that does not live. The very core of his poetry is contained in the two volumes of *Lyrical Ballads* and in the *Poems* of 1807.

The 1807 *Poems*, different as they are from the *Lyrical Ballads*, can only be approached through them.

It is difficult for us now to realize that the *Lyrical Ballads* was like a 'Bible laid open', a new gospel of life to men of Wordsworth's generation and the next. De Quincey found in them 'an absolute revelation of untrodde<sup>1</sup> worlds teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected amongst men'. And

John Stuart Mill has told how the chance reading of Wordsworth's poems wrought in him 'something in the nature of a religious conversion'.

What all poets do in some measure Wordsworth did supremely. He gave men a new vision of life. The effect and the appeal of his poetry are like that of some transcendent experience of life itself, the death of a beloved human being, a sunrise among the mountains. It brings us in a flash near the heart of things. He wrote the *Lyrical Ballads* when he was reacting from the shock of the French Revolution. Public events had belied his deepest hopes for mankind, and he was thrown into a state of cruel spiritual conflict. He declined for a time upon the intellectual system of Godwin, which based its conception of human perfectibility on the infallible power of the Reason. But Wordsworth was no intellectualist. His nature had been stirred to its depths, and he soon revolted from Godwin's shallow theory. He wanted to get at reality itself, and he would not give up his hopes for man till he had tested human nature in its elements. But how to find this fundamental human nature? Wordsworth has answered the question himself. 'By stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves towards men who lead the simplest lives, and most according to Nature: men who have never known false refinements, wayward and artificial desires, false criticisms, effeminate ways of thinking and feeling.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, iii. 438.

He sought therefore the humblest human beings—countrymen, children, beggars and outcasts—and he found that the human spirit is strong and free. Now too he went back to his mother earth, and laid his heart open to all she had to give. Under the surface of our common life he dipped into living streams of power. The power seemed greatest where it welled up in the heart of man, but the wonder was that it ‘rolled through all things’, flowing not simply from heart to heart but from man to earth and from earth to man. His soul seemed linked to the inner being of the whole universe,

While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,

He saw ‘into the life of things.’ The *Lyrical Ballads* are full of the joy and wonder of a new-born faith.

He felt in Nature a living, moving spirit that his own soul leapt to meet, and the very essence of that spirit was joy :

And hark how blithe the throstle sings,  
And he is no mean preacher.

His sermon is a song of joy.

Come forth into the life of things  
Let Nature be your teacher.

Her lesson is of ‘truth breathed by cheerfulness’. He is passionately sure that

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; ’tis her privilege

Thro' all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy.

His own experience of Nature's blessing is given in the *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*. Nature's power and peace and beauty sank like rain to the roots of his everyday life.

I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such perhaps  
As may have had no trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

And beyond this he owed to them 'another gift, of aspect more sublime', the serene and blessed mood in which the burden of existence is magically lifted,

In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul.

Such a mood is rare, and granted only to the few who like Wordsworth have the faculty of mystic vision. The experience that lies in reach of the many is given in the ballad-poems, which reveal in direct narrative how men and women, if they are simple enough, feel Nature's sympathy without asking for it. Most surely is this so with those who, outcast from

society, are thrown upon the breast of earth. The betrayed woman in *The Thorn* haunts the hillside ‘at all times of the day and night’,

And she is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows.

Her babe is dead, and for her misery there is no cure. Yet Nature seems to sympathize: she has covered with beautiful mosses the little mound where the child lies buried:

Ah me! what lovely tints are there!  
Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
Green, red, and pearly white.  
This heap of earth o’ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant’s grave in size,  
As like as like can be:  
But never, never anywhere,  
An infant’s grave was half so fair.

The Mad Mother feels, ever and again, comfort and even joy in the companionship of Nature:

Thy lips I feel them, Baby! they  
Draw from my heart the pain away . . .  
The breeze I see is in the tree,  
It comes to cool my babe and me.

The love that is between her and her child makes her alive to Nature’s fellow-feeling for them both.

His faith in man was no less joyous than his faith in Nature. It was with joy that he could look even upon pain and suffering, for wherever human feeling was intense, there he was conscious of beauty and

power. Both these he found in the love of a dying mother for her child and in the anguish of a woman deserted by her lover. What was commonest seemed to him most precious. He cherished the primal affections that bind men together, man to wife, parent to child, brother to brother. His experience and the fruit of it were the same as Walt Whitman's.

Will you seek afar off ? You surely come back at last,  
In things best known to you finding the best or as good as the best,  
In folks nearest to you finding the sweetest, strongest, lovingest,  
Happiness, knowledge not in another place but this place,  
Not for another hour but this hour,  
Man in the first you see or touch—always in friend, brother, nighest neighbour,  
Woman in mother, sister, wife.

His instinct for what is simple and nearest the heart of life led him to children and women. The beauty and blitheness that Nature gives the lonely little Lucy Gray could only belong to a child. It is the triumph of a child, as he shows in *We are Seven*, to live unconsciously in the faith that looks through death. Women revealed to him the miracle by which love transmutes the things of the body into things of the spirit. In *The Idiot Boy*, the mother's passionate love wraps its poor object in the glow of its own<sup>n</sup> beauty and meaning. Wordsworth

returned again and again to the theme of maternal love. Of the primal affections this seemed to him the deepest rooted and the most abiding, and it gave him his greatest revelation of the power of the human heart. Its pity and its joy are unfolded in *The Mad Mother*, its passionate longing in *The Forsaken Indian Woman*. And in both poems its elemental strength and purity are felt not only in what is told but in the words that tell it.

Wordsworth's poetic language in the *Lyrical Ballads* has a value and a meaning that are transparent. Most poets have been called to their vocation by poets of the past. Wordsworth was made a poet by the direct appeal of earth and man. His language therefore was not caught from the echoes of other poetry but from the lips of men themselves. The poetic diction current in his own day seemed to him artificial and half-dead. He needed a language that was before everything alive. And he created it by following the spoken idiom of unlettered people and using the mould of the simplest ballad metres.

Its formal defects lie in baldness and flatness—

In distant countries I have been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy man, a man full-grown,  
Weep in the public roads alone.<sup>1</sup>

and in awkward inversion—

Of years he has upon his back,  
No doubt a burden weighty.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Last of the Flock.*

<sup>2</sup> *Simon Lee.*

These faults are the result of a too deliberate revolt. He declared that in the *Lyrical Ballads* ‘as much pains has been taken to avoid poetic diction as is usually taken to produce it’. And this in itself is confession of a self-consciousness fatal to artistic perfection. But when criticism has said its worst there remain certain poems, and certain passages in every poem, where the experiment is a supreme success. *The Forsaken Indian Woman* implicitly vindicates Wordsworth’s statement that ‘no words which the poet’s fancy can suggest will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth’. Wordsworth had the power to project himself into the woman’s mind, and he dared to express the naked truth of what he found there in words she herself might have used. In the fourth stanza the passion and the pathos reach their height.

My child! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took,  
 On me how strangely did he look!  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange something did I see;  
 As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me.  
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild!  
 Oh mercy! like a little child!

It is poetry such as this which gives the *Lyrical Ballads* their elemental quality. They are like a mountain spring, coming straight up from the earth. Their language is as colourless as water.

Their atmosphere is clear like the air of early morning, and the vision they impart of earth and of human life is like that which we ourselves see sometimes on early waking. The world of familiar things is intensely real and yet strange with a secret significance. Light seems to flood our own minds, and more than to touch, to enter into the objects we contemplate. It is as if for the first time we had enough light to see things by.

The poems would not be Wordsworth's if they did not carry their tangible freight of thought. Two passages hold the core of it—

There is a comfort in the strength of love :  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain or break the heart.<sup>1</sup>

The strength of human nature lies in its power to feel, and the love which makes man suffer feeds his unconquerable mind.

And

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.<sup>2</sup>

From Nature we drink energy and joy, and without the quickening power of energy and joy we can have no active sympathy and no moral life.

Wordsworth once said that he valued his poetry not for its moral influence nor for its philosophy, but because it introduced a new power into the world

<sup>1</sup> *Michael.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Tables Turned.*

of literature. This power is present in its purest form in the *Lyrical Ballads*. In later poems it appears in maturer growth and richer guise, never again in its naked strength and simplicity.

In passing from the *Lyrical Ballads* to the *Poems* of 1807 we are struck at once by the change in form. The bare alternative between ballad-stanza and blank verse has given way to free metrical variety embracing the sonnet, the heroic couplet, the elegiac-stanza, and elaborate ode forms.<sup>1</sup> The language is no longer ‘the language spoken by men’ but the richly reminiscent language of the poets. Spenser, Daniel, Ben Jonson, and above all Milton have given colour to his diction and melody to his cadences. Three poems form an exception. *Alice Fell*, *The Beggars*, and *The Sailor's Mother* are as bald in expression and as frankly reliant on the poetic value of bare fact as any of the *Lyrical Ballads*. But their note of defiance is the last shrill echo of the earlier song of revolt, and the keynote to the later poems is to be found in the subdued yet triumphant tones of the closing stanzas of the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

The change is seen no less in the sphere of subject. The *Lyrical Ballads* breathed no word of politics.

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Appendix of Metres*, p. 464.

The *Poems* of 1807 include a magnificent commentary on public events in *The Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. The subject-matter is more general: and it is also more personal. *Moods of my own Mind* is the significant title of a group of poems written chiefly in his orchard-garden and full of intimate reference to himself and his sister, to their childhood and their present happiness. The key to this change is not far to seek. The *Lyrical Ballads* had been the fruits of a supreme effort to escape from personal experience and to enter by a strenuous act of imagination into the 'deep heart of man' and the inner life of Nature. But such an effort of projection could not long be sustained by one of Wordsworth's introspective temper. He returned into himself, revolved once more round the centre of his own personal life, and approached his poetic experience from that centre. The Sonnets record his views on passing events, the Odes an ethical creed won with the throes of personal suffering. The lighter lyrical poems play over the surface of his daily life. And more, the personal atmosphere surrounds and irradiates the raw material of such incidents as had inspired his *Lyrical Ballads*. Characters and scenes that before would have been set in a dry light, uncoloured by personal feeling, are now presented as shadowed or illumined by his own mood. Simon Lee of the *Lyrical Ballads*, with his one eye and swollen ankles, was deliberately put before us as he was in himself or as an ordinary observer would see him. But the Leech-gatherer is

revealed to us as a poet saw him, set in a poet's strange mood and surrounded by the lonely grandeur of Nature. Wordsworth's vision of life is essentially the same. He sees common things as intensely real, yet strange and wonderful. But where before he was acutely conscious of the reality and at pains to present it nakedly, he is now stirred by the visionary strangeness in which to his eyes the reality is clothed. In dealing with simple human incidents, the *Lyrical Ballads* reveal the visionary outlook : the *Poems* of 1807 add the visionary atmosphere. The finest fruits of this later poetic mood are found in a group of 'Poems written during a Tour in Scotland'—*The Solitary Reaper*, *Stepping Westward*, and *The Highland Girl*. The appeal of each comes through images that affect us like the images of a dream. Every one knows how in dreams the curves and colours of a bit of landscape, a momentary grouping of human figures, will haunt the imagination and kindle thought. The magic is not easily explained, but where it is present there is no mistaking its power. In these poems Wordsworth makes us see real human figures, but he puts about them something of the radiance and wonder of his own vision of them. The heart is stirred by the 'human voice' of the Solitary Reaper, the human greeting of the two women, 'What are ye stepping westward ?' and the human 'mien and face' of the Highland girl, whilst the solitude and beauty of the 'lonely vale', the western sky, and the silent lake move the

imagination to visionary flights. The Highland girl is to Wordsworth ‘like something fashion’d in a dream’. Yet she is more than a phantom of delight, and he can say to her,

Yet dream and vision as thou art  
I bless thee with a human heart.

No two lines in Wordsworth are more pregnant with his thought about human nature. He had with him abidingly that vision, which is vouchsafed to others only at rare moments, of the marvellous power and beauty of human nature itself, a reality that is remote and elusive in its spiritual radiance, and yet, if we will, at once and intimately ours through ‘the human heart by which we live’.

In *The Solitary Reaper* dream and reality meet on a still higher poetic plane. The poem is wrapped in an emotion that always stirred Wordsworth deeply, the emotion wakened by the power of solitude. The Highland Reaper is solitude made vocal.

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

The note of solitude sounds and swells through this first stanza till it fills our mind as her song fills the deep valley. She is ‘single in the field’, ‘solitary’, ‘singing by herself’, ‘alone’.

O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

And the image is flashed back upon us in the next stanza with the cuckoo-bird

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Put beside this poem the Lyrical Ballad, *Lucy Gray*, in which, Wordsworth said, ‘his object was to exhibit poetically entire solitude’. In *Lucy Gray* the conception of solitude is given objectively in the incidents and issue of the story, in *The Solitary Reaper* subjectively through the poet’s vision of the scene. In language and metre the ballad is nakedly simple

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living Child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

The later poem is simple with a difference

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been and may be again !

The stanza has the magic of poetry that accepts tradition, not of that which defies it. It is not only that a phrase like ‘the plaintive numbers flow’ is fathered by literary diction. More than this, the melody, the rhythm, the choice and order of the words are pervaded by a conception of sensuous beauty that thinks no shame to draw inspiration from the art of other poets.

Yet the Wordsworthian quality remains. The ascetic discipline that purged his language in the *Lyrical Ballads* of every artifice and convention left an indelible stamp on his poetry. *The Ode on Intimations of Immortality* is a triumph of art in its variety and splendour of diction and its magnificent command of metrical effect: yet the magic of the verse and the beauty of phrase and image should not hide the simplicity that is the groundwork of the style.

Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The passionate plainness of his earlier poetry is here touched into dignity and even grandeur, but it remains the essence of his unique and inimitable style.

In thought as well as in form the *Ode* strikes the keynote of the volumes. The poem is an answer to

the eternal question how to save the buoyant faith and radiant vision of youth from the assaults of all the ills that flesh is heir to. For Wordsworth the question is ‘solved in the spirit’. Though the child-like creed of delight and liberty be outworn and the brightness of youth’s vision clouded, yet deep in the heart, purified by suffering and strengthened by experience, there survives the indomitable sense of the spiritual origin and destiny of man :

those first affections  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.

In the *Ode to Duty* the same problem is transferred to other grounds. The underlying question is not how to live spiritually but how to live morally.<sup>1</sup> The innocence of youth, like the untaught harmony of Nature, is obedience to the divine law. Manhood brings the necessity for effort and choice. Morality for Wordsworth is not a code of rules imposed by the divine will on man. Rather it is the active co-operation of human imagination and human will with the divine order of the universe. There is perhaps no stranger case in literature of the sheltering power of reputation than the general acceptance of Wordsworth as a moralist of the Sunday-school order. His reputation for respectability, bulwarked as it is by his Tory politics and

<sup>1</sup> *Vide p. xxvi, and note p. 371.*

his allegiance to the Church of England, has hidden from the public eye his open delight in drunkards, thieves, beggars, and liars; and the unblushing tributes paid to their delinquencies in his poetry. The truth is that Wordsworth's love of human nature was broad enough and deep enough to drown the moral prejudices that colder hearts keep high and dry. Wherever he saw man a true lover of life, rejoicing in its joys and surmounting its sordid cares and cramping difficulties, his heart leapt up in delighted sympathy. And so his poetry enshrines Benjamin the Waggoner, who fell a victim to 'the cheerful glass', the beggars who told brazen lies in pursuit of their calling, the Farmer of Tilsbury, who squandered his property, ruined his neighbours, and absconded. He excuses the Farmer's aberrations from the strict path by saying that 'all was done in the ease of his heart', and he rejoices in the old man's happy, trusting nature that still triumphs over the hard circumstances of his later life. In the same way he shows for the failings of Benjamin the Waggoner what Lamb called 'a beautiful tolerance'. He saw in the 'ease of heart' and free play of imagination that accompany this kind of indulgence something essentially good and desirable. He praised Burns for his treatment of the drunken scene in *Tam o' Shanter*. 'The poet, penetrating the unsightly and disgusting surfaces of things, has unveiled with exquisite skill the finer ties of imagination and feeling that often bind these beings to practices so

productive of unhappiness.' Wordsworth saw that the same spiritual release from the pressure of actuality, the same imaginative freedom that more cultivated minds may reach through music or poetry, is attainable by the poor and ignorant through coarser channels. He honours the right impulse before he condemns its wrong direction. And the attitude of mind in which he censured 'the narrow-minded Puritan in works of art' who failed to appreciate 'the convivial exaltation of *Tam o' Shanter*' explains what seems a curious moral obliquity in *The Beggars*. He would have nothing but pity for the narrowness of moral code that could deter any one from delighting in the lovely and joyful apparition of two little boys—who happened to be shameless liars—chasing butterflies in a summer lane.

Joy is still for Wordsworth the very heart of life. In spite of deepened thought and widened range his poetry is true to its original springs of inspiration. Childhood is the corner-stone of the philosophy of his great *Ode*. The child's joyous acquiescence in the free spirit of life and his indomitable instinct for the unseen and eternal make him humanity's best philosopher. On him

those truths do rest  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.

And clear of philosophy there is the essential child, beautiful, wild, and transparently pure, of the lines *To H. C.* The poem is the supreme lyrical expression of the spirit of childhood, and yet it is also a delicately

touched portrait that owes its colour and atmosphere to Wordsworth's loving knowledge of Coleridge's boy.

There is the same exquisite mingling of real and ideal in the lyric that describes his wife, 'She was a phantom of delight.' Personal feeling transfuses and irradiates a portrait that might stand as the poet's rendering of essential woman. The spiritual appeal of women is as strong for him as in the earlier time, but he shows a freer response to their sensuous appeal. To the beggar-woman who told him lies about her poverty his heart relents simply because of her beauty,

Such woes I knew could never be ;  
And yet a boon I gave her ; for the creature  
Was beautiful to see ; a weed of glorious feature !

The figure of the beggar-woman here,

She had a tall man's height or more . . .  
Her face was of Egyptian brown . . .

and of the Sailor's mother,

Majestic in her person, tall and straight  
appeal to the eye, as the Forsaken Indian Woman  
or the betrayed maiden of *The Thorn* appeal to the  
imagination.

The theme of maternal love still haunts him. In *The Blind Highland Boy* he touches it once more with the moving pathos of simple narrative. In *The Affliction of Margaret* he gives its passion a new dignity of utterance and a poignant personal appeal. Narrative form is abandoned for lyrical, and the bereft mother herself speaks.

Where art thou, my beloved Son,  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
 Oh find me prosperous or undone !  
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same  
 That I may rest ; and neither blame,  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Beyond participation lie  
 My troubles and beyond relief :  
 If any chance to heave a sigh  
 They pity me, and not my grief.  
 Then come to me, my Son, or send  
 Some tidings that my woes may end ;  
 I have no other earthly friend.

Nowhere in his poetry has the beauty of pain and passion found finer expression. Wordsworth saw how sometimes there lay in the human soul 'the power to transmute an agonizing sorrow'. But even when this triumph was not won, when grief bowed the man or woman to the earth, broke the spirit and wrecked the life, he still saw an inherent strength and beauty in the passionate tenacious love out of which the agony was born. Poems like *The Affliction of Margaret* and *The Thorn* measure the depth of his faith in human nature : for their theme is

Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight ;  
 And miserable love, that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to humankind, and what we are.

His sense of the mystic bond between man and Nature has lost nothing of its strength, and it has gained in delicacy and depth. One of the latest

of the *Lyrical Ballads*, *Three years she grew*, shows this change. The delicate and moving beauty of its imagery is the symbol of vital union between maiden and earth. In *Resolution and Independence* the old Leech-gatherer seems to rise out of his background of lonely moor and sky and to sink back into it as if he were part of its own life.

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence ;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence ;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense :  
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself.

Such seem'd this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep ; in his extreme old age . . .

And still as I drew near with gentle pace  
Beside the little pond or moorish flood  
Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood ;  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;  
And moveth altogether if it move at all.

This strange merging of human life with Nature is for Wordsworth no trick of fancy but the truth revealed by imagination. ‘The voice which is the voice of my poetry’, he wrote, ‘without imagination cannot be heard.’ What did he mean by imagination ? It was to him in the first place the faculty of spiritual vision. Through it, he thought, man receives ‘authentic tidings of invisible things’, and is drawn into active sympathy with the spirit that animates the universe. The vital energy in which he

## LYRICAL BALLADS & POEMS OF 1807. li

thus participates impels him to create new forms of life. Thus imagination working in the world of sense is the faculty of creation. Every man is in some degree an artist ; but the great artists excel in this creative power and produce

Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of immortality.

The reality depends on the strength of the spiritual vision. When Wordsworth's imagination is in full power, spirit and sense are dissolved in one another. Spirit is expressed through sense as music through a mortal instrument or light through sunset clouds. The host of golden daffodils that dance in their long line by the margin of the lake and flash upon the eye of the lonely wanderer are not simply yellow flowers by the water's brim but the universal spirit of joy caught and revealed in one beautiful manifestation.

Often with Wordsworth the mystic vision broods over the sensuous forms of things until they become unrealized. The shout of the cuckoo calls up 'visionary hours' and

the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial faery place.

And sometimes, still more significantly, the mystic vision uses the sensuous as a gateway and passes through it. Sights and sounds, impressions of real people and incidents, lead on to an experience purely spiritual. The Leech-gatherer affects him

Like one whom I had met with in a dream.

Even whilst he tells his story he ceases to be a needy, unfortunate old man, and becomes the haunting symbol of the human spirit's wellnigh supernatural power. In such moments

the light of sense  
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed  
The invisible world.

It is thus that for Wordsworth Imagination is 'the vision and the faculty divine'. As vision it shows him, looking within, that

Our destiny, our being's heart and home  
Is with infinitude and only there.

and, looking outwards to the world we know, reveals

The earth and every common sight,  
Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

As the faculty of creation it incarnates this radiant vision of life in poetry. For the poet, vision and creation are not separate but one. The mystic quality in Wordsworth's vision comes to birth in his poetry as a strangely spiritual beauty, and this beauty touches alike the bare simplicity of the *Lyrical Ballads* and the fuller melodies and richer imagery of the *Poems* of 1807.

# P O E M S

1082.1

**B**

*Wood & Innes,  
Printers, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street.*

# P O E M S,

IN

TWO VOLUMES,

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

A U T H O R   O F

*THE LYRICAL BALLADS.*

*Posteriorius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur  
Nostra: dabunt eum securos mihi tempora fructus.*

V O L. I.

L O N D O N .

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURSE, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.



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*TO THE DAISY.*

---

In youth from rock to rock I went  
From hill to hill, in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
    Most pleas'd when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
    Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When soothed a while by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs ;

10

Spring cannot shun thee ;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy Wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the Traveller in the lane ;  
If welcome once thou count'st it gain ;

Thou art not daunted,  
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught ;  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

20

Be Violets in their secret mews  
 The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse ;  
 Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
     Her head impearling ;  
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;         80  
 Thou art indeed by many a claim  
     The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
 Or, some bright day of April sky,  
 Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie  
     Near the green holly,  
 And wearily at length should fare ;  
 He need but look about, and there  
 Thou art ! a Friend at hand, to scare  
     His melancholy.                             40

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
    Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;  
    Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn,         50  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
    A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
    Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
 I see thee rise alert and gay,  
 Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play

With kindred motion :

60

At dusk, I've seldom mark'd thee press  
 The ground, as if in thankfulness,  
 Without some feeling, more or less,  
 Of true devotion.

And all day long I number yet,  
 All seasons through, another debt,  
 Which I wherever thou art met,

To thee am owing ;

An instinct call it, a blind sense ;

A happy, genial influence,

70

Coming one knows not how nor whence,  
 Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run  
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
And cheerful when the day's begun

As morning Leveret,  
Thou long the Poet's praise shalt gain ;  
Thou wilt be more belov'd by men  
In times to come ; thou not in vain

Art Nature's Favorite.

80

**L O U I S A.**

---

I met Louisa in the shade ;  
And, having seen that lovely Maid,  
Why should I fear to say  
That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong ;  
And down the rocks can leap along,  
Like rivulets in May ?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown ;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own  
Do spread, and sink, and rise ;  
That come and go with endless play,         10  
And ever, as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her Cottage-home ;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak ;  
And when against the wind she strains,  
Oh ! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine " beneath the moon,"  
If I with her but half a noon                                    20  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook,  
To hunt the waterfalls.

**F I D E L I T Y.**

---

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a Dog or Fox ;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scatter'd rocks :  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
From which immediately leaps out  
A Dog, and yelping runs about.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 It's motions, too, are wild and shy ; 10  
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in it's cry :  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in Hollow or on Height ;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is the Creature doing here ?

It was a Cove, a huge Recess,  
 That keeps till June December's snow ;  
 A lofty Precipice in front,  
 A silent Tarn \* below ! 20  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public Road or Dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

\* Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake mostly high up in the mountains.

There, sometimes does a leaping Fish  
 Send through the Tarn a lonely chear ;  
 The Crags repeat the Raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the Rainbow comes, the Cloud ;      30  
 And Mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And Sun-beams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past,  
 But that enormous Barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, a while  
 The Shepherd stood : then makes his way  
 Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground,  
 Sad sight ! the Shepherd with a sigh      40  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks,  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear :  
He instantly recall'd the Name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ;  
Remember'd, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake                                50  
Of which this mournful Tale I tell !  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog had been through three months' space  
A Dweller in that savage place.

## 21

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
On which the Traveller thus had died  
The Dog had watch'd about the spot,                   60  
Or by his Master's side :  
How nourish'd here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

---

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath ;  
A Traveller betwixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;  
A perfect Woman ; nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light. 80

*The REDBREAST and the BUTTERFLY.*

---

Art thou the Bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,  
    Our little English Robin ;  
The Bird that comes about our doors  
When Autumn winds are sobbing ?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors ?  
    Their Thomas in Finland,  
    And Russia far inland ?  
The Bird, whom by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their Brother,     10  
The Darling of Children and men ?  
Could Father Adam open his eyes,  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend  
Hither his flight he would bend,  
And find his way to me  
Under the branches of the tree :  
In and out, he darts about ;  
His little heart is throbbing : 20  
Can this be the Bird, to man so good,  
Our consecrated Robin !  
That, after their bewildering,  
Did cover with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood ?

What ail'd thee Robin that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful Creature,  
That is gentle by nature ?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly ; 30  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.

The Chearer Thou of our in-door sadness,  
He is the Friend of our summer gladness :  
What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together ?  
Like the hues of thy breast  
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
A brother he seems of thine own :  
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,      40  
O pious Bird ! whom Man loves best,  
Love him, or leave him alone !

## *THE SAILOR's MOTHER.*

---

One morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A Woman in the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime :  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient Spirit is not dead ;  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;  
Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair :                      10  
She begg'd an alms, like one in poor estate ;  
I look'd at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 With the first word I had to spare  
 I said to her, " Beneath your Cloak  
 What's that which on your arm you bear ? "  
 She answer'd soon as she the question heard,  
 " A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,  
 " I had a Son, who many a day 20  
 Sail'd on the seas ; but he is dead ;  
 In Denmark he was cast away ;  
 And I have been as far as Hull, to see  
 What clothes he might have left, or other property.

The Bird and Cage they both were his ;  
 'Twas my Son's Bird ; and neat and trim  
 He kept it : many voyages  
 This Singing-bird hath gone with him ;  
 When last he sail'd he left the Bird behind ;  
 As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind. 30

He to a Fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watch'd and fed,  
Till he came back again ; and there  
I found it when my Son was dead ;  
And now, God help me for my little wit !  
I trail it with me, Sir ! he took so much delight  
in it."

*TO THE SMALL CELANDINE\*.*

---

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there's a sun that sets  
Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are Violets,  
They will have a place in story :  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

\* Common Pilewort.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout !  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower !—I'll make a stir  
Like a great Astronomer.

10

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself,  
Since we needs must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know ;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

20

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the Thrush  
Has a thought about it's nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless Prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.

20

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
Travel with the multitude ;  
Never heed them ; I aver  
That they all are wanton Wooers ;  
But the thrifty Cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home,  
Spring is coming, Thou art come !

40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit !  
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
 Thou dost shew thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane— there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow Flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours !  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no ;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine !

50

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorn'd and slighted upon earth !  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

*TO THE SAME FLOWER.*

---

Pleasures newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet :  
February last my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad ;  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine ! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be,  
Who the first with pointed rays,  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)  
Set the Sign-board in a blaze,  
When the risen sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

10

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mold  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !  
With the proudest Thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

20

Often have I sigh'd to measure  
 By myself a lonely pleasure;  
 Sigh'd to think, I read a book  
 Only read perhaps by me ;  
 Yet I long could overlook  
 Thy bright coronet and Thee,  
 And thy arch and wily ways,  
 And thy store of other praise.

39

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
 Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;  
 While the patient Primrose sits  
 Like a Beggar in the cold,  
 Thou, a Flower of wiser wits,  
 Slipp'st into thy shelter'd hold :  
 Bright as any of the train  
 When ye all are out again.

40

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing “ beneath our shoon ; ”  
Let, as old Magellen did,  
Others roam about the sea ;  
Build who will a pyramid ;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little Flower.

*CHARACTER of the HAPPY WARRIOR.*

---

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be?  
--- --It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That make the path before him always bright:  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,      10  
But makes his moral being his prime care ;  
Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human-nature's highest dower ;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate ;      20  
Is placable because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more expos'd to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,                           30  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
--- Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;                   40  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which heaven has join'd  
Great issues, good or bad for human-kind,       50  
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness like a Man inspired ;  
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans  
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;       60  
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :  
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one      70  
Where what he most doth value must be won ;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or He must go to dust without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name,      80

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause ;  
This is the happy Warrior ; this is He  
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

---

*The above Verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the Death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this ; though he is well aware that the Verses must suffer from any connection in the Reader's mind with a Name so illustrious.*

*THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.*

---

When the Brothers reach'd the gateway,  
Eustace pointed with his lance  
To the Horn which there was hanging ;  
Horn of the inheritance.  
  
Horn it was which none could sound,  
No one upon living ground,  
Save He who came as rightful Heir  
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record  
Had the House of Lucie born, 10  
Who of right had claim'd the Lordship  
By the proof upon the Horn :  
Each at the appointed hour  
Tried the Horn, it own'd his power ;  
He was acknowledged : and the blast  
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
And to Hubert thus said he,  
“ What I speak this Horn shall witness  
“ For thy better memory. 20  
“ Hear, then, and neglect me not !  
“ At this time, and on this spot,  
“ The words are utter'd from my heart,  
“ As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

“ Fear not,” quickly answer’d Hubert ;  
“ As I am thy Father’s son,  
“ What thou askest, noble Brother,  
“ With God’s favour shall be done.”  
So were both right well content :  
From the Castle forth they went.  
And at the head of their Array  
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies  
Were a line for valour fam'd)  
And where'er their strokes alighted  
There the Saracens were tam'd.  
Whence, then, could it come the thought,  
By what evil spirit brought ?  
Oh ! can a brave Man wish to take  
His Brother's life, for Land's and Castle's sake ?

“ Sir ! ” the Ruffians said to Hubert,  
“ Deep he lies in Jordan flood.”—50  
Stricken by this ill assurance,  
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
“ Take your earnings.”—Oh ! that I  
Could have seen my Brother die !  
It was a pang that vex'd him then ;  
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months pass'd on, and no Sir Eustace !  
 Nor of him were tidings heard.  
 Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer  
 Back again to England steer'd.

60

To his Castle Hubert sped ;  
 He has nothing now to dread.  
 But silent and by stealth he came,  
 And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,  
 Night or day, at even or morn ;  
 For the sound was heard by no one  
 Of the proclamation-horn.

But bold Hubert lives in glee :  
 Months and years went smilingly ;  
 With plenty was his table spread ;  
 And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

70

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters ;  
And, as good men do, he sate  
At his board by these surrounded,  
Flourishing in fair estate.  
And, while thus in open day  
Once he sate, as old books say,  
A blast was utter'd from the Horn,  
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.        eo

"Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
He is come to claim his right :  
Ancient Castle, Woods, and Mountains  
Hear the challenge with delight.  
Hubert ! though the blast be blown  
He is helpless and alone :  
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !  
And there he may be lodg'd, and thou be Lord.

Speak ! astounded Hubert cannot ;  
 And if power to speak he had,  
 All are daunted, all the household  
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
 'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be  
 Living Man, it must be he !  
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
 And by a Postern-gate he slunk away.

90

Long, and long was he unheard of :  
 To his Brother then he came,  
 Made confession, ask'd forgiveness,  
 Ask'd it by a Brother's name,  
 And by all the saints in heaven ;  
 And of Eustace was forgiv'n :  
 Then in a Convent went to hide  
 His melancholy head, and there he died.

100

But Sir Eustace, whom good Angels  
Had preserv'd from Murderers' hands,  
And from Pagan chains had rescued,  
Liv'd with honour on his lands.

Sons he had, saw Sons of theirs :

And through ages, Heirs of Heirs,  
A long posterity renown'd,  
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

**T H E      A F F L I C T I O N**

*of*

**M A R G A R E T —— O F ——**



Where art thou, my beloved Son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
Oh find me prosperous or undone !  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same  
That I may rest ; and neither blame,  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas, to have received  
 No tidings of an only child ;  
 To have despair'd, and have believ'd,10  
 And be for evermore beguil'd ;  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold ;  
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
 If things ensued that wanted grace,  
 As hath been said, they were not base ;20  
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the Young One dream,  
 When full of play and childish cares,  
 What power hath even his wildest scream,  
 Heard by his Mother unawares !

**H**e knows it not, he cannot guess :  
**Y**ears to a Mother bring distress ;  
**B**ut do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no I suffer'd long  
 From that ill thought ; and being blind,                   30  
 Said, " Pride shall help me in my wrong ;  
 Kind mother have I been, as kind  
 As ever breathed :" and that is true ;  
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

**M**y Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
**H**opeless of honour and of gain,  
**O**h ! do not dread thy mother's door ;  
**T**hink not of me with grief and pain :  
**I** now can see with better eyes ;                   40  
**A**nd worldly grandeur I despise,  
**A**nd fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of Heaven have wings,  
 And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight ;  
 They mount, how short a voyage brings  
 The Wanderers back to their delight !  
 Chains tie us down by land and sea ;  
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,        50  
 Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;  
 Or thou upon a Desart thrown  
 Inheritest the Lion's Den ;  
 Or hast been summoned to the Deep,  
 Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep  
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Ghosts ; but none will force  
 Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Betwixt the living and the dead ;        60

For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of Him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;  
I dread the rustling of the grass ;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass :  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind ;  
And all the world appears unkind.

70

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief :  
If any chance to heave a sigh  
They pity me, and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my Son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end ;  
I have no other earthly friend.

*THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING  
LEAVES.*

---

That way look, my Infant, lo !  
What a pretty baby show !  
See the Kitten on the Wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Wither'd leaves, one, two, and three,  
From the lofty Elder-tree !  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly : one might think,                            10  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf convey'd  
Sylph or Faery hither tending,  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
—But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts ;  
First at one and then it's fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow ;                            20  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop ; and there are none—  
What intensesness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire !  
With a tiger-leap half way  
Now she meets the coming prey,

Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again :  
 Now she works with three or four,  
 Like an Indian Conjuror ; 30  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics play'd in the eye  
 Of a thousand Standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little Tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the Crowd ?  
 Over happy to be proud,  
 Over wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure ! 40

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat ;  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet :  
 Here, for neither Babe or me,  
 Other Play-mate can I see.

Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings,  
(In the sun or under shade  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,      50  
Made this Orchard's narrow space,  
And this Vale so blithe a place ;  
Multitudes are swept away  
Never more to breathe the day :  
Some are sleeping ; some in Bands  
Travell'd into distant Lands ;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood,  
And, among the Kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,      60  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside,

—Where is he that giddy Sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,  
Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree,  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out,  
Hung with head towards the ground,  
Flutter'd, perch'd ; into a round  
Bound himself, and then unbound ;  
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin,  
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen,  
Light of heart, and light of limb,  
What is now become of Him ?  
Lambs, that through the mountains went  
Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in it's prime,  
They are sober'd by this time.

If you look to vale or hill, 80

If you listen, all is still,

### **Save a little neighbouring Rill;**

That from out the rocky ground

**Strikes a solitary sound.**

Vainly glitters hill and plain,

And the air is calm in vain;

## Vainly Morning spreads the

Of a sky serene and pure;

Creature none can she decov-

### Into open sign of joy:

Is it that they have a fear

## Of the dreary season near?

Or that other pleasures be

Sweater even than gaiety.

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell

## In the impenetrable cell

Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes to every Creature,  
Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show,  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Laura's face ;  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair !  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,

100

110

Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.  
—Pleas'd by any random toy ;  
By a Kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the extacy ; 120  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take  
Even from things by sorrow wrought  
Matter for a jocund thought ;  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

*THE SEVEN SISTERS,*

OR

*THE SOLITUDE OF BINNÖRIE.*

---

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,  
All Children of one Mother :  
I could not say in one short day  
What love they bore each other,  
A Garland of seven Lilies wrought !  
Seven Sisters that together dwell ;  
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
Their Father, took of them no thought,  
He loved the Wars so well.  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The Solitude of Binnōrie !

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
And from the shores of Erin,  
Across the wave, a Rover brave  
To Binnorie is steering :  
Right onward to the Scottish strand  
The gallant ship is borne ;  
The Warriors leap upon the land,  
And hark ! the Leader of the Band  
Hath blown his bugle horn. 20  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,  
With boughs above them closing,  
The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
They lie like Fawns reposing.  
But now, upstarting with affright  
At noise of Man and Steed,

Away they fly to left to right—  
Of your fair household, Father Knight,                   80  
Methinks you take small heed !  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
And, over Hill and Hollow,  
With menace proud, and insult loud,  
The youthful Rovers follow.  
Cried they, “ Your Father loves to roam :  
Enough for him to find  
The empty House when he comes home ;                   40  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
For us be fair and kind ! ”  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,  
 Like clouds in stormy weather,  
 They run, and cry, " Nay let us die,  
 And let us die together."

A Lake was near ; the shore was steep ;

There never Foot had been ;

They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plung'd into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen.

Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells.

Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep :

The Fishers say, those Sisters fair  
By Faeries are all buried there,  
And there together sleep.  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully  
The Solitude of Binnorie.

*To H. C.,*

*SIX YEARS OLD.*

---

O Thou ! whose fancies from afar are brought ;  
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol ;  
Thou Faery Voyager ! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy Boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream ;

Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery ; 10  
 O blessed Vision ! happy Child !  
 That art so exquisitely wild,  
 I think of thee with many fears  
 For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
 Lord of thy house and hospitality ;  
 And grief, uneasy Lover ! never rest  
 But when she sate within the touch of thee.  
 Oh ! too industrious folly !  
 Oh ! vain and causeless melancholy ! 20  
 Nature will either end thee quite ;  
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
 A young Lamb's heart among the full-grown  
 flocks.  
 What hast Thou to do with sorrow,  
 Or the injuries of tomorrow ?

Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings  
forth,  
Not doom'd to jostle with unkindly shocks ;  
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth ;  
A Gem that glitters while it lives, 30  
And no forewarning gives ;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
Slips in a moment out of life.

---

Among all lovely things my Love had been ;  
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew  
About her home ; but she had never seen  
A Glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night  
A single Glow-worm did I chance to espy ;  
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,  
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay,  
To bear it with me through the stormy night : 10  
And, as before, it shone without dismay ;  
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love I came,  
I went into the Orchard quietly ;  
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by name,  
Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped with fear ;  
At night the Glow-worm shone beneath the Tree :  
I led my Lucy to the spot, “ Look here ! ”  
Oh ! joy it was for her, and joy for me !                  20

---

I travell'd among unknown Men,  
In Lands beyond the Sea ;  
Nor England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And She I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings shew'd—thy nights conceal'd  
The bowers where Lucy play'd ; .  
And thine is, too, the last green field  
Which Lucy's eyes survey'd !

*O D E   T O   D U T Y.*

---

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free ;  
From strife and from despair ; a glorious ministry.

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,                           10  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 May joy be theirs while life shall last !  
 And Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.                                   20  
 And bless'd are they who in the main  
 This faith, even now, do entertain :  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
Resolved that nothing e'er should press  
Upon my present happiness,                           30  
I shoved unwelcome tasks away ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy controul ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose which ever is the same.                           40

Yet not the less would I throughout  
 Still act according to the voice  
 Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt  
 That my submissiveness was choice :  
 Not seeking in the school of pride  
 For “ precepts over dignified,”  
 Denial and restraint I prize  
 No farther than they breed a second Will more  
 wise.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead’s most benignant grace ;                       50  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face ;  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And Fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are  
 iresh and strong.



## I.

B E G G A R S.

---

She had a tall Man's height, or more ;  
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat ;  
A long drab-colour'd Cloak she wore,  
A Mantle reaching to her feet :  
What other dress she had I could not know ;  
Only she wore a Cap that was as white as snow.

In all my walks, through field or town,  
Such Figure had I never seen :  
Her face was of Egyptian brown :  
Fit person was she for a Queen,                      10  
To head those ancient Amazonian files :  
Or ruling Bandit's Wife, among the Grecian Isles.

Before me begging did she stand,  
 Pouring out sorrows like a sea ;  
 Grief after grief :—on English Land  
 Such woes I knew could never be ;  
 And yet a boon I gave her ; for the Creature  
 Was beautiful to see ; a Weed of glorious feature !

I left her, and pursued my way ;  
 And soon before me did espy                                   20  
 A pair of little Boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly ;  
 The Taller follow'd with his hat in hand,  
 Wreath'd round with yellow flow'rs, the gayest of the land.

The Other wore a rimless crown,  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about :  
 And they both follow'd up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout ;  
 Two Brothers seem'd they, eight and ten years old ;  
 And like that Woman's face as gold is like to gold.       30

They bolted on me thus, and lo !  
Each ready with a plaintive whine ;  
Said I, " Not half an hour ago  
Your Mother has had alms of mine."  
" That cannot be," one answer'd, " She is dead."  
" Nay but I gave her pence, and she will buy you bread."  
  
" She has been dead, Sir, many a day."  
" Sweet Boys, you're telling me a lie ;  
" It was your Mother, as I say—"  
And in the twinkling of an eye, 40  
" Come, come ! " cried one ; and, without more ado,  
Off to some other play they both together flew.

## 2.

*TO A SKY-LARK.*

---

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !  
Singing, singing,  
With all the heav'ns about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me, till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,

And today my heart is weary ;

Had I now the soul of a Faery,

10

Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine

In that song of thine ;

Up with me, up with me, high and high,

To thy banqueting-place in the sky !

15

Joyous as Morning,

Thou art laughing and scorning ;

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest :

And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth

20

To be such a Traveller as I.

Happy, happy Liver !

With a soul as strong as a mountain River,

Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,

Joy and jollity be with us both !  
Hearing thee, or else some other,  
As merry a Brother,  
I on the earth will go plodding on,  
By myself, chearfully, till the day is done.

3.

---

“ With how sad steps, O Moon thou climb’st the sky,  
How silently, and with how wan a face ! ” \*

Where art thou ? Thou whom I have seen on high  
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph’s race ?  
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath’s a sigh  
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace !  
The Northern Wind, to call thee to the chace,  
Must blow tonight his bugle horn. Had I  
The power of Merlin, Goddess ! this should be  
And all the Stars, now shrouded up in heaven,  
Should sally forth to keep thee company.

What strife would then be yours, fair Creatures, driv’n  
Now up, now down, and sparkling in your glee !  
But, Cynthia, should to Thee the palm be giv’n,  
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

\* From a sonnet of Sir Philip Sydney.

## 4.

*ALICE FELL.*

---

The Post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threat'ning clouds the moon had drown'd ;  
When suddenly I seem'd to hear  
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways  
I heard the sound, and more and more :  
It seem'd to follow with the Chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the Boy call'd out,  
 He stopp'd his horses at the word ;  
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
 Nor aught else like it could be heard.

10

The Boy then smack'd his whip, and fast  
 The horses scamper'd through the rain ;  
 And soon I heard upon the blast  
 The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,  
 " What can it be, this piteous moan ? "  
 And there a little Girl I found,  
 Sitting behind the Chaise, alone.

20

" My Cloak ! " the word was last and first,  
 And loud and bitterly she wept,  
 As if her very heart would burst ;  
 And down from off the Chaise she leapt.

“ What ails you, Child ? ” she sobb’d, “ Look here ! ”  
 I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
 A weather beaten Rag as e’er  
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.

’Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke ;  
 Her help she lent, and with good heed  
 Together we released the Cloak ;  
 A wretched, wretched rag indeed !

30

“ And whither are you going, Child,  
 To night along these lonesome ways ? ”  
 “ To Durham ” answer’d she half wild—  
 “ Then come with me into the chaise.”

She sate like one past all relief ;  
 Sob after sob she forth did send  
 In wretchedness, as if her grief  
 Could never, never, have an end.

40

“ My Child, in Durham do you dwell ? ”  
She check’d herself in her distress,  
And said, “ My name is Alice Fell ;  
I’m fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong.”  
And then, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;  
And all was for her tatter’d Cloak.

The chaise drove on ; our journey’s end  
Was nigh ; and, sitting by my side,  
As if she’d lost her only friend  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

50

Up to the Tavern-door we post ;  
Of Alice and her grief I told ;  
And I gave money to the Host,  
To buy a new Cloak for the old.

“ And let it be of duffil grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell ! ”  
Proud Creature was she the next day,  
The little Orphan, Alice Fell !

## 5.

*RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.*

---

There was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;  
And all the air is fill'd with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops ; on the moors 10  
The Hare is running races in her mirth ;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist ; which, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor ;  
I saw the Hare that rac'd about with joy ;  
I heard the woods, and distant waters, roar ;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy :  
The pleasant season did my heart employ :  
My old remembrances went from me wholly ; 20  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight

In our dejection do we sink as low,  
 To me that morning did it happen so ;  
 And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came ;  
 Dim sadness, & blind thoughts I knew not nor could name.

I heard the Sky-lark singing in the sky ;  
 And I bethought me of the playful Hare :                   30  
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;  
 Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare ;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;  
 But there may come another day to me,  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have liv'd in pleasant thought,  
 As if life's business were a summer mood ;  
 As if all needful things would come unsought  
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
 But how can He expect that others should                   40  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perish'd in its pride ;  
Of Him who walk'd in glory and in joy  
Behind his plough, upon the mountain-side :  
By our own spirits are we deified ;  
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,                            50  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,  
When up and down my fancy thus was driven,  
And I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
I saw a Man before me unawares :  
The oldest Man he seem'd that ever wore grey hairs.

My course I stopped as soon as I espied  
The Old Man in that naked wilderness :  
Close by a Pond, upon the further side,

He stood alone : a minute's space I guess  
60  
 I watch'd him, he continuing motionless :  
 To the Pool's further margin then I drew ;  
 He being all the while before me full in view.

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
 Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence ;  
 Wonder to all who do the same espy  
 By what means it could thither come, and whence ;  
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense :  
 Like a Sea-beast crawl'd forth, which on a shelf  
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself.      70

Such seem'd this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
 Nor all asleep ; in his extreme old age :  
 His body was bent double, feet and head  
 Coming together in their pilgrimage ;  
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propp'd, his body, limbs, and face,  
 Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood :  
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace, 80  
 Beside the little pond or moorish flood  
 Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood ;  
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;  
 And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond  
 Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look  
 Upon the muddy water, which he conn'd,  
 As if he had been reading in a book :  
 And now such freedom as I could I took ;  
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say, 90  
 “ This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.”

A gentle answer did the Old Man make,  
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :  
 And him with further words I thus bespake,

“ What kind of work is that which you pursue ?  
 This is a lonesome place for one like you.”  
 He answer’d me with pleasure and surprize ;  
 And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
 Yet each in solemn order follow’d each,                           100  
 With something of a lofty utterance drest ;  
 Choice word, and measured phrase ; above the reach  
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech !  
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
 Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come  
 To gather Leeches, being old and poor :  
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
 And he had many hardships to endure :                           109  
 From Pond to Pond he roam’d, from moor to moor,  
 Housing, with God’s good help, by choice or chance :  
 And in this way he gain’d an honest maintenance.

The Old Man still stood talking by my side ;  
 But now his voice to me was like a stream  
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;  
 And the whole Body of the man did seem  
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;  
 Or like a Man from some far region sent ;  
 To give me human strength, and strong admonishment.

My former thoughts return'd : the fear that kills ; 120  
 The hope that is unwilling to be fed ;  
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;  
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
 And now, not knowing what the Old Man had said,  
 My question eagerly did I renew,  
 " How is it that you live, and what is it you do ? "

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;  
 And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide  
 He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet

The waters of the Ponds where they abide. 180

“ Once I could meet with them on every side ;  
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
 The Old Man’s shape, and speech, all troubled me :  
 In my mind’s eye I seem’d to see him pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.

While I these thoughts within myself pursued, 189  
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
 Clearfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
 But stately in the main ; and, when he ended,  
 I could have laugh’d myself to scorn, to find  
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.

“ God,” said I, “ be my help and stay secure ;  
 I’ll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor.”



# S O N N E T S.



*PREFATORY SONNET.*

---

Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow room ;  
And Hermits are contented with their Cells ;  
And Students with their pensive Citadels :  
Maids at the Wheel, the Weaver at his Loom,  
Sit blithe and happy ; Bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in Foxglove bells :  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :  
Pleas'd if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find short solace there, as I have found.



**PART THE FIRST.**

---

**MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.**



## 1.

---

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in flocks ;  
And Wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,  
Like to a bonny Lass, who plays her pranks  
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,  
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks  
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link by link  
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam  
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

## 2.

---

Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array ;  
As vigorous as a Lark at break of day :  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?  
What boots the enquiry ? Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for ; let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark ?  
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters ; doubt, and something dark,  
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

## 3.

COMPOSED

after a Journey across

*THE HAMILTON HILLS,*

YORKSHIRE.

---

Ere we had reach'd the wish'd-for place, night fell  
We were too late at least by one dark hour,  
And nothing could we see of all that power  
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
The western sky did recompence us well  
With Grecian Temple, Minaret, and Bower ;  
And, in one part, a Minster with its Tower  
Substantially distinct, a place for Bell  
Or Clock to toll from. Many a glorious pile  
Did we behold, sights that might well repay  
All disappointment ! and, as such, the eye  
Delighted in them ; but we felt, the while,  
We should forget them : they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away.

## 4.

---

. . . . . *they are of the sky,*  
*And from our earthly memory fade away.*

These words were utter'd in a pensive mood,  
Even while mine eyes were on that solemn sight  
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily woo'd !  
But now upon this thought I cannot brood :  
It is unstable, and deserts me quite ;  
Nor will I praise a Cloud, however bright,  
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.  
The Grove, the sky-built Temple, and the Dome,  
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,  
Find in the heart of man no natural home :  
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure :  
These cleave to it ; from these it cannot roam,  
Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.

## 5.

*TO SLEEP.*

---

O gentle Sleep ! do they belong to thee,  
These twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
A Captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O Sleep ! thou art to me  
A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,  
Now on the water vex'd with mockery.  
I have no pain that calls for patience, no ;  
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child :  
Am pleas'd by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled :  
O gentle Creature ! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

## 6.

*TO SLEEP.*

---

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;  
I've thought of all by turns ; and still I lie  
Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees ;  
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :  
So do not let me wear to night away :  
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

## 7.

*TO SLEEP.*

---

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names ;  
The very sweetest words that fancy frames  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !  
Dear bosom Child we call thee, that dost steep  
In rich reward all suffering ; Balm that tames  
All anguish ; Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone ;  
I surely not a man ungently made,  
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost ?  
Perverse, self-will'd to own and to disown,  
Mere Slave of them who never for thee pray'd,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted most !

8.

---

With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;  
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.  
A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
Come like a Giant from a haven broad ;  
And lustily along the Bay she strode,  
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.  
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,  
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look ;  
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer :  
When will she turn, and whither ? She will brook  
No tarrying ; where she comes the winds must stir  
On went She, and due north her journey took.

*TO THE RIVER DUDDON.*

---

O mountain Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot  
Are privileg'd Inmates of deep solitude :  
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
A Field or two of brighter green, or Plot  
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
Of stationary sunshine : thou hast view'd  
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renew'd  
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.  
Thee hath some awful Spirit impell'd to leave,  
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
Though simple thy Companions were and few ;  
And through this wilderness a passage cleave  
Attended but by thy own Voice, save when  
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue.

## 10.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

---

---

Yes ! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetray'd ;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit ? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such Divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

## 11.

FROM THE SAME.

---

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
When first they met the placid light of thine,  
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,  
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
Heav'n-born, the Soul a heav'n-ward course must hold;  
Beyond the visible world She soars to seek,  
For what delights the sense is false and weak,  
Ideal Form, the universal mould.  
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
In that which perishes : nor will he lend  
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.  
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
Which kills the soul : Love betters what is best,  
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

## 12.

FROM THE SAME.

*TO THE SUPREME BEING.*

---

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
Which of its native self can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,  
Which quickens only where thou say'st it may :  
Unless thou shew to us thine own true way  
No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

## 13.

*Written in very early Youth.*

---

Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.  
The Kine are couch'd upon the dewy grass ;  
The Horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
Is up, and cropping yet his later meal :  
Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to steal  
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.  
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony  
Home-felt, and home-created seems to heal  
That grief for which the senses still supply  
Fresh food ; for only then, when memory  
Is hush'd, am I at rest. My Friends, restrain  
Those busy cares that would allay my pain :  
Oh ! leave me to myself ; nor let me feel  
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

## 14.

COMPOSED UPON

*WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,*Sept. 3, 1803.

---

---

Earth has not any thing to shew more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in it's majesty :  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

## 15.

---

“ Beloved Vale ! ” I said, “ when I shall con  
Those many records of my childish years,  
Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
Will press me down : to think of what is gone  
Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”  
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears  
Distress’d me ; I look’d round, I shed no tears ;  
Deep thought, or awful vision, I had none.  
By thousand petty fancies I was cross’d,  
To see the Trees, which I had thought so tall,  
Mere dwarfs ; the Brooks so narrow, Fields so small.  
A Juggler’s Balls old Time about him toss’d ;  
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ; and all  
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

16.

---

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne  
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud,  
Nor view of him who sate thereon allow'd ;  
But all the steps and ground about were strown  
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,  
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,  
“ Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we groan.”  
I seem'd to mount those steps ; the vapours gave  
Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one  
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
With her face up to heaven ; that seem'd to have  
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;  
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

17.

*To the ———.*

---

Lady ! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
While I was framing beds for winter flowers ;  
While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,  
And sheltering wall ; and still, as fancy wove  
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
A labyrinth Lady ! which your feet shall rove.  
Yes ! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ;  
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines  
Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
And all the mighty ravishment of Spring.

## 18.

---

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
The Winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not—Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

## 19.

---

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free ;  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea :  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me **here**,  
If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

## 20.

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
*RAISLEY CALVERT.*

---

Calvert ! it must not be unheard by them  
Who may respect my name that I to thee  
Ow'd many years of early liberty.

This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem :  
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
Where'er I liked ; and finally array  
My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
Hence, if in freedom I have lov'd the truth,  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
In my past verse ; or shall be, in the lays  
Of higher mood, which now I meditate,  
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth !  
To think how much of this will be thy praise.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

---

SONNETS

DEDICATED

TO LIBERTY.



## 1.

COMPOSED BY THE  
*SEA-SIDE, near CALAIS,*  
August, 1802.

---

Fair Star of Evening, Splendor of the West,  
Star of my Country ! on the horizon's brink  
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink  
On England's bosom ; yet well pleas'd to rest,  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,  
Should'st be my Country's emblem ; and should'st **wink**,  
Bright Star ! with laughter on her banners, drest  
In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, it is England ; there it lies.  
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory ! I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among Men who do not love her linger here.

## 2.

*C A L A I S,*August, 1802.

---

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see ?  
Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,  
Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee  
In France, before the new-born Majesty.  
'Tis ever thus. Ye Men of prostrate mind !  
A seemly reverence may be paid to power ;  
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower :  
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown  
What hardship had it been to wait an hour ?  
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone !

## 3.

*TO A FRIEND,*

COMPOSED NEAR

CALAIS,

On the Road leading to Ardres, August 7th, 1802.

---



---

Jones ! when from Calais southward you and I  
 Travell'd on foot together ; then this Way,  
 Which I am pacing now, was like the May  
 With festivals of new-born Liberty :  
 A homeless sound of joy was in the Sky ;  
 The antiquated Earth, as one might say,  
 Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, play,  
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !  
 And now, sole register that these things were,  
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
 “ *Good morrow, Citizen !* ” a hollow word,  
 As if a dead Man spake it ! Yet despair  
 I feel not : happy am I as a Bird :  
 Fair seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair.

## 4.

---

I griev'd for Buonaparte, with a vain  
And an unthinking grief ! the vital blood  
Of that Man's mind what can it be ? What food  
Fed his first hopes ? What knowledge could He gain ?  
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train  
The Governor who must be wise and good,  
And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.  
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees :  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind's business : these are the degrees  
By which true Sway doth mount ; this is the stalk  
True Power doth grow on ; and her rights are these.

## 5.

*C A L A I S,*August 15th, 1802.

---

Festivals have I seen that were not names :  
This is young Buonaparte's natal day ;  
And his is henceforth an established sway,  
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims  
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.  
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !  
Calais is not : and I have bent my way  
To the Sea-coast, noting that each man frames  
His business as he likes. Another time  
That was, when I was here long years ago :  
The senselessness of joy was then sublime !  
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,  
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know  
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

## 6.

ON THE EXTINCTION  
OF THE  
*VENETIAN REPUBLIC.*

---

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;  
And was the safeguard of the West : the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
And when She took unto herself a Mate  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reach'd its final day :  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

## 7.

*THE KING OF SWEDEN.*

---

The Voice of Song from distant lands shall call  
To that great King ; shall hail the crowned Youth  
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,  
By one example hath set forth to all  
How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,  
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?  
And what to him and his shall be the end ?  
That thought is one which neither can appal  
Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede hath done  
The thing which ought to be : He stands *above*  
All consequences : work he hath begun  
Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
Which all his glorious Ancestors approve :  
The Heroes bless him, him their rightful Son.

## 8.

*TO TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.*

---

Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men !  
Whether the rural Milk-maid by her Cow  
Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now  
Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den,  
O miserable chieftain ! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a chearful brow :  
Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

September 1st, 1802.

---

We had a fellow-Passenger who came  
From Calais with us, gaudy in array,  
A Negro Woman like a Lady gay,  
Yet silent as a woman fearing blame ;  
Dejected, meek, yea pitifully tame,  
She sate, from notice turning not away,  
But on our proffer'd kindness still did lay  
A weight of languid speech, or at the same  
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.  
She was a Negro Woman driv'n from France,  
Rejected like all others of that race,  
Not one of whom may now find footing there ;  
This the poor Out-cast did to us declare,  
Nor murmur'd at the unfeeling Ordinance.

## 10.

COMPOSED IN THE  
*VALLEY, near DOVER,*  
On the Day of landing.

---

Dear fellow Traveller ! here we are once more.  
The Cock that crows, the Smoke that curls, that sound  
Of Bells, those Boys that in yon meadow-ground  
In white sleeve'd shirts are playing by the score,  
And even this little River's gentle roar,  
All, all are English. Oft have I look'd round  
With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found  
Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
Europe is yet in Bonds ; but let that pass,  
Thought for another moment. Thou art free  
My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride  
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
Of England once again, and hear and see,  
With such a dear Companion at my side.

## 11.

September, 1802.

---

Inland, within a hollow Vale, I stood,  
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
The Coast of France, the Coast of France how near !  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.  
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
Was like a Lake, or River bright and fair,  
A span of waters ; yet what power is there !  
What mightiness for evil and for good !  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise : Winds blow, and Waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree  
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul  
Only the Nations shall be great and free.

## 12.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON

ON THE

*SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.*

---

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :  
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against Him ; but hast vainly striven ;  
Thou from thy Alpine Holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left !  
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be  
**That mountain Floods should thunder as before,**  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
**And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !**

## 13.

*WRITTEN IN LONDON,*September, 1802.

---

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our Life is only drest  
For shew ; mean handywork of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom ! We must run glittering like a Brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :  
The wealthiest man among us is the best :  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expence,  
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :  
Plain living and high thinking are no more :  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

14.

*LONDON,*1802.

---

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

## 15.

---

Great Men have been among us ; hands that penn'd  
And tongues that utter'd wisdom, better none :  
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who call'd Milton Friend.  
These Moralists could act and comprehend :  
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
In splendor : what strength was, that would not bend  
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
No single Volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road ;  
But equally a want of Books and Men !

---

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Road by which all might come and go that would,  
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands ;  
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands  
Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held. In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

## 17.

---

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When Men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert  
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country ! am I to be blamed ?  
But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
But dearly must we prize thee ; we who find  
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men ;  
And I by my affection was beguiled.  
What wonder, if a Poet, now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

## 18.

October, 1803.

---

One might believe that natural miseries  
Had blasted France, and made of it a land  
Unfit for Men ; and that in one great Band  
Her Sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.  
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze  
Shed gentle favors ; rural works are there ;  
And ordinary business without care ;  
Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please !  
How piteous then that there should be such dearth  
Of knowledge ; that whole myriads should unite  
To work against themselves such fell despite :  
Should come in phrenzy and in drunken mirth,  
Impatient to put out the only light  
Of Liberty that yet remains on Earth !

19.

---

There is a bondage which is worse to bear  
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,  
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :  
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,  
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear  
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,  
Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share  
With Human Nature ? Never be it ours  
To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,  
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,  
Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,  
And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers  
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

20.

October, 1803.

---

---

These times touch money'd Worldlings with dismay  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair :  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,  
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.  
What do we gather hence but firmer faith  
That every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;  
That virtue and the faculties within  
Are vital, and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death !

## 21.

---

England ! the time is come when thou shouldest wean  
Thy heart from its emasculating food ;  
The truth should now be better understood ;  
Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen  
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been  
But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,  
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
Aught good were destined, Thou wouldest step between.  
England ! all nations in this charge agree :  
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
Far, far more abject is thine Enemy :  
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight :  
Oh grief ! that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee !

22.

October, 1803.

---

When, looking on the present face of things,  
I see one Man, of Men the meanest too !  
Rais'd up to sway the World, to do, undo,  
With mighty Nations for his Underlings,  
The great events with which old story rings  
Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great ;  
Nothing is left which I can venerate ;  
So that almost a doubt within me springs  
Of Providence, such emptiness at length  
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God !  
I measure back the steps which I have trod,  
And tremble, seeing, as I do, the strength  
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime  
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

23.

*TO THE MEN OF KENT.*October, 1803.

---

Vanguard of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,  
Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance  
It's haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
To France be words of invitation sent !  
They from their Fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,  
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.  
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,  
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;  
Confirm'd the charters that were yours before ;  
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;  
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore :—  
**Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death !**

## 24.

October, 1803.

---

Six thousand Veterans practis'd in War's game,  
Tried Men, at Killiecrankie were array'd  
Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,  
Shepherds and Herdsman.—Like a whirlwind came  
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;  
And Garry thundering down his mountain-road  
Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load  
Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee  
Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;  
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

25.

*ANTICIPATION.*October, 1803.

---

Shout, for a mighty Victory is won !  
On British ground the Invaders are laid low ;  
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,  
And left them lying in the silent sun,  
Never to rise again !—the work is done.  
Come forth, ye Old Men, now in peaceful show  
And greet your Sons ! drums beat, and trumpets blow !  
Make merry, Wives ! ye little Children stun  
Your Grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise !  
Clap, Infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be  
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,  
And even the prospect of our Brethren slain,  
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys :—  
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

26.

November, 1806.

---

Another year !—another deadly blow !  
Another mighty Empire overthrown !  
And we are left, or shall be left, alone ;  
The last that dares to struggle with the Foe.  
'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,  
That we must stand unpropp'd, or be laid low.  
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not chear !  
We shall exult, if They who rule the land  
Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,  
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a venal Band,  
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
And honour which they do not understand.

**N O T E S**

*to the*

**F I R S T V O L U M E.**

1082.1

**M**



## *NOTES.*

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### **NOTE I.**

**PAGE 1 (9).—*To the Daisy.*** This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, which the Reader will find in the second Volume, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, they bear a striking resemblance to a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot however help address-

ing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

‘ Though it happe me to rehersin—  
 ‘ That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
 ‘ Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,  
 ‘ Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour  
 ‘ Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour.’

## NOTE II.

PAGE 35 (43); line 13.—

“ . . . . . persevering to the last,  
 From well to better.”  
 ‘ For Knightes ever should be persevering  
 ‘ To seek honour without feintise or slouth  
 ‘ Fro wele to better in all manner thing.’

CHAUCER.—*The Floure and the Leafe.*

## NOTE III.

PAGE 37 (45).—*The Horn of Egremont Castle.*  
 This Story is a Cumberland tradition; I have

heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John  
an antient residence of the Huddlestones, in a  
sequestered Valley upon the River Dacor.

## NOTE IV.

PAGE 58 (64).—*The Seven Sisters.* The Story  
of this Poem is from the German of FREDERICA  
BRUN.

## NOTE V.

PAGE 63 (71); line 6.—

“ . . . . . that thy Boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air,” &c. &c.

See Carver's Description of his Situation upon  
one of the Lakes of America.

## NOTE VI.

PAGE 112 (120): line 8.—“ Her tackling rich,  
and of apparel high.” From a passage in

Skelton, which I cannot here insert, not having  
the Book at hand.

## NOTE VII.

PAGE 150 (158); line 11.—“Oh ! for a single  
hour of that Dundee.” See an anecdote related  
in Mr. Scott’s Border Minstrelsy.

## NOTE VIII.

PAGE 152 (160); lines 13 and 14.—  
“Who are to judge of danger which they fear  
And honour which they do not understand.”

These two lines from Lord Brooke’s Life of Sir  
Philip Sydney.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

*Wood & Innes,  
Printers, Poppin’s Court, Fleet Street.*

# **POEMS.**

*Wood & Innes,  
Printers, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street.*

# P O E M S,

TWO

TWO VOLUMES,

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

*THE LYRICAL BALLADS.*

*Posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur  
Nostra: dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus.*

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
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1807.



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POEMS  
*WRITTEN DURING A TOUR*  
IN  
SCOTLAND.



## *ROB ROY's GRAVE.*

---

The History of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ; his Grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small Pin-fold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A famous Man is Robin Hood,  
The English Ballad-singer's joy !  
And Scotland has a Thief as good,  
An Outlaw of as daring mood,  
She has her brave ROB ROY !  
  
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
And let us chaunt a passing Stave  
In honour of that Hero brave !

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,  
And wondrous length and strength of arm :      10  
Nor craved he more to quell his Foes,  
Or keep his Friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy *as wise as brave* ;  
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—  
 A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;  
 As wise in thought as bold in deed :  
 For in the principles of things  
*He sought his moral creed.*

20

Said generous Rob, “ What need of Books ?  
 “ Burn all the Statutes and their shelves :  
 “ They stir us up against our Kind ;  
 “ And worse, against Ourselves.

“ We have a passion, make a law,  
 “ Too false to guide us or controul !  
 “ And for the law itself we fight  
 “ In bitterness of soul.

“ And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
 “ Distinctions that are plain and few :                            30  
 “ These find I graven on my heart :  
     “ *That* tells me what to do.

“ The Creatures see of flood and field,  
 “ And those that travel on the wind !  
 “ With them no strife can last ; they live  
     “ In peace, and peace of mind.

“ For why ?—because the good old Rule  
 “ Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,  
 “ That they should take who have the power,  
     “ And they should keep who can.                            40

“ A lesson which is quickly learn'd,  
 “ A signal this which all can see !  
 “ Thus nothing here provokes the Strong  
     “ To wanton cruelty.

“ All freakishness of mind is check’d ;  
 “ He tam’d, who foolishly aspires ;  
 “ While to the measure of his might  
     “ Each fashions his desires.

“ All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall  
 “ By strength of prowess or of wit :                  50  
 “ Tis God’s appointment who must sway,  
     “ And who is to submit.

“ Since then,” said Robin, “ right is plain,  
 “ And longest life is but a day ;  
 “ To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
     “ I’ll take the shortest way.”

And thus among these rocks he liv’d,  
 Through summer’s heat and winter’s snow :  
 The Eagle, he was Lord above,  
     And Rob was Lord below.                          60

**So was it**—*would*, at least, have been  
 But through untowardness of fate :  
**For Polity was** then too strong ;  
     He came an age too late,

**Or shall we say** an age too soon ?  
 For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
**How might he flourish** in his pride,  
     With buds on every bough !

Then rents and Factors, rights of chace,  
 Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains  
**Would all have seem'd** but paltry things,  
     Not worth a moment's pains.

70

Rob Roy had never linger'd here,  
 To these few meagre Vales confin'd ;  
 But thought how wide the world, the times  
     How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,  
 “ Do Thou my sovereign will enact  
 “ From land to land through half the earth !  
 “ Judge thou of law and fact !

80

“ Tis fit that we should do our part ;  
 “ Becoming, that mankind should learn  
 “ That we are not to be surpass'd  
 “ In fatherly concern.

“ Of old things all are over old,  
 “ Of good things none are good enough :—  
 “ We'll shew that we can help to frame  
 “ A world of other stuff.

“ I, too, will have my Kings that take  
 “ From me the sign of life and death :  
 “ Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
 “ Obedient to my breath.”

90

And, if the word had been fulfill'd,  
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !  
 France would have had her present Boast ;  
 And we our brave Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;  
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !  
 Would wrong thee no where ; least of all  
 Here standing by thy Grave.

100

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,  
 Wild Chieftain of a Savage Clan !  
 Hadst this to boast of ; thou didst love  
 The *liberty* of Man.

And, had it been thy lot to live  
 With us who now behold the light,  
 Thou would'st have nobly stirr'd thyself,  
 And battled for the Right.

For Robin was the poor Man's stay  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;      110  
And all the oppress'd, who wanted strength,  
Had Robin's to command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's Braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same ;  
And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,  
At sound of Rob Roy's name.      120

## 2.

*THE SOLITARY REAPER.*

---

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian Sands :  
No sweeter voice was ever heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

10

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of today ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

20

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sung  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;  
I listen'd till I had my fill :  
And, as I mounted up the hill.  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

## 3.

*STEPPING WESTWARD.*

---

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sun-set, in our road to a Hut where in the course of our Tour we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, “ What you are stepping westward ? ”

“ *What you are stepping westward ?* ”—“ *Yea.* ”

—’Twould be a wildish destiny,  
If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange Land, and far from home,  
Were in this place the guests of Chance :  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a Sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;  
And stepping westward seem'd to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny ;  
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound ;  
And seem'd to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native Lake :  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy :  
It's power was felt ; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
The echo of the voice enwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

10

20

## 4.

*GLEN - ALMAIN,*  
 or the  
 NARROW GLEN

---



---

In this still place, remote from men,  
 Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN ;  
 In this still place, where murmurs on  
 But one meek Streamlet, only one :  
 He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war, and violent death ;  
 And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid at last  
 Where rocks were sudely heap'd, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent ; 10  
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,  
 And every thing unreconciled ;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet ;

But this is calm ; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?  
 What matters it ? I blame them not  
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot      20  
 Was moved ; and in this way express'd  
 Their notion of it's perfect rest.  
 A Convent, even a hermit's Cell  
 Would break the silence of this Dell :  
 It is not quiet, is not ease ;  
 But something deeper far than these :  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave ; and of austere  
 And happy feelings of the dead :  
 And, therefore, was it rightly said      30  
 That Ossian, last of all his race !  
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

## 5.

*THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND  
HER HUSBAND.*

---

At Jedborough we went into private Lodgings for a few days ; and the following Verses were called forth by the character, and domestic situation, of our Hostess.

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers !  
And call a train of laughing Hours ;  
And bid them dance, and bid them sing ;  
And Thou, too, mingle in the Ring !  
Take to thy heart a new delight ;  
If not, make merry in despite !  
For there is one who scorns thy power.  
— But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower  
There liveth in the prime of glee,  
A Woman, whose years are seventy-three,      10  
And She will dance and sing with thee !

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !  
 Him who is rooted to his chair !  
 Look at him—look again ! for He  
 Hath long been of thy Family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,  
 And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,  
 He sits, and with a vacant eye ;  
 A Sight to make a Stranger sigh !  
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :      20  
 His world is in this single room :  
 Is this a place for mirth and cheer ?  
 Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate  
 Of Him in that forlorn estate !  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp,  
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :  
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower ;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,

With all it's bravery on ; in times,  
 When, all alive with merry chimes,  
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
 It rouz'd the Vale to Holiday.

30

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due  
 Is praise ; heroic praise, and true !  
 With admiration I behold  
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :  
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
 The picture of a life well-spent :  
 This do I see ; and something more ;  
 A strength unthought of heretofore !  
 Delighted am I for thy sake ;  
 And yet a higher joy partake.  
 Our Human-nature throws away  
 It's second Twilight, and looks gay :  
 A Land of promise and of pride  
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

40

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclos'd  
 Within himself, as seems ; compos'd ;  
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,                         50  
 The strife of happiness and pain,  
 Utterly dead ! yet, in the guise  
 Of little Infants, when their eyes  
 Begin to follow to and fro  
 The persons that before them go,  
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
 Her buoyant Spirit can prevail  
 Where common cheerfulness would fail :  
 She strikes upon him with the heat  
 Of July Suns ; he feels it sweet ;                         60  
 An animal delight though dim !  
 'Tis all that now remains for him !

I look'd, I scann'd her o'er and o'er ;  
 The more I look'd I wonder'd more :  
 When suddenly I seem'd to espy  
 A trouble in her strong black eye ;

A remnant of uneasy light,  
 A flash of something over-bright !  
 And soon she made this matter plain ;  
 And told me, in a thoughtful strain,      70  
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;  
 Ill health of body ; and had pin'd  
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it ! but let praise ascend  
 To Him who is our Lord and Friend !  
 Who from disease and suffering  
 Hath call'd for thee a second Spring ;  
 Repaid thee for that sore distress  
 By no untimely joyousness ;      80  
 Which makes of thine a blissful state ;  
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

## 6.

*TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.*

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)

---

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head :  
And these gray Rocks ; this household Lawn ;  
These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent Lake ;  
This little Bay, a quiet Road  
That holds in shelter thy Abode ;  
In truth together ye do seem  
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;

Such Forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart :  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray                            20  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here, scatter'd like a random seed,  
Remote from men, Thou dost not need  
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness :

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a Mountaineer.  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmov'd in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

30

40

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful ?

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !                           50  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality :  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
 Thy elder Brother I would be,  
 Thy Father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace                           60  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Joy have I had ; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompence.

In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.

Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,                   70  
Sweet Highland Girl ! from Thee to part ;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the Cabin small,  
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall ;  
And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

*SONNET.*(Composed at ——— Castle.)

---

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !  
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,  
And love of havoc (for with such disease  
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word  
To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,  
Leaving an ancient Dome, and Towers like these,  
Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts deplo'rd  
The fate of those old Trees ; and oft with pain  
The Traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze  
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :  
For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

## 8.

## ADDRESS

*TO THE SONS OF BURNS*  
 after visiting their Father's Grave  
 (August 14th, 1803.)

---

Ye now are panting up life's hill !  
 'Tis twilight time of good and ill,  
 And more than common strength and skill  
     Must ye display  
 If ye would give the better will  
     Its lawful sway.

Strong bodied if ye be to bear  
 Intemperance with less harm, beware !  
 But if your Father's wit ye share,  
     Then, then indeed,  
 Ye Sons of Burns ! for watchful care  
     There will be need.

For honest men delight will take  
To shew you favor for his sake,  
Will flatter you ; and Fool and Rake  
            Your steps pursue :  
And of your Father's name will make  
            A snare for you.

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;  
Be independent, generous, brave !         20  
Your Father such example gave,  
            And such revere !  
But be admonish'd by his Grave,  
            And think, and fear !

*YARROW UNVISITED.*

(See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton, beginning

“ Busk ye, busk ye my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye my winsome Marrow!”—)

---

From Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravell'd ;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travell'd ;  
And, when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my “ *winsome Marrow,* ”  
“ Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
“ And see the Braes of Yarrow.”

- “ Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,  
 “ Who have been buying, selling, 10  
 “ Go back to Yarrow, ‘tis their own,  
 “ Each Maiden to her Dwelling !  
 “ On Yarrow’s Banks let herons feed,  
 “ Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
 “ But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
 “ Nor turn aside to Yarrow.
- “ There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
 “ Both lying right before us ;  
 “ And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
 “ The Lintwhites sing in chorus ; 20  
 “ There’s pleasant Tiviot Dale, a land  
 “ Made blithe with plough and harrow ;  
 “ Why throw away a needful day  
 “ To go in search of Yarrow ?

“ What’s Yarrow but a River bare  
“ That glides the dark hills under ?  
“ There are a thousand such elsewhere  
“ As worthy of your wonder.”

—Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;  
My True-love sigh'd for sorrow ;                           30  
And look'd me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

“ Oh ! green,” said I, “ are Yarrow’s Holms,  
“ And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
“ Fair hangs the apple frae the rock \*,  
“ But we will leave it growing.  
“ O’er hilly path, and open Strath,  
“ We’ll wander Scotland thorough ;  
“ But, though so near, we will not turn  
“ Into the Dale of Yarrow.

\* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

“ Let Beeves and home-bred Kine partake  
“ The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
“ The Swan on still St. Mary’s Lake  
“ Float double, Swan and Shadow !  
“ We will not see them ; will not go,  
“ Today, nor yet tomorrow ;  
“ Enough if in our hearts we know,  
“ There’s such a place as Yarrow.

“ Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown !

“ It must, or we shall rue it :

50

“ We have a vision of our own ;

“ Ah ! why should we undo it ?

“ The treasured dreams of times long past

“ We’ll keep them, winsome Marrow !

“ For when we’re there although ’tis fair

“ ’Twill be another Yarrow !

“ If Care with freezing years should come,  
“ And wandering seem but folly,  
“ Should we be loth to stir from home,  
“ And yet be melancholy ;                           60  
“ Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
“ ’Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
“ That earth has something yet to show,  
“ The bonny Holms of Yarrow ! ”



# **MOODS OF MY OWN MIND.**



## 1.

*TO A BUTTERFLY.*

---

Stay near me—do not take thy flight !  
A little longer stay in sight !  
Much converse do I find in Thee,  
Historian of my Infancy !  
Float near me ; do not yet depart !  
Dead times revive in thee :  
Thou bring'st, gay Creature as thou art !  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My Father's Family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
The time, when in our childish plays  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together chaced the Butterfly !  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs  
I follow'd on from brake to bush ;  
But She, God love her ! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

## 2.

---

The Sun has long been set :  
The Stars are out by twos and threes ;  
The little Birds are piping yet  
Among the bushes and trees ;  
There's a Cuckoo, and one or two thrushes ;  
And a noise of wind that rushes,  
With a noise of water that gushes ;  
And the Cuckoo's sovereign cry  
Fills all the hollow of the sky !

Who would go " parading "  
In London, and " masquerading,"  
On such a night of June ?  
With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
And all these innocent blisses,  
On such a night as this is !

## 3.

---

O Nightingale ! thou surely art  
A Creature of a fiery heart—  
These notes of thine they pierce, and pierce ;  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !  
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
Had help'd thee to a Valentine ;  
A song in mockery and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent Night,  
And steady bliss, and all the Loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves !

I heard a Stockdove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day.  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze :  
He did not cease ; but coo'd—and coo'd ;  
And somewhat pensively he woo'd :  
He sang of love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending ;  
Of serious faith, and inward glee ;  
That was the Song, the Song for me !

## 4.

---

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a Man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The Child is Father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

5.

*WRITTEN IN MARCH,*

While resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brother's  
Water.

---

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun ;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest ;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are forty feeding like one !

10

Like an army defeated  
The Snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill ;  
The Plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon :  
There's joy in the mountains ;  
There's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ;  
The rain is over and gone !

## 6.

*THE SMALL CELANDINE.\**

---

There is a Flower, the Lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling swarm on swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress'd,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

\* See Page 22 in the first Volume [= p. 30 above].

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I pass'd,  
 And recognized it, though an alter'd Form,                   10  
 Now standing forth an offering to the Blast,  
 And buffeted at will by Rain and Storm.

I stopp'd, and said with inly muttered voice,  
 " It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :  
 This neither is it's courage nor it's choice,  
 But it's necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not bless it, nor the dew ;  
 It cannot help itself in it's decay ;  
 Stiff in it's members, wither'd, changed of hue."  
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.           20

To be a Prodigal's Favorite—then, worse truth,  
 A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !  
 O Man ! that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

## 7.

---

I wandered lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host of dancing Daffodills ;  
Along the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—  
A Poet could not but be gay  
In such a laughing company :                      10  
I gaz'd—and gaz'd—but little thought  
What wealth the shew to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

8.

---

---

Who fancied what a pretty sight  
This Rock would be if edged around  
With living Snowdrops ? circlet bright !  
How glorious to this Orchard ground !  
Who loved the little Rock, and set  
Upon its Head this Coronet ?

Was it the humour of a Child ?  
Or rather of some love-sick Maid,  
Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
The Shepherd Queen, were thus arrayed ?  
Of Man mature, or Matron sage ?  
Or old Man toying with his age ?

I ask'd—'twas whisper'd, The device  
To each or all might well belong.  
It is the Spirit of Paradise  
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
That gives to all the self-same bent  
Where life is wise and innocent.

## 9.

*THE SPARROW's NEST.*

---

Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there !  
Few visions have I seen more fair,  
Nor many prospects of delight  
More pleasing than that simple sight !  
I started seeming to espy  
The home and shelter'd bed,  
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
My Father's House, in wet or dry,  
My Sister Emmeline and I  
Together visited.

10

She look'd at it as if she fear'd it ;  
Still wishing, dreading to be near it :  
Such heart was in her, being then  
A little Prattler among men.  
The Blessing of my later years  
Was with me when a Boy ;  
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

10.

*GIPSIES.*

---

Yet are they here ?—the same unbroken knot  
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot !

Men, Women, Children, yea the frame  
Of the whole Spectacle the same !

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light :  
Now deep and red, the colouring of night ;  
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,  
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone while I  
Have been a Traveller under open sky, 10

Much witnessing of change and clear,  
Yet as I left I find them here !

The weary Sun betook himself to rest.

—Then issued Vesper from the fulgent West,

Outshining like a visible God

The glorious path in which he trod.

And now, ascending, after one dark hour,

And one night's diminution of her power,

Behold the mighty Moon ! this way

She looks as if at them—but they

20

Regard not her :—oh better wrong and strife,

Better vain deeds or evil than such life !

The silent Heavens have goings on ;

The stars have tasks—but these have none.

## 11.

*TO THE CUCKOO.*

---

O blithe New-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice :  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,  
I hear thy restless shout :  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
About, and all about !

To me, no Babbler with a tale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou tellest, Cuckoo ! in the vale  
 Of visionary hours.

10

Thrice welcome, Darling of the Spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No Bird ; but an invisible Thing,  
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my School-boy days  
 I listen'd to ; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways ;  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

20

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green ;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
 Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
That is fit home for Thee !

## 12.

*TO A BUTTERFLY.*

---

I've watch'd you now a full half hour,  
Self-pois'd upon that yellow flower ;  
And, little Butterfly ! indeed  
I know not if you sleep, or feed.  
How motionless ! not frozen seas  
More motionless ! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again !

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours ; 10  
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ;  
Stop here whenever you are weary,  
And rest as in a sanctuary !  
Come often to us, fear no wrong ;  
Sit near us on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song ;  
And summer days, when we were young,  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now !

## 13.

---

It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown,  
And is descending on his embassy ;  
Nor Traveller gone from Earth the Heavens to espy !  
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,  
First admonition that the sun is down !  
For yet it is broad day-light : clouds pass by ;  
A few are near him still—and now the sky,  
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.  
O most ambitious Star ! an inquest wrought  
Within me when I recognised thy light ;  
A moment I was startled at the sight :  
And, while I gazed, there came to me a thought  
That I might step beyond my natural race  
As thou seem'st now to do ; might one day trace  
Some ground not mine ; and, strong her strength above,  
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,  
Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove !

THE  
**BLIND HIGHLAND BOY;**  
WITH  
*OTHER POEMS.*



*THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.*

(A Tale told by the Fire-side.)

---

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,  
We've romp'd enough, my little Boy !  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your Stool and rest,  
    This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly ;  
And as I promised I will tell  
That strange adventure which befel  
    A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* Boy !—why call him so ?  
 Because, my Darlings, ye must know,  
 In land where many a mountain towers,  
 Far higher hills than these of ours !

He from his birth had liv'd.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;  
 The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;  
 Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
 Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
 Or woman, man, or child.

20

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
 Nor had a melancholy mind ;  
 For God took pity on the Boy,  
 And was his friend ; and gave him joy  
 Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above  
 Her other Children him did love :  
 For, was she here, or was she there,  
 She thought of him with constant care,  
 And more than Mother's love.

30

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
 In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
 And bonnet with a feather gay,  
 To Kirk he on the sabbath day  
 Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog, too, had he ; not for need,  
 But one to play with and to feed ;  
 Which would have led him, if bereft  
 Of company or friends, and left  
 Without a better guide.

40

And then the bagpipes he could blow ;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleas'd to hear and see ;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;  
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their Cottage stood.

50

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;  
But one of mighty size, and strange ;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day,  
 The great Sea-water finds its way  
 Through long, long windings of the hills ;  
 And drinks up all the pretty rills  
 And rivers large and strong : 60

Then hurries back the road it came—  
 Returns, on errand still the same ;  
 This did it when the earth was new ;  
 And this for evermore will do,  
 As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the Tide,  
 Come Boats and Ships, that sweetly ride,  
 Between the woods and lofty rocks ;  
 And to the Shepherds with their Flocks  
 Bring tales of distant Lands. 70

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind Boy always had his share ;  
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
    Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirr'd,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners  
    In stillness or in storm.

80

But what do his desires avail ?  
For He must never handle sail ;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In Sailor's ship or Fisher's boat  
    Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this : “ My Son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;  
The danger is so great.”

90

Thus lived he by Loch Levin’s side  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,  
You soon shall know how this befel)  
He’s in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift water hurrying down  
Towards the mighty Sea.

100

In such a vessel ne'er before  
 Did human Creature leave the shore :  
 If this or that way he should stir,  
 Woe to the poor blind Mariner !  
 For death will be his doom.

Strong is the current ; but be mild,  
 Ye waves, and spare the helpless Child !  
 If ye in anger fret or chafe,  
 A Bee-hive would be ship as safe  
 As that in which he sails.

110

But say, what was it ? Thought of fear !  
 Well may ye tremble when ye hear !  
 —A Household Tub, like one of those  
 Which women use to wash their clothes,  
 This carried the blind Boy.

Close to the water he had found  
 This Vessel, push'd it from dry ground,  
 Went into it ; and, without dread,  
 Following the fancies in his head,

He paddled up and down.

120

A while he stood upon his feet ;  
 He felt the motion—took his seat ;  
 And dallied thus, till from the shore  
 The tide retreating more and more  
 Had suck'd, and suck'd him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven !  
 How rapidly the Child is driven !  
 The fourth part of a mile I ween  
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
 By any human eye.

130

But when he was first seen, oh me :  
What shrieking and what misery !  
For many saw ; among the rest  
His Mother, she who loved him best,  
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy !  
The bravest Traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
Was never half so bless'd.

140

And let him, let him go his way,  
Alone, and innocent, and gay !  
For, if good Angels love to wait  
On the forlorn unfortunate,  
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
 The cries which broke from old and young  
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
 Are stifled—all is still.

150

And quickly with a silent crew  
 A Boat is ready to pursue ;  
 And from the shore their course they take,  
 And swiftly down the running Lake  
 They follow the blind Boy.

With sound the least that can be made  
 They follow, more and more afraid,  
 More cautious as they draw more near ;  
 But in his darkness he can hear,  
 And guesses their intent.

160

“ *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* ”—then did he cry  
 “ *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* ”—most eagerly ;  
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
 And what he meant was, “ Keep away,  
 And leave me to myself ! ”

Alas ! and when he felt their hands——  
 You’ve often heard of magic Wands,  
 That with a motion overthrow  
 A palace of the proudest shew,  
 Or melt it into air.

170

So all his dreams, that inward light  
 With which his soul had shone so bright,  
 All vanish’d ;—’twas a heartfelt cross  
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
 As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice  
 With which the very hills rejoice :  
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
 Had watch'd the event, and now can see  
 That he is safe at last.

180

And then, when he was brought to land,  
 Full sure they were a happy band,  
 Which gathering round did on the banks  
 Of that great Water give God thanks,  
 And welcom'd the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart  
 The blind Boy's little Dog took part ;  
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
 With sound like lamentation.

190

But most of all, his Mother dear,  
She who had fainted with her fear,  
Rejoiced when waking she espies  
The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,  
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept a main,  
When he was in the house again :  
Tears flow'd in torrents from her eyes,  
She could not blame him, or chastise :  
She was too happy far. 200

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;  
And, though his fancies had been wild,  
Yet he was pleased, and reconciled  
To live in peace on shore.

*THE GREEN LINNET.*

---

The May is come again :—how sweet  
To sit upon my Orchard-seat !  
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,  
    My last year's Friends together :  
My thoughts they all by turns employ ;  
A whispering Leaf is now my joy,  
And then a Bird will be the toy  
    That doth my fancy tether.

One have I mark'd, the happiest Guest  
In all this covert of the blest : 10  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion,  
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion.

While Birds, and Butterflies, and Flowers  
Make all one Band of Paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment ; 20  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too bless'd with any one to pair,  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,  
     Yet seeming still to hover ;  
 There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings                  30  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

While thus before my eyes he gleams,  
 A Brother of the Leaves he seems ;  
 When in a moment forth he teems  
     His little song in gushes :  
 As if it pleas'd him to disdain  
 And mock the Form which he did feign,  
 While he was dancing with the train  
     Of Leaves among the bushes.                  40

*TO A YOUNG LADY,*

Who had been reproached for taking long  
Walks in the Country.

---

Dear Child of Nature, let them rail !  
—There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou a Wife and Friend, shalt see  
Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a Shepherd-boy,  
As if thy heritage were joy,  
And pleasure were thy trade,  
Thou, while thy Babes around thee cling,  
Shalt shew us how divine a thing  
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age, alive and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

*" — Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claim'd by whoever shall find."*

---

By their floating Mill,  
Which lies dead and still,  
Behold yon Prisoners three !  
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the Thames ;  
The Platform is small, but there's room for them all ;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their Mill where it floats,  
To their House and their Mill tether'd fast ;              9  
To the small wooden isle where their work to beguile  
They from morning to even take whatever is given ;—  
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the Spires  
 All alive with the fires  
 Of the Sun going down to his rest,  
 In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
 They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free,  
 While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,  
 They themselves make the Reel,                           20  
 And their Music's a prey which they seize ;  
 It plays not for them,—what matter ! 'tis their's ;  
 And if they had care it has scattered their cares,  
 While they dance, crying, “ Long as ye please ! ”

They dance not for me,  
 Yet mine is their glee !  
 Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claim'd by whoever shall find ;  
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.                           30

The Showers of the Spring  
Rouze the Birds and they sing ;  
If the Wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
Each Leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss,  
Each Wave, one and t'other, speeds after his Brother;  
They are happy, for that is their right !

*STAR GAZERS.*

---

What crowd is this ? what have we here ! we must not  
pass it by ;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky :  
Long is it as a Barber's Poll, or Mast of little Boat,  
Some little Pleasure-Skiff, that doth on Thames's waters  
float.

The Show-man chuses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy  
Square ;

And he's as happy in his night, for the heavens are  
blue and fair ;

Calm, though impatient is the Crowd ; Each is ready  
with the fee,

And envies him that's looking—what an insight must  
it be !

Yet, Show-man, where can lie the cause ? Shall thy  
Implement have blame,

A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to  
shame ? 10

Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault ?

Their eyes, or minds ? or, finally, is this resplendent  
Vault ?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here ?

Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear ?  
The silver Moon with all her Vales, and Hills of migh-  
tiest fame,

Do they betray us when they're seen ? and are they but  
a name ?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,  
And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her  
wrong ?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had,  
And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad ?

Or must we be constrain'd to think that these Spectators  
rude,

21

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
Have souls which never yet have ris'n, and therefore  
prostrate lie ?

No, no, this cannot be--Men thirst for power and  
majesty !

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind  
employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed ? a grave and steady joy,  
That doth reject all shew of pride, admits no outward sign,  
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine !

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry & pore  
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than  
before :

30

One after One they take their turns, nor have I one  
espied

That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

*POWER OF MUSIC.*

---

An Orpheus ! An Orpheus !—yes, Faith may grow bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old ;—  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same,  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there ;—and he works on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;  
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him !

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
The weary have life and the hungry have bliss :              10  
The mourner is cheared, and the anxious have rest ;  
And the guilt-burthened Soul is no longer opprest.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,  
 So he where he stands is a center of light ;  
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-faced Jack,  
 And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—  
 What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to waste—  
 The News-man is stopped, though he stops on the fret,  
 And the half-breathless Lamp-lighter he's in the net ! 20

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;  
 The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ;—  
 If a Thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ;  
 She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, back'd by the Wall ;—he abates not his din ;  
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,  
 From the Old and the Young, from the Poorest ; and  
 there !

The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the Hearers and proud be the Hand  
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a Band ;  
 I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while         31  
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height,  
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;  
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !  
 The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

• There's a Cripple who leans on his Crutch ; like a Tower  
 That long has lean'd forward, leans hour after hour !—  
 A Mother, whose Spirit in fetters is bound,  
 While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound. 40

Now, Coaches and Chariots, roar on like a stream ;  
 Here are twenty souls happy as Souls in a dream :  
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,  
 Nor what ye are flying, or what ye pursue !

*TO THE DAISY.\**

---

With little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee,  
    For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming Common-place  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
    Which Love makes for thee !

\* The two following Poems were overflowings of the mind in composing the one which stands first in the first Volume.

Oft do I sit by thee at ease,  
And weave a web of similies,

10

Loose types of Things through all degrees,

Thoughts of thy raising :

And many a fond and idle name

I give to thee, for praise or blame,

As is the humour of the game,

While I am gazing.

A Nun demure of lowly port,

Or sprightly Maiden of Love's Court,

In thy simplicity the sport

Of all temptations ;

20

A Queen in crown of rubies drest,

A Starveling in a scanty vest,

Are all, as seem to suit thee best,

Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
    The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, and behold !  
A silver Shield with boss of gold.  
    That spreads itself, some Faery bold  
        In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar ;—  
And then thou art a pretty Star,  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee !  
Yet, like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—  
May peace come never to his nest,  
Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet Flower ! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,

Sweet silent Creature !  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature !

*TO THE SAME FLOWER.*

---

Bright Flower, whose home is every where !  
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
    Of joy or sorrow,  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other Flower I see  
    The forest thorough !

Is it that Man is soon deprest ?  
A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest, 10  
Does little on his memory rest,  
    Or on his reason,  
And Thou wouldest teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind.  
A hope for times that are unkind  
    And every season ?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
With friends to greet thee, or without,  
    Yet pleased and willing ; 20  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffering from all,  
Thy function apostolical  
    In peace fulfilling.

*INCIDENT,*

Characteristic of a favourite Dog, which belonged  
to a Friend of the Author.

---

On his morning rounds the Master  
Goes to learn how all things fare ;  
Searches pasture after pasture,  
Sheep and Cattle eyes with care ;  
And, for silence or for talk,  
He hath Comrades in his walk ;  
Four Dogs, each pair of different breed,  
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See, a Hare before him started !  
—Off they fly in earnest chace ; 10  
Every Dog is eager-hearted,  
All the four are in the race !  
And the Hare whom they pursue  
Hath an instinct what to do ;  
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;  
But, like an arrow, to the River takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted  
Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crost ; 20  
She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
 See them cleaving to the sport !  
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
 Little MUSIC, she stops short.  
 She hath neither wish nor heart.  
 Her's is now another part : so  
 A loving Creature she, and brave !

And doth her best her struggling Friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
 Very hands as you would say !  
 And afflicting moans she fetches,  
 As he breaks the ice away.  
 For herself she hath no fears,  
 Him alone she sees and hears,  
 Makes efforts and complainings ; nor gives o'er  
 Until her Fellow sunk, and reappear'd no more. so

*TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE SAME DOG.*

---

Lie here sequester'd :—be this little mound  
For ever thine, and be it holy ground !  
Lie here, without a record of thy worth,  
Beneath the covering of the common earth !  
It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
Or want of love, *that* here no Stone we raise ;  
More thou deserv'st ; but *this* Man gives to Man,  
Brother to Brother, *this* is all we can.  
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
Shall find thee through all changes of the year : 10

This Oak points out thy grave ; the silent Tree  
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I pray'd for thee, and that thy end were past ;  
And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
For thou hadst liv'd, till every thing that chears  
In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;  
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;  
Thy ears were deaf ; and feeble were thy knees,—  
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,                      20  
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were shed ;  
Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert dead ;  
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share ;  
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
Found scarcely any where in like degree !

For love, that comes to all ; the holy sense,  
Best gift of God, in thee was most intense ;      30  
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind :  
Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law :—  
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ;  
Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name !

*SONNET.***A D M O N I T I O N,**

(Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.)

---

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !  
 —The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirr'd thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !  
 But covet not th' Abode—oh ! do not sigh,  
 As many do, repining while they look,  
 Sighing a wish to tear from Nature's Book  
 This blissful leaf, with worst impiety.  
 Think what the home would be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof, window, door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the porch which they entwine :  
 Yea, all, that now enchant thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touch'd, would melt, and melt away !

## SONNET.

. . . . . “gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

---

Though narrow be that Old Man’s cares, and near  
The poor Old Man is greater than he seems :  
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams ;  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.  
Rich are his walks with supernatural shear ;  
The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds, and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.  
He the seven birds hath seen that never part,  
Seen the **SEVEN WHISTLERS** in their nightly rounds,  
And counted them : and oftentimes will start—  
For overhead are sweeping **GABRIEL’S HOUNDS**,  
Doom’d, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart  
To chase for ever, on aërial grounds.

*SONNET.*

A PROPHETIC.

Feb. 1807.

---

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !  
Thus in your Books the record shall be found,  
“ A Watchword was pronounced, a potent sound,  
ARMINIUS !—all the people quaked like dew  
Stirr’d by the breeze—they rose, a Nation, true,  
True to itself—the mighty Germany,  
She of the Danube and the Northern sea.  
She rose,—and off at once the yoke she threw.  
All power was given her in the dreadful trance—  
Those new-born Kings she wither’d like a flame.”  
—Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame  
To that Bavarian, who did first advance  
His banner in accursed league with France,  
First open Traitor to her sacred name !

*SONNET,*  
TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

On the final passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade,  
March, 1807.

---

Clarkson ! it was an obstinate Hill to climb ;  
How toilsome, nay how dire it was, by Thee  
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;  
But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,  
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,  
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,  
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time  
With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !  
The bloody Writing is for ever torn,  
And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,  
A great Man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find  
Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind !

Once in a lonely Hamlet I sojourn'd  
In which a Lady driv'n from France did dwell ;  
The big and lesser griefs, with which she mourn'd,  
In friendship she to me would often tell.

This Lady, dwelling upon English ground,  
Where she was childless, daily did repair  
To a poor neighbouring Cottage ; as I found,  
For sake of a young Child whose home was there.

Once did I see her clasp the Child about,  
 And take it to herself ; and I, next day,                           10  
 Wish'd in my native tongue to fashion out  
 Such things as she unto this Child might say :  
 And thus, from what I knew, had heard, and guess'd,  
 My song the workings of her heart express'd.

“ Dear Babe, thou Daughter of another,  
 One moment let me be thy Mother !  
 An Infant's face and looks are thine ;  
 And sure a Mother's heart is mine :  
 Thy own dear Mother's far away,  
 At labour in the harvest-field :                                   20  
 Thy little Sister is at play ;—  
 What warmth, what comfort would it yield  
 To my poor heart, if Thou wouldest be  
 One little hour a child to me !

Across the waters I am come,  
 And I have left a Babe at home :  
 A long, long way of land and sea !  
 Come to me—I'm no enemy :  
 I am the same who at thy side  
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
 For thee, sweet Baby !—thou hast tried.  
 Thou know'st, the pillow of my breast :  
 Good, good art thou ; alas ! to me  
 Far more than I can be to thee.

30

Here little Darling dost thou lie ;  
 An Infant Thou, a Mother I !  
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;  
 Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.  
 Alas ! before I left the spot,  
 My Baby and its dwelling-place ;  
 The Nurse said to me, “ Tears should not  
 Be shed upon an Infant’s face,  
 It was unlucky ”—no, no, no ;  
 No truth is in them who say so !

40

My own dear Little-one will sigh,  
 Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.  
 " He pines," they'll say, " it is his doom,  
 And you may see his hour is come."  
 Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
 Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,      50  
 Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
 And countenance like a summer's day,  
 They would have hopes of him—and then  
 I should behold his face again !

'Tis gone—forgotten—let me do  
 My best—there was a smile or two,  
 I can remember them, I see  
 The smiles, worth all the world to me.  
 Dear Baby ! I must lay thee down ;  
 Thou troublest me with strange alarms ;      60  
 Smiles hast Thou, sweet ones of thy own ;  
 I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
 For they confound me : as it is,  
 I have forgot those smiles of his.

Oh ! how I love thee ! we will stay  
 Together here this one half day.

My Sister's Child, who bears my name,  
 From France across the Ocean came ;  
 She with her Mother cross'd the sea ;  
 The Babe and Mother near me dwell :                      70  
 My Darling, she is not to me  
 What thou art ! though I love her well :  
 Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here ;  
 Never was any Child more dear !

—I cannot help it—ill intent  
 I've none, my pretty Innocent !  
 I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
 These tears—and my poor idle tongue.  
 Oh what a kiss was that ! my cheek  
 How cold it is ! but thou art good ;                      80  
 Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,  
 I think, to help me if they could.  
 Blessings upon that quiet face,  
 My heart again is in its place !

While thou art mine, my little Love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove ;  
Contentment, hope, and Mother's glee.  
I seem to find them all in thee :  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers ;  
I'll call thee by my Darling's name ;                          80  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same ;  
His little Sister thou shalt be ;  
And, when once more my home I see.  
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

*FORESIGHT.*

Or the Charge of a Child to his younger Companion.

---

That is work which I am rueing—  
Do as Charles and I are doing !  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them—here are many :  
Look at it—the Flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the Primrose, Sister Anne !  
Pull as many as you can. 10

—Here are Daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the Cuckow-flower :  
Of the lofty Daffodil  
Make your bed, and make your bower ;  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the Spring may love them—  
Summer knows but little of them :  
Violets, do what they will,  
Wither'd on the ground must lie ; 20  
Daisies will be daisies still ;  
Daisies they must live and die :  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom,  
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !

*A COMPLAINT.*

---

There is a change—and I am poor ;  
Your Love hath been, nor long ago,  
A Fountain at my fond Heart's door,  
Whose only business was to flow ;  
And flow it did ; not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !  
Bless'd was I then all bliss above !  
Now, for this consecrated Fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?  
A comfortless, and hidden WELL.

A Well of love—it may be deep--  
I trust it is, and never dry :  
What matter ? if the Waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity.  
—Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond Heart, hath made me poor.

I am not One who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal talk,  
About Friends, who live within an easy walk,  
Or Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight :  
And, for my chance-acquaintance, Ladies bright,  
Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk,  
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;      10  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
By my half-kitchen my half-parlour fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle, whispering it's faint undersong.

" Yet life," you say, " is life ; we have seen and see,  
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee,  
 Are foster'd by the comment and the gibe."                   20

Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,  
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !  
 Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies  
 More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,  
 And part far from them :—sweetest melodies  
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes  
 He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

Wings have we, and as far as we can go  
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,                   30  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low :

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

There do I find a never-failing store  
 Of personal themes, and such as I love best ;  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am :  
 Two will I mention, dearer than the rest ;                          40  
 The gentle Lady, married to the Moor ;  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine : for thus I live remote  
 From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,  
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :  
 And thus from day to day my little Boat  
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.                          50

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,  
The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !  
Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Yes ! full surely 'twas the Echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to Thee, shouting Cuckoo !  
Giving to thee Sound for Sound.

Whence the Voice ? from air or earth ?  
This the Cuckoo cannot tell ;  
But a startling sound had birth,  
As the Bird must know full well ;

Like the voice through earth and sky  
By the restless Cuckoo sent ;  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like—but oh how different !

Hears not also mortal Life ?  
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures !  
Slaves of Folly, Love, or Strife,  
Voices of two different Natures ?

Have not We too ? Yes we have  
Answers, and we know not whence ;  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recogniz'd intelligence ?

20

Such within ourselves we hear  
Oft-times, ours though sent from far ;  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;  
For of God, of God they are !

*TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,*

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

Composed while we were labouring together in his  
Pleasure-Ground.

---

Spade ! with which Wilkinson hath till'd his Lands,  
And shap'd these pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands ;  
I press thee through the yielding soil with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know ;  
Long hast Thou serv'd a Man to reason true ;  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The toiling many and the resting few ;

Health, quiet, meekness, ardour, hope secure,  
 And industry of body and of mind ; 10  
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
 As Nature is ; too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
 In concord with his River murmuring by ;  
 Or in some silent field, while timid Spring  
 Is yet uncheer'd by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when Death hath laid  
 Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Lord ?  
 That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade !  
 More noble than the noblest Warrior's sword. 20

If he be One that feels, with skill to part  
 False praise from true, or greater from the less,  
 Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
 Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,  
His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate !  
And, when thou art past service, worn away,  
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;  
An *Heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be :—      30  
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn  
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee !

*S O N G,*

AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,  
Upon the RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, the SHEP-  
HERD, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors.

---

High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate.  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal Strain that hath been silent long.

“ From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower,  
The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower.  
Her thirty years of Winter past,  
The Red Rose is revived at last ;

She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming !                           10  
Both Roses flourish, Red and White.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old sorrows now are ended.—  
Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the Flower of Lancaster !  
Behold her how She smiles to day  
On this great throng, this bright array !  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the Hall ;                           20  
But, chiefly, from above the Board  
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored.

They came with banner, spear, and shield ;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.

Not long the Avenger was withstood,  
Earth help'd him with the cry of blood :  
St. George was for us, and the might  
Of blessed Angels crown'd the right.  
Loud voice the Land hath utter'd forth,      30  
We loudest in the faithful North :  
Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring,  
Our Streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our Strong-abodes and Castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.  
How glad is Skipton at this hour  
Though she is but a lonely Tower !  
Silent, deserted of her best,  
Without an Inmate or a Guest,  
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page, or Groom ;      40  
We have them at the Feast of Brough'm.  
How glad Pendragon though the sleep  
Of years be on her !—She shall reap

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
 As in a dream her own renewing.  
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
 Beside her little humble Stream ;  
 And she that keepeth watch and ward  
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;  
 They both are happy at this hour,                         50  
 Though each is but a lonely Tower :—  
 But here is perfect joy and pride  
 For one fair House by Emont's side,  
 This day distinguished without peer  
 To see her Master and to cheer ;  
 Him, and his Lady Mother dear.

Oh ! it was a time forlorn  
 When the Fatherless was born --  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her Infant die !                         60

Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the Mother and the Child.  
Who will take them from the light ?  
—Yonder is a Man in sight—  
Yonder is a House—but where ?  
No, they must not enter there.  
To the Caves, and to the Brooks,  
To the Clouds of Heaven she looks ;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies.

70

Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
Maid and Mother undefiled,  
Save a Mother and her Child !

Now Who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd Boy ?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass.

Can this be He who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed      80  
 For shelter, and a poor Man's bread ?  
 God loves the Child ; and God hath will'd  
 That those dear words should be fulfill'd,  
 The Lady's words, when forc'd away,  
 The last she to her Babe did say,  
 " My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
 I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly Shepherd's life is best ! "

Alas ! when evil men are strong  
 No life is good, no pleasure long.      90  
 The Boy must part from Mosedale's Groves,  
 And leave Blencathara's rugged Coves,  
 And quit the Flowers that Summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;

Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.

—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
Hear it, good Man, old in days !  
Thou Tree of covert and of rest  
For this young Bird that is distrest,  
Among thy branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play,  
When Falcons were abroad for prey.

100

A recreant Harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil Men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long,  
A weak and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
And thankful through a weary time,  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.

110

—Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a Flock from hill to hill :  
His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien ;  
Among the Shepherd-grooms no Mate  
Hath he, a Child of strength and state !  
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
And a cheerful company,  
That learn'd of him submissive ways ;                   120  
And comforted his private days.  
To his side the Fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ;  
The Eagle, Lord of land and sea,  
Stoop'd down to pay him fealty ;  
And both the undying Fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him,  
The pair were Servants of his eye  
In their immortality,

They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro, for his delight.  
  
He knew the Rocks which Angels haunt  
On the Mountains visitant ;  
He hath kenn'd them taking wing :  
And the Caves where Faeries sing  
He hath entered ; and been told  
By Voices how Men liv'd of old.  
  
Among the Heavens his eye can see  
Face of thing that is to be ;  
And, if Men report him right,  
He can whisper words of might.  
—Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
He hath thrown aside his Crook,  
And hath buried deep his Book ;  
Armour rusting in his Halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls :—

“ Quell the Scot,” exclaims the Lance,  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the Shield — 150  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;  
 Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory !  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd, in his power,  
 Mail'd and hors'd, with lance and sword,  
 To his Ancestors restored,  
 Like a reappearing Star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the Flock of War ! ” 160

Alas ! the fervent Harper did not know  
 That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,  
 Who, long compell'd in humble walks to go,  
 Was softened into feeling, sooth'd, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor Men lie,  
His daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage Virtue of the Race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead : 170  
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage hearth ;  
The Shepherd Lord was honour'd more and more :  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
“ The Good Lord Clifford ” was the name he bore.

*LNES,*

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk, one Evening, after  
a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper  
that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

---

Loud is the Vale ! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty Unison of streams !  
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth  
In peace is roaring like the Sea ;  
Yon Star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, ev'n to pain depress'd,  
 Importunate and heavy load !  
 The Comforter hath found me here,  
 Upon this lonely road ;

10

And many thousands now are sad,  
 Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;  
 For He must die who is their Stay,  
 Their Glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;  
 But when the Mighty pass away  
 What is it more than this,

20

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
 Doth yet again to God return ?—  
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
 Then wherefore should we mourn ?

*ELEGIAC STANZAS,*

Suggested by a Picture of PEELE CASTLE, in a Storm,  
*painted*

BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

---

I was thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :  
I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
So like, so very like, was day to day !  
Whene'er I look'd, thy Image still was there ;  
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seem'd no sleep ;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings :      10  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile !  
 Amid a world how different from this !  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss :                   20

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house, a mine  
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven :—  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond delusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have made :      36  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part ;  
 A faith, a trust, that could not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
 I have submitted to a new controul :  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
 A deep distress hath humaniz'd my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea and be what I have been :  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.      40

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the  
 Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This Work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and well ;  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves,                   50  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
 The light'ning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the Heart that lives alone,  
 Hous'd in a dream, at distance from the Kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient clear,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be born !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.                   60

**O D E**

*Paulò maiora canamus.*

*ODE.*

---

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoc'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,

10

And lovely is the Rose,

The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young Lambs bound 2  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath it's coronal, 40  
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
While the Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the Children are pulling,

On every side,  
 In a thousand vallies far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !                                    50  
 —But there's a Tree, of many one,  
 A single Field which I have look'd upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
     The Pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?  
  
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere it's setting,                                    60  
     And cometh from afar :  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy ; 70  
The Youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim, 80

The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A four year's Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his Father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,         90  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shap'd by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
     And unto this he frames his song :  
         Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,                           100  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part,  
 Filling from time to time his “ humourous stage ”  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her Equipage ;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy Soul’s immensity ;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep                           110  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read’st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
     Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by ;

To whom the grave

120

Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight

Of day or the warm light,

A place of thought where we in waiting lie ;

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might

Of untam'd pleasures, on thy Being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The Years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

130

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,      140  
 With new-born hope for ever in his breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realiz'd,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surpriz'd :      150  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish us, and make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
     To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,      160  
     Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.      170

Then, sing ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour 180

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind,

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves, 190  
Think not of any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquish'd one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye                           200  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*N O T E S*

*to the*

*S E C O N D V O L U M E.*



## *NOTES.*

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### NOTE I.

PAGE 4 (177); line 2.—“And wondrous length  
and strength of arm.” The people of the neighbour-hood of Loch Ketterine, in order to prove the extraordinary length of their Hero’s arm, tell you that “he could garter his Tartan Stockings below the knee when standing upright.” According to their account he was a tremendous Swordsman; after having sought all occasions of proving his prowess, he was never conquered but once, and this not till he was an Old Man.

## NOTE II.

PAGE 11 (185).—*The solitary Reaper.* This Poem was suggested by a beautiful sentence in a MS Tour in Scotland written by a Friend, the last line being taken from it *verbatim*.

## NOTE III.

PAGE 65 (239).—*The Blind Highland Boy.* The incident upon which this Poem is founded was related to me by an eye witness.

## NOTE IV.

PAGE 106 (280); line 10.—“Seen the Seven Whistlers, &c.” Both these superstitions are prevalent in the midland Counties of England: that of “Gabriel’s Hounds” appears to be very general over Europe; being the same as the one upon which the German Poet, Burger, has founded his Ballad of the Wild Huntsman.

## NOTE V.

PAGE 128 (302).—*Song, at the Feast of Brougham Castle.* Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John, Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John, Lord Clifford, as is known to the Reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, Son of the Duke of York who had fallen in the battle, “in part of revenge” (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmorland); “for the Earl’s Father had slain his.” A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed); But who, as he adds, “dare promise any thing temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak.” This, no doubt, I would ob-

serve by the bye, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born); that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her Children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading Man and Commander, two or three years together in

the Army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, “when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather

delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honorable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil Wars of Charles the First, they were again laid waste, and again

restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than 25 years after this was done, when the Estates of Clifford had passed into the family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th Chap. 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother) at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader. “*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach,*

*the restorer of paths to dwell in.*" The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

## NOTE VI.

PAGE 130 (304); line 2.—“Earth helped him with the cry of blood.” This line is from The Battle of Bosworth Field by Sir John Beaumont (Brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with so much spirit, elegance, and harmony, that it is supposed, as the Book is very scarce, a new edition of it would be acceptable to Scholars and Men of taste, and, accordingly, it is in contemplation to give one.

## NOTE VII.

PAGE 135 (309); line 15.—

“ And both the undying Fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-Tarn,” &c.

It is imagined by the people of the Country that there are two immortal Fish, Inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

## NOTE VIII.

PAGE 136 (310); lines 17 and 18.—

“ Armour rusting in his Halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls.”

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English History; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of

comment on these lines and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the Field.

## NOTE IX.

PAGE 140 (314).—

“ Importunate and heavy load ! ”

—  
‘ *Importuna e grave salma.* ’

MICHAEL ANGELO.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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(1913)

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AND OF FIRST LINES WHERE THERE IS NO TITLE.

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## NOTES.

[A] indicates further information in Appendix III.

*Life.* *The Life of William Wordsworth*, by William Knight, in three volumes, 1889.

*Letters.* *Letters of the Wordsworth Family, 1787 to 1855*, in three volumes, ed. by William Knight.

*Mem.* *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, in two volumes, 1851.

*O. W.* *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Thomas Hutchinson (the Oxford Edition).

*L. B.* *Lyrical Ballads*, by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

*Prel.* *The Prelude*.

*Exc.* *The Excursion*.

*Pr. W.* *Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by William Knight, in two volumes, 1897.

*T. H.* *Poems of William Wordsworth*, in two volumes, 1807, ed. by T. Hutchinson.

*I. F.* Notes on his poems dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Isabella Fenwick in 1840.

*Longman MSS.* *A Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge Manuscripts in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman*, edited by W. Hale White, 1897.

*Biog. Lit.* *Biographia Literaria*, by S. T. Coleridge.

*D. W.'s Journal.* *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by William Knight, 1897.

**PAGE 9.** *To the Daisy.* Dated by Wordsworth 1802. See note, p. 163. The metre of this poem and the two other poems *To the Daisy* (pp. 267 and 271) is that of Ben Jonson's *Eupheme or the Fair Fame in Underwoods*,  $a_{aa_4}b_{\sim_2}c_{cc_4}b_{\sim_2}$ .<sup>1</sup> It is noticeable that in the first stanza the fourth line has three feet instead of two and that the b rhymes are feminine, which suggests a parallel with

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 465.

the stanza of Drayton's *Nimphidia*, aaa,b~,cc,c,b~, : cf. the second stanza :

Another sort there be that will  
Be talking of the Fayries still,  
Nor never can they have their fill,  
As they were wedded to them ;  
No tales of them their thirst can slake  
So much delight therein they take,  
And some strange thing they faine would make,  
Knew they the way to doe them.

In 1815 Wordsworth introduces the poem by the following lines from G. Wither :

*Her<sup>1</sup> divine skill taught me this,*  
*That from everything I saw*  
*I could some instruction draw,*  
*And raise pleasure to the height*  
*Through the meanest object's sight.*  
*By the murmur of a spring,*  
*Or the least bough's rustelling ;*  
*By a Daisy whose leaves spread*  
*Shut when Titan goes to bed ;*  
*Or a shady bush or tree ;*  
*She could more infuse in me .*  
*Than all Nature's beauties can*  
*In some other wiser man.*

*The Shepherd's Hunting. Eclogue 4:*  
from which Wordsworth includes a longer passage in his *Poems and Extracts chosen for an Album presented to Lady Mary Lowther.*

1-4. This early phase in Wordsworth's feeling for Nature is described in *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, 65-85. Cf. also *Pr. l. xii. 143 :*

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
Still craving combinations of new forms,

<sup>1</sup> His Muse.

New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,  
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced  
To lay the inner faculties asleep.

He shook off ‘entirely and forever’ (*Prel.* xii. 205) this habit of indulging his senses at the expense of thought and moral feeling, and looked at Nature, not with the eye of the body craving colour and form, but with the eye of the mind, to which ‘nothing is worth more than it gives or teaches’. Cf. *Ode, Intimations of Immortality*, 203–6:

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

6. Cf. stanza from Drayton’s *Nymphidia* quoted above.

25. *secret mews*. A Spenserian phrase. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, II. vii. 19: ‘But safe I have them kept in secret mew.’ ‘Mew’ is originally a cage for hawks during moulting, but is frequently used in sixteenth-century literature in the derived sense of ‘confinement’, ‘hiding-place’.

34–6. Cf. Wordsworth’s letter to Lady Beaumont, February 1807, where he urges her to have an over-arched walk of evergreens in her winter-garden. ‘For my own part, I can say with truth that in the month of April I have passed many an hour under the shade of a green holly, glad to find it in my walk, and unwilling to quit it, because I had not the courage to face the sun.’ *Letters*, i. 291.

60–4. With kindred gladness :

And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink’st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness. 1815.

The *Simpliciad*, a satire directed against the Lake Poets (1808), ridiculed the religious nature of Wordsworth's feeling for the Daisy (cf. *To the Same Flower*, p. 271, l. 23) in the lines

Of apostolic daisies learn to think,

Draughts from their urns of true devotion drink.

Wordsworth's alteration of the text, though it somewhat lifts the style, weakens the thought and blurs the image.

**PAGE 15.** *Louisa*. Written probably 1801. Cf. *I. F.* to the lines *To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country*, p. 432. The young lady is, according to Knight and Dowden, Dorothy Wordsworth; according to Hutchinson, Joanna Hutchinson, younger sister of Wordsworth's wife.

**1-3.** Though, by a sickly taste betrayed,  
Some will dispraise the lovely Maid,  
With fearless pride I say 1836.

The original text was restored in 1845.

**4.** That she is healthful. . . . 1836.

That nymph-like she is. . . . 1845.

*Louisa* was criticized publicly, as Dorothy Wordsworth was criticized privately, for her love of pursuits in those days deemed unladylike. Wordsworth's alterations are a concession to the 'sickly taste' that he condemns.

**7-12.** Unaccountably omitted in 1845 and 1849.

**19.** Cf. *King Lear*, iv. 6 :

for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

**23.** The MS. of 1802 gives a simpler and more vivid reading:  
When she goes barefoot up the brook.

**PAGE 17.** *Fidelity*. Written 1805. Charles Gough, whose death gave occasion to this poem, was lost on

Helvellyn in the spring of 1805. Scott wrote a poem on the same subject, entitled *Helvellyn*, of which Wordsworth admired the stanza addressed to the dog :

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

Scott focuses the interest upon the young man whose life was cut short, whilst Wordsworth characteristically makes the dog the hero of his poem, and finds the centre of interest neither in dog nor man but in the unseen spiritual power which connects them.

Crabb Robinson records Wordsworth's remarks, in 1816, about this poem. 'He says he purposely made the narrative as prosaic as possible, in order that no discredit might be thrown upon the truth of the incident. In the description at the beginning and in the moral at the end he has alone indulged in a poetic vein: and these parts he thinks he has particularly succeeded in.'

The description, ll. 25-33, and the last lines of the poem, which contain the moral, were singled out by Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* ch. xxii) as the two passages in a poem for the most part conspicuously 'unraised and naked in language', which show that 'the natural *tendency* of the poet's mind is to great objects and elevated conceptions'. Coleridge denied that Wordsworth's choice of humble themes and his homely treatment of them were really characteristic either of his poetry at large or of his genius. But this is to neglect the significance of Wordsworth's insistence (*vide Pref.* 1800) upon one distinguishing characteristic of his poems, namely, 'that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.' The dog, in the present poem, is for Wordsworth 'a great object' through the feeling which inspired its long vigil,

and the bare facts of the narrative as told by the shepherd are the substance of ‘an elevated conception’.

7-8. And instantly a Dog is seen,

Glancing from that covert green. 1815.

Cf. Wordsworth’s letter to Wrangham in answer to criticism of his poems, July 1807 (*Letters*, i. 311): ‘Is your objection to the word “immediately” or to its connection with the others? The word itself seems to have sufficient poetical authority, even the highest.

“Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeared sad, noisome, dark.”

[*Paradise Lost*, xi. 477.]

I am well aware that the *nimia simplicitas* of my diction will be frequently complained of. I am prepared for that, being confident that the more an intimacy with our best writers is cultivated, the less dislike of this kind I shall have to encounter.’

PAGE 22. *She was a Phantom of delight.* Written in 1804. These lines, as De Quincey says, were dedicated to Wordsworth’s wife and were understood to describe her. De Quincey, in his own account of her appearance (*Reminiscences of the Lake Poets*), declares that ‘all faults, had they been ten times greater, would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features to the unity of which every lineament . . . every undulation . . . of her countenance, concurred, viz. a sunny benignity, a radiant graciousness, such as in this world I never saw surpassed.’ Cf. *Prel.* vi. 224 :

Another maid there was, who also shed  
A gladness o’er that season, then to me,  
By her exulting outside look of youth  
And placid under-countenance first endeared.

and xiv. 268:

She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
And yet a spirit . . .

**PAGE 24.** *The Redbreast and the Butterfly.* Written April 18, 1802. ‘Observed, as described, in the then beautiful orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.’ *I. F.* Cf. *D. W.’s Journal*, April 17, 1802: ‘I saw a robin chasing a scarlet butterfly this morning.’

12–14. ‘See *Paradise Lost*, Book xi, where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing “two Birds of gayest plume”, and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.’ Note, 1815. The *Edinburgh Review* had stigmatized these lines as ‘downright raving’.

20, 22. Omitted, 1815.

23. Cf. *The Children in the Wood* (*Percy’s Reliques*):

No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

39. Omitted, 1815. The *Simpliciad* had ridiculed the poets who would fain

With brother lark or brother robin fly,  
Or flutter with half-brother butterfly,  
to which lines the following note is added: ‘The relationship of the Butterfly is not so easily settled: but in virtue of his being brother to the Robin,

A brother he seems of thine own,  
I have ventured to give his genealogy as above.’ [A]

**PAGE 27.** *The Sailor’s Mother.* ‘Written in Town-end,

Grasmere. I met this woman near the Wishing-Gate, on the high-road . . . from Grasmere to Ambleside. Her appearance was exactly as here described, and such was her account, nearly to the letter.' *I. F.*

*The Sailor's Mother*, *Alice Fell*, and *Beggars*, were all written between March 11 and 14, 1802 (*vide D. W.'s Journal*, i. 99). Dealing in bare narrative style with homely incidents, the poems have kinship rather with the *Lyrical Ballads* than the *Poems* of 1807. During the early months of 1802 Wordsworth was revising the *Lyrical Ballads* for a new edition, and enlarging the Preface in which he expounded the theory of poetry underlying them. Reviewers and parodists who ridiculed the homely subjects and childlike style of such poems as *The Sailor's Mother* took the conventional view that (1) the subjects of poetry should be in a particular degree refined and dignified, (2) the style of poetry should be differentiated in a particular manner from that of prose. Wordsworth's contention (*vide Preface, 1802*) is (1) that poetry should be universal in its appeal, and should base itself upon the thoughts and feelings which unite men and not upon those that separate them. His object in the *Lyrical Ballads* was 'to make the incidents of common life interesting by tracing in them . . . the primary laws of our nature. Low and rustic life were generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language'. (2) 'That there is no essential difference between the language of prose and that of metrical composition.' Coleridge meets both these contentions in *Biog. Lit.* ch. xvii–xxii. Combating the

latter, he finds the grounds for an essential difference, first, in the presence of metre; secondly, in the influence of poetic tradition, which Wordsworth, by his insistence upon the poet's use of the language of real life, had implicitly denied. But Wordsworth's illogical exposition is founded upon a true conception, namely that the language of poetry must be a living, and not an artificial literary language, and must, like prose, draw directly upon the language of real life for its words and modes of expression. At the same time the truth of Coleridge's arguments is virtually acknowledged in the metre and style of such a poem as the *Ode: Intimations of Immortality, &c.*; and it must not be forgotten that in his early Prefaces Wordsworth did not set out to write a general treatise on Poetics, but to defend particular poems of his own in which he had treated incidents from humble life in the style which seemed to him fitting.

- 19–21. I had a Son,—the waves might roar,  
He feared them not, a Sailor gay!  
But he will cross the waves no more: 1820.

1807 text restored 1832.

- 23–4. And I have travelled weary miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still remain  
for me. 1827.

33. And pipe its song in safety;—there 1827.

- 19–36. *Vide* Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.* ch. xviii: 'These stanzas furnish the only fair instance I have been able to discover in all Mr. Wordsworth's writings, of an *actual* adoption, or true imitation, of the *real* and *very* language of *low and rustic life*, freed from provincialisms.' *Vide* Wordsworth's letter to Barron Field, October 1828 (*Letters*, iii. 415):

'This last line,

"And pipe its song in safety",

I own strikes me as better, because "from the bodings of his mind" he feared he should not come back again. He might dramatically have said to his fellow lodger, "Take care of this bird till I come back again," not liking to own to another or to himself, even in words, that he feared he should not return; but as he is not introduced here speaking, it is, I think, better, and brings in a pretty image of the bird singing, when its master might be in peril or no more.' The original reading is probably a record of the woman's actual words. Cf. *I. F.* above. The textual alterations, intended to relieve the flatness that Wordsworth felt in the style of the poem, might be criticized in the words of his Preface, 1800: 'No words which the poet's fancy . . . can suggest will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.' [A]

PAGE 30. *To the Small Celandine.* Written April 30, 1802. *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, i. 115. Southey wrote to Miss Seward (December 1807): 'It is the vice of Wordsworth's intellect to be always on the stretch and strain—to look at pileworts and daffydowndillies through the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars.' But the lines with which Blake prefaces his *Auguries of Innocence* show what this 'vice of intellect' means to a poet,

To see a world in a grain of sand,

And a Heaven in a wild flower,

Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,

And Eternity in an hour.

PAGE 35. *To the Same Flower.* Written May 1, 1802. *Vide D. W.'s Journal.*

33-40. Cf. *I. F.* : 'What adds much to the interest [of this flower] is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air.'

42. *beneath our shoon.* Cf. *Comus*, 635 :

the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.

43-5. Magellan, the famous Portuguese voyager, set sail in 1519, seeking a western route to the Spice Islands. He discovered the Straits which bear his name, and was the first European to sail into the Southern Pacific Ocean, which he named the Mar Pacifico.

PAGE 39. *Character of the Happy Warrior.* *Vide* Wordsworth's Note, p. 44. Written at the beginning of 1806. Wordsworth states (*vide I. F.*) that 'many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice'.

Wordsworth was drawing upon another original for his portrait besides Lord Nelson and his brother John. Cf. Samuel Daniel's *Funeral Poem on the Earl of Devonshire*, which suggests Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior', not only in the style and in the exultant movement of the verse, but in many traits of the character described. *Vide* notes below. Cf. also for salient characteristics the portrait of Beaupuy, *Prel.* ix, and of *Rob Roy*, p. 177.

6-34. Cf. Wordsworth's description of his brother in letters written at the time of his death: 'Of all human beings whom I ever knew he was the man of the most

rational desiros, the most sedate habits, and the most perfect self-command.' He quotes a passage from Aristotle on fortitude : ' It is the property of fortitude . . . to possess good confidence in things terrible, and presence of mind in dangers ; rather to be put to death worthily, than to be preserved basely. Moreover it is the property of fortitude to labour and endure, and to make valorous exertion an object of choice. Further in a well-disposed soul, confidence . . . industry and patience are the attendants on fortitude ; ' and comments : ' Except in the circumstance of making valorous exertion an "object of choice" (if the philosopher alludes to general habits of character), my brother might have sat for this picture ; but he was of a meek and retired nature, loving all quiet things.'

33-44. Cf. Daniel's *Funeral Poem upon the Earl of Devonshire*, 139-45 :

For that which many (whom ambition toils  
And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain  
With all their thrusts, and shouldering plots, and wiles,  
Was easily made thine without thy pain.  
And without any private malicing,  
Or public grievance, every good man joyed  
That virtue could come clear to anything.

48-60. Cf. id. 107-14 :

Although in peace thou seem'dst to be all peace,  
Yet being in war, thou wert all war : and there  
As in thy sphere, thy spirits did never cease  
To move with indefatigable care :  
And nothing seemed more to arride thy heart  
Nor more enlarge thee into jollity  
Than when thou sawst thyself in armour girt,  
Or any act of arms like to be nigh.

59–60. Cf. Wordsworth's portrait of the 'wise and good governor' in the sonnet 'I griev'd for Buonaparte', p. 138.

61–62. Cf. Wordsworth's lines to his brother, *Poems on the Naming of Places*, vi. 76 :

But thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried  
Undying recollections ; Nature there  
Was with thee.

Cf. also *The Brothers*, ll. 44–65, where the sailor-brother is described, many traits of whose character were suggested by that of John Wordsworth.

75–6. Cf. Wordsworth's Note, p. 164. Modern scholarship has shown that Chaucer was not the author of *The Floure and the Leafe*.

PAGE 45. *The Horn of Egremont Castle*. Written, according to Wordsworth, in 1806. See Wordsworth's Note, p. 164. This poem was placed in 1815 among the *Poems of the Imagination*, with an explanatory note : 'This poem and the Ballad, "Goody Blake", as they rather refer to the imagination than are produced by it, would not have been placed here but to avoid a needless multiplication of classes.' In 1845 the two poems were relegated to the class 'Miscellaneous Poems' ; but in each case the earlier classification is significant as showing where for Wordsworth the interest of the subject lay, not in the story as the vessel of an obvious moral, but in the fact which it illustrates of the power of moral feeling to influence physical conditions.

PAGE 53. *The Affliction of Margaret*—of—. Written probably 1801. 'Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This

was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son.' *I. F.*

The poem is headed in the Longman MS. *Affliction of Mary — of —*: written for the *Lyrical Ballads*, where it is introduced by a prologue of slight poetic value, addressed to the lost son of Margaret, into whose hands the book may chance to fall. The theme of this poem, that intense suffering which is the outcome of love, had an irresistible attraction for Wordsworth. Cf. *Ruth*, *Michael*, *The Thorn*, and the *Story of Margaret* (*Exc. i*). For his handling of the theme of maternal love, cf. in the present volume *The Sailor's Mother* (p. 27), *Once in a lonely hamlet* (p. 283), *The Blind Highland Boy* (p. 239), and in *L. B. The Mad Mother*, *The Forsaken Indian Woman*, and *The Idiot Boy*, and *vide* Introduction, pp. xxxvi, xlvi. Coleridge names as one of the characteristic excellences of Wordsworth's poetry, 'a meditative pathos, a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer, but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. See (among others) that most affecting composition, *The Affliction of Margaret — of —*, which no mother, and, if I may judge by my own experience, no parent can read without a tear.' *Biog. Lit.* ch. xii.

PAGE 58. *The Kitten and the Falling Leaves*. Written in the autumn of 1804. The Infant was his daughter Dora, born August 16, 1804. Cf. Crabb Robinson's

*Diary*, September 11, 1816 : ‘Wordsworth quoted some of *The Kitten and the Falling Leaves* to show he had connected even the Kitten with the great, awful, and mysterious powers of Nature.’ Wordsworth’s handling of the metre suggests Wither’s in *The Shepherd’s Hunting*. *Vide* note p. 354 *supra*.

104–23 have replaced a longer passage in the Longman MS., in which, with a fuller abandonment, the poet dedicates himself to every form of pleasure which may keep the sprightly soul awake. Some of the rejected lines are as follows :

Be it songs of endless spring  
 Which the frolic Muses sing ;  
 Jest, and Mirth’s unruly brood  
 Dancing to the Phrygian mood ;  
 Be it love, or be it wine,  
 Myrtle wreath or ivy twine,  
 Or a garland made of both  
 Testifying double troth ;  
 Whether their philosophy  
 That would fill us full of glee, . . .  
 And would teach us thence to brave  
 The conclusion in the grave ;  
 Whether it be these that give  
 Strength and spirit so to live,  
 Or the conquest best be made  
 By a sober course and stai’d,  
 I would walk in such a way  
 That, when Time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect joyousness.

Cf. his Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns (*Pr. W.* ii. 269) : ‘It is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under

certain restrictions . . . , a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found. . . . The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured when he describes the fairer aspects of war.'

PAGE 66. *The Seren Sisters.* See Wordsworth's Note, p. 165. Written 1800. The name Binnorie he took from a refrain of the ballad of the *Twa Sisters*. This ballad, under the title *Binnorie*, appears in *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, with the opening lines :

There were twa sisters lived in a bouir;

Binnorie, O Binnorie!

Their father was a Baron of pouir

By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.

51-2. The sisters ran like Mountain Sheep,  
And in together did they leap, *MS.*

PAGE 71. *To H. C., Six Years Old.* Written 1802. H. C. is Coleridge's eldest son, Hartley, born in 1796. Wordsworth's fears for him, as well as his sense of something exquisite in his nature, were fully realized. Hartley Coleridge became a poet and prose-writer of no mean gifts, and his personality seems to have been remarkably gracious and attractive. But along with the touch of genius, he inherited from his father a besetting irresolution and lack of self-control, together with a more active eccentricity in conduct. Wordsworth's interest in him and affection for him never waned. Hartley died in 1849, the year before Wordsworth, and was buried at Wordsworth's request, ('Let him lie by us—he woul'd have wished it') immediately beside the plot which had been measured out for his own and his wife's graves in Grasmere Churchyard.

With this picture of the child Hartley compare Coleridge's lines at the end of *Christabel*, 'A little child, a limber elf': Cf. also Coleridge's letter to Poole, 1803: 'Hartley is what he always was, a strange, strange boy, exquisitely wild, an utter visionary; like the moon in a circle of light of his own making. He alone is a light of his own.... About half a year ago on my reproving him for some inattention, and asking him if he did not see something; "My father," quoth he, "I see it,—I saw it, and to-morrow I shall see it again, when I shut my eyes and when my eyes are open and I am looking at other things: but, father, it is a sad pity but it cannot be helped you know; but I am always being a bad boy when I am thinking of my thoughts".'

6-8. Cf. Jonathan Carver's description of coasting on Lake Superior. *Travels through the interior parts of North America*, 1781 (p. 132), 'The water in general appeared to lie on a bed of rocks. When it was calm and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, when the depth was upwards of six fathoms and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom. The water at this time was as pure and transparent as air; and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element.'

PAGE 74. '*Among all lovely things my Love had been.*' Composed April 12, 1802, on a ride homewards from Bishop Middleham, in the county of Durham. Wordsworth enclosed the poem to Coleridge in a letter written April 16, 1802, adding 'The incident of the poem took place about seven years ago between my sister and me'. *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, i. 108, where the poem is referred to as *The Glow-worm*. The lines were ridiculed in

contemporary reviews and satires. Thus the *Simpliciad*, makes mock of Poets who

With fervent welcome greet the glow-worm's flame,

Put it to bed and bless it by its name.

Wordsworth was sensitive to ridicule directed against a poem of which the setting and the feeling were so intimately personal, and he never reprinted it.

19. In the MS. version 'Emma' stands for 'Lucy'. 'Emma' and 'Emmeline' were Wordsworth's pseudonyms for his sister Dorothy. 'Lucy' is his name for that mysterious maiden about whom nothing is known except what he reveals in his poetry—that he loved her, and that she died young. She was the inspiration of some of his most perfect lyrics. See note to next poem, *I travell'd among unknown Men.* [A]

PAGE 76. *I travell'd among unknown Men.* Dated by Wordsworth 1799. He and Dorothy returned to England from Germany in April of this year. A little group of poems inspired by Lucy were written in Germany at this time: viz. *Strange fits of passion I have known*, *She dwelt among the untrodden ways*, *Three Years she grew*, and *A Slumber did my spirit seal*. In the copy prepared for the printer of the 1802 edition of the L. B. directions are given for this poem to be inserted after *A Slumber did my spirit seal*, but the direction was cancelled.

PAGE 78. *Ode to Duty.* Dated by Wordsworth 1805. 'This Ode is on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*, which is copied from Horace's *Ode to Fortune*.' I. F.

For the thought developed in the poem cf. Introduction p. xlv. The experience behind it is familiar to those who

have been conscious of the passage from youth to middle-age. In Wordsworth's case a passionate personal sorrow precipitated the change. The loss of his brother John in 1805 seemed to shatter his youth, and the confidence of youth. Finding ill support in his own wavering impulses, he sought for some law outside himself by which to regulate his being.

The poem passed through many changes. In the Longman MSS. there is an earlier version of stanzas I-IV. In this, the first stanza, corresponding to the second of the printed version, is as follows:

There are who tread a blameless way  
 In purity, and love, and truth,  
 Though resting on no better stay  
 Than on the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do the right and know it not :  
 May joy be theirs while life shall last,  
 And may a genial sense remain when youth is past.

The version of 1807 was revised in 1815, 1827, and 1836. The evolution of the text shows the development of Wordsworth's thought. He begins as a champion of the human will, insisting upon the inherent goodness of human nature, and on the power and lastingness of the genial sense of youth. He ends with a strong bias in favour of a code of morals which the human will may joyously fulfil but can have nothing to do with creating.

1. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 652 :

God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice.

8. And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

1815.

- 15, 16. Long may the kindly impulse last!  
 But Thou, . . . 1827.  
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!  
 around them cast. 1836.
- 21, 22. And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwise bold, 1827.
24. Yet find thy firm support, . . . 1836.  
 Yet seek . . . 1845.
- 29–31. Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task imposed, from day to day; 1815.  
 And oft . . .  
 . . . . .  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray; 1827.
31. shoved . . . away. Cf. *Lycidas* 118.
38. Cf. ‘the weight of too much liberty’, Prefatory Sonnet, 13, p. 109.
- 41–8. Omitted 1815, and never restored.
46. The quotation is from Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. Dedication To the Parliament of England . . . “to inslave the dignity of Man, to put a garrison upon his neck of empty and over dignifi’d precepts”.
- 55–6. ‘The two last lines seem to be utterly without meaning: at least we have no sort of conception in what sense *Duty* can be said to keep the old skies *fresh*, and the stars from wrong.’ *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1807.
- The best comment on the lines is in Wordsworth’s letter to *The Friend* in 1809 in which he replies to a disciple, who had paid too submissive a tribute to his authority, urging him at all costs to develop his intellect

independently, and concludes thus: 'I may therefore assure [him], if he will endeavour to look into himself in the manner which I have exhorted him to do, that in him the wish will be realized, to him in due time the prayer granted, which was uttered by that living teacher of whom he speaks with gratitude as of a benefactor, when in his character of philosophical poet, having thought of morality as implying in its essence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of order, he transfers in the transport of imagination, the law of moral to physical natures, and having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions, awful Power!

I call thee: &c.

Cf. also Preface of 1800: '[The Poet] is a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.' Thus the poet, rejoicing in the spiritual life which links him with the universe, can confess his faith 'that every flower enjoys the air it breathes', and can conceive of the stars with conscious joy fulfilling their appointed courses.

61. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 172: Raphael rebukes Adam:

Heaven is for thee too high

To know what passes there. Be lowly wise;

Think only what concerns thee and thy being.

PAGE 83. *Poems composed during a Tour, chiefly on foot*,  
 'This title is merely a literary expedient, devised for the purpose of grouping together the five pieces included

under it. Three of these, viz., *Beggars*, *Alice Fell*, and *Resolution and Independence*, were certainly written in the earlier half of 1802 at the Cottage, Town-end, Grasmere.' *T. H.*, and *vide* notes below.

PAGE 85. *Beggars*. Written March 13 and 14, 1802. Cf. note to *The Sailor's Mother* and *vide D. W.'s Journal*, March 13: 'William finished *Alice Fell*, and then wrote the poem of *The Beggar Woman*, taken from a woman whom I had seen in May . . . nearly two years ago. I sate with him at intervals all the morning, took down his stanzas, etc. . . . After tea I read to William that account of the little boy belonging to the tall woman, and an unlucky thing it was, for he could not escape from those very words, and so he could not write the poem. He left it unfinished, and went tired to bed.' *Sunday morning*. 'William . . . got up at nine o'clock, but before he rose he had finished *The Beggar Boy*.'

The account of the incident referred to is in *D. W.'s Journal*, i. 39, June 10, 1800. Wordsworth's habit of seeing eye to eye with Dorothy, and the debt that he owed to her exquisitely feminine appreciation of detail, could not be better illustrated than by a comparison between his poem and her prose description:

'A very tall woman, tall much beyond the measure of tall women, called at the door. She had on a very long brown cloak and a very white cap, without bonnet. Her face was excessively brown, but it had plainly once been fair. She led a little bare-footed child about two years old by the hand, and said her husband, who was a tinker, was gone before with the other children. I gave her a piece of bread. Afterwards on my way to Ambleside, beside

the bridge at Rydale, I saw her husband sitting by the roadside, his two asses feeding beside him, and the two children at play upon the grass. The man did not beg. I passed on and about a quarter of a mile further I saw two boys before me, one about 10, the other about 8 years old, at play chasing a butterfly. They were wild figures, not very ragged, but without shoes and stockings. The hat of the elder was wreathed round with yellow flowers, the younger whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel leaves. They continued at play till I drew very near, and then they addressed me with the begging cant and the whining voice of sorrow. I said "I served your mother this morning". (The boys were so like the woman who had called at . . . that I could not be mistaken.) "O!" says the elder, "you could not serve my mother for she's dead, and my father's on at the next town—he's a potter". I persisted in my assertion, and that I would give them nothing. Says the elder, "Let's away", and away they flew like lightning.'

Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* observed: 'The *Beggars* may be taken, we fancy, as the touchstone of Mr. Wordsworth's merit. . . . To us we will confess it appears to be a very paragon of silliness and affectation.'

To some friends, who had seen the poem in MS., Wordsworth remarks, 'Your feelings upon the "Mother and the Boy, with the Butterfly" were not indifferent: it was an affair of whole continents of moral sympathy.' *Letters*, iii. 376.

Crabb Robinson records in his *Journal*: '[Wordsworth] said he wrote his "Beggars" to exhibit the power of physical beauty and health and vigour in childhood even in a state of moral depravity.' The idea is developed in

a Sequel to the poem, written 1817, published 1827, in which the following lines occur:

Spirits of beauty and of grace!  
 Associates in that eager chase;  
 Ye, by a course to nature true,  
 The sterner judgment can subdue;  
 And waken a relenting smile  
 When she encounters fraud or guile;  
 And sometimes ye can charm away  
 The inward mischief, or allay,  
 Ye, who within the blameless mind  
 Your favourite seat of empire find!

The poem illustrates Wordsworth's moral creed. Cf. Introduction, p. xlvi, and *The Kitten and the Falling Leaves*.

The text was again and again revised by Wordsworth. Barron Field expostulated with him for the changes in the 1827 edition, and Wordsworth replied by explaining his motives for alteration. *Vide Letters*, iii. 412: 'It is not to be denied that I have aimed at giving more elegance and dignity to this poem, partly on its own account, and partly that it might harmonise better with the one appended to it.' He also defended individual changes, as noted below. The inserted stanza (*vide note on l. 30 infra*) is deliberately written in the more 'elegant' and 'dignified' style.

1-6. Before me as the Wanderer stood,  
 No bonnet screened her from the heat;  
 Nor claimed she service from the hood  
 Of a blue mantle, to her feet  
 Depending with a graceful flow;  
 Only she wore a cap pure as unsullied snow. 1827.

5. "What other dress she had I could not know", you must allow is a villainous line, one of the very worst in my whole writings. I hope so at least.' *Letter*, quoted above.

14. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, I. vii. 39 :

Can hart so plungd in sea of sorrows deep.

13-16. Her suit no faltering scruples checked ;  
Forth did she pour, in current free,  
Tales that could challenge no respect  
But from a blind credulity ; 1827.

Cf. Wordsworth's *Letter*.

"Pouring out sorrows like a sea," I did not like ; and "sea" clashes with "was beautiful to see" below. "The English land" is the same rhyme as "gayest of the land" in the stanza below. Such were the reasons for altering.'

18. Vide Spenser's *Muiopotmos*, 213 :

To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature.

29, 30. In their fraternal features I could trace  
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's  
face. 1820.

After line 30 the following stanza was inserted in 1827:

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit

For finest tasks of earth or air :

Wings let them have, and they might flit

Precursors of Aurora's Car,

Scattering fresh flowers ; though happier far, I ween,  
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

31. They dart across my path—but lo, 1827.

36. I looked reproof—they saw—but neither hung his head. 1827.

38. Sweet Boys! Heaven hears that rash reply; 1827-32.

First version restored 1836-43.

Hush boys, you're telling me a lie; 1845.

42. Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew! 1827.

[A]

PAGE 88. *To a Skylark.* Dated by Wordsworth 1805. With this poem, placed in 1815 among *Poems of the Fancy*, cf. *To a Skylark*, 'Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the Sky!' composed in 1825, and placed among *Poems of the Imagination*. The keynote of the first is struck in the lines:

There is madness about thee, and joy divine

In that song of thine,

and its mood is one of joyous abandonment to the spirit of the lark's song. The mood of the second is one of moralizing reflection: the lark is apostrophized as

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam.

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Artistically the earlier poem is of less value, but the irregularity and awkwardness of style are redeemed by lines of real force and beauty, such as

With a soul as strong as a mountain river,  
and by a pervading sense of joyous lifting movement,  
more expressive of the skylark's song than the quiet  
brooding music of the later poem. Cf. Shelley's *To a Skylark* and George Meredith's *Lark Ascending*. [A]

The text of the poem underwent significant changes. In 1820 the last four lines were cancelled and the following substituted :

What though my course be rugged and uneven,  
To prickly moors and dusty ways confined,

Yet, hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I on the earth will go plodding on,  
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

In 1827 Wordsworth cut out the body of the poem, ll. 8-25, and added after l. 7, the following conclusion :

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done.

The regular, iambic movement of this passage contrasts strangely with the irregular dactylic movement of the opening lines, and the rhythmic effect corresponds exactly with the change of mood. To Barron Field, who had taxed him with this alteration in the 1827 edition, Wordsworth writes : ‘ After having succeeded in the second *Skylark*, and in the conclusion of the poem entitled *A Morning Exercise* in my notice of this bird, I became indifferent to this poem, which Coleridge used severely to condemn, and to treat contemptuously. I like, however, the beginning of it so well that, for the sake of that, I tacked to it the respectably tame conclusion.’ In the edition of 1832 Wordsworth restored the original ll. 8-25, but retained the ‘respectably tame conclusion’ of 1827.

PAGE 91. *With how sad steps, O Moon thou climb'st the sky.* Written probably 1802. *Vide T. H.*, i. 188. Wordsworth was at this time writing sonnets, and the present poem is an experiment in a sonnet-like form of fifteen lines. In 1820, l. 12 was omitted, and the poem placed among *Miscellaneous Sonnets* (*O. W.*, p. 266).

PAGE 92. *Alice Fell*. Written March 12 and 13, 1802. Cf. note to *The Sailor's Mother*: 'Written to gratify Mr. Graham of Glasgow . . . a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, and a man of ardent humanity. The incident had happened to himself, and he urged me to put it into verse, for humanity's sake. The humbleness, meanness if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my Poems, till it was restored at the request of some of my friends.' *I. F.* Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, i. 93, where the incident is recorded, in words which were evidently the basis of the poem.

The *Eclectic Review* (January 1808) dismissed the poem thus: '*Alice Fell* only shews that it is possible to tell in verse what is scarcely worth remembering in prose'; and the *Edinburgh Review* (October 1807) declared that, 'If the printing of such trash as this be not felt as an insult on the public taste, we are afraid it cannot be insulted'. The poem was ridiculed at length in the *Simpliciad*.

Lamb writes to Wordsworth on receiving the 1815 edition of his poems: 'I am glad that you have not sacrificed a verse to those scoundrels. I would not have had you offer up the poorest rag that lingered upon the stript shoulders of little *Alice Fell*, to have atoned all their malice; I would not have given 'em a red cloak to save their souls.'

Though he stood his ground in 1815, Wordsworth withdrew the poem in 1820, and did not restore it till 1836. The sub-title, *or Poverty*, was added in 1815. Wordsworth fell into the habit of erecting sign-posts of this kind for the benefit of his less intelligent readers. Cf. the sub-title,

*or Solitude* added to *Lucy Gray*, and the title *Resolution and Independence* for *The Leech-Gatherer*.

For an admirable defence of the poem *vide Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, A. C. Bradley, p. 105. [A]

PAGE 97. *Resolution and Independence*. Written between May 3 and 9, 1802, revised and altered July 2-4. Coleridge saw the poem whilst it was in the making, and the trouble which Wordsworth had in shaping it was probably due in some measure to Coleridge's criticism and advice.

'Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This old man I met a few hundred yards from my cottage; and the account of him is taken from his own mouth. I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem, while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham. The image of the hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell.' *I. F.*

The poem was originally known as *The Leech-Gatherer* (*vide D. W.'s Journal*, Wordsworth's Letters): 'A title', Sara Coleridge says, 'which I prefer to the new one, *Resolution and Independence*. Derwent says *The Old Cumberland Beggar* might in the same spirit have been changed into *Advantages of Mendicancy*'.

The best commentary on the poem is written by Wordsworth himself in a letter to Sara Hutchinson quoted *Mem. i. 172*: 'I will explain to you, in prose, my feelings in writing *that* poem. . . . I describe myself as having been exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature; and then as depressed, even in the midst of those beautiful objects, to the lowest dejection and despair. A young poet in the midst of the happiness of nature is described as overwhelmed by the thoughts of the miserable reverses which have befallen the happiest of all men, viz. poets. I think of this till I am so deeply

impressed with it, that I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of Providence. A person reading the poem with feelings like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting something spiritual or super-natural. What is brought forward? A lonely place, “a pond, by which an old man *was*, far from all house or home”: not *stood*, nor *sat*, but *was*—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible. This feeling of spirituality or supernaturalness is again referred to as being strong in my mind in this passage. How came he here? thought I, or what can he be doing? I then describe him, whether ill or well is not for me to judge with perfect confidence; but this I *can* confidently affirm, that though I believe God has given me a strong imagination, I cannot conceive a figure more impressive than that of an old man like this, the survivor of a wife and ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with him his own fortitude and the necessities which an unjust state of society has laid upon him. You speak of his speech as tedious. Everything is tedious when one does not read with the feelings of the author. *The Thorn* is tedious to hundreds; and so is *The Idiot Boy* to hundreds. It is in the character of the old man to tell his story, which an impatient reader must feel tedious. But, good heavens! such a figure, in such a place; a pious, self-respecting, miserably infirm and pleased old man telling such a tale!’

5. Cf. Wordsworth’s Preface of 1815, where he takes this line as illustrating the function of imagination in working upon impressions of sound: ‘The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but by intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the

manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation.' The sound of the word recalls the dove's note admirably. Cf. Meredith's line in *Love in the Valley*, of the doves, who

Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.

22-8. For Wordsworth's change of mood here, cf. his description of himself at the beginning of *Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'*, composed May 9-11, 1802, whilst he was at work on *The Leech-Gatherer*. He was essentially a 'man of moods'. Dorothy's *Journal* gives a picture of him as he was in everyday life, now intensely happy with the mere joy of animal life, now deeply depressed, lying on his orchard seat and weeping like a child; sometimes irritable and exhausted after mental labour, and again still and silent for long hours whilst he sat 'without emotion, hope or aim'.

36-42. Cf. Burns, *Second Epistle to Davie*:

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,  
Commen' me to the Bardie clan.

. . . . .

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',  
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin'.

43. It is noteworthy that the metro of the present poem is that of Chatterton's *Excellent Ballade of Charicie*, and there is a significant resemblance between the two poems. In each the interest centres round a needy old man, alone in the midst of a landscape of which the poetic imagination makes him mysteriously a part.

44. *The sleepless Soul that perish'd in its pride*. Swinburne writes of this line: 'The unspeakable greatness of its

quality is Wordsworth's alone : and I doubt if it would really be as rash as it might seem to maintain that there is not and never will be a greater verse in all the world of song.'

45. For Wordsworth's relation to Burns, cf. note to *Address to the Sons of Burns*, &c. (p. 417).

53-4. When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,

Beside a Pool bare to the eye of Heaven 1820.

57-63. Omitted 1820, in deference to Coleridge, who quoted these lines (*Biog. Lit.* ch. xxii) to illustrate the *inconstancy of style*, or tendency to drop into language 'not only unimpassioned but undistinguished', which he places first among Wordsworth's characteristic defects. The omission is a dramatic loss, for the stanza marks time for the spell-bound minute in which the poet first contemplates the apparition of the Old Man.

64-72. In the Preface of 1815 Wordsworth quotes these lines to illustrate the process by which imagination modifies images, and adds: 'In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the Sea-beast ; and the Sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the Stone ; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the Stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man ; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. . . . When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on

the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind ; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect, less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties :—moreover the images invariably modify each other.'

To appreciate Wordsworth's meaning, cf. the imagery of these lines with that in *To the Daisy* (p. 267), where he 'weaves a web of similes' that are *fanciful* and not *imaginative*. The images of the Nun, the Queen in crown of rubies, the Cyclops and the Star, depend on superficial resemblances, and they do not *modify* the image of the Daisy, the 'Sweet Flower', to which in the end he returns.

84. Here follows in MS. another stanza :

Ho wore a Cloak, the same as women wear,  
As one whose blood did needful comfort lack :  
His face look'd pale as if it had grown fair :  
And, furthermore, he had upon his back,  
Beneath his cloak, a round and bulky Pack ;  
A load of wool or raiment, as might seem ;  
That on his shoulders lay as if it clave to him.

95. What occupation do you there pursue ? 1827.

97-8. He answered, while a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes,  
1820.

119. To give me human strength, by apt admonish-  
ment. 1827.

124. But now, perplex'd by what the Old Man had  
said, 1815.

—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted, 1827.

[A]

PAGE 109. *Sonnets.* Wordsworth wrote to Landor in 1822, 'I used to think it [the sonnet as a form of composition] egregiously absurd. . . . Many years ago my sister happened to read to me the sonnets of Milton, which I could at that time repeat; but somehow or other I was singularly struck with the style of harmony, and the gravity, and republican austerity of those compositions. In the course of the afternoon I produced three sonnets and soon after many others.' Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, May 21, 1802: 'William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him'; and *I. F.* note to 'I grieved for Buonaparte'.

Wordsworth's earlier contempt for the elaborate metrical form of the sonnet is in key with his disgust at poetic artifice in the *Lyrical Ballads* period. When his prejudice gave way, he found the sonnet admirably adapted to his mode of poetic thought. It gave him the 'rich bounties of constraint', *vide* Prefatory Sonnet (p. 109), and the right vessel for 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', *vide* 'Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown' (*O. W.*, p. 250).

In technique Wordsworth follows the Italian mode and is particularly influenced by Milton. The Italian form is as follows: an octave on two rhymes commonly arranged **ABBA, ABBA** (though other arrangements such as **ABABBAAB** occur), followed by a sestet on two or three rhymes arranged in a variety of ways, but preferably so as to avoid the final couplet, and never so as to introduce a new rhyme in the final couplet.

Wordsworth used this form with a good deal of variety and always preferred it to the English or Shakespearean, with its sequence of three quatrains, independent in

rhyme and followed by a couplet, **ABAB, CDCD, EFEF, GG.** He expressed himself unable fully to appreciate a friend's sonnet because it followed this looser rhyme scheme. 'I am so accustomed in my own practice to pass *one* set of rhymes at least through the first eight lines, that the want of that vein of sound takes from the music something of its consistency—to my voice and ear.'

As to the construction of the sonnet he wrote to Dyce in 1833 (*Letters*, iii. 31). 'It should seem that the sonnet, like every other legitimate composition, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; in other words, to consist of three parts, like the three propositions of a syllogism, if such an illustration may be used. But the frame of metre adopted by the Italians does not accord with this view; and, as adhered to by them, it seems to be, if not arbitrary, best fitted to a division of the sense into two parts, of eight and six lines each. Miltor, however, has not submitted to this; in the better half of his sonnets the sense does not close with the rhyme at the eighth line, but overflows into the second portion of the metre. Now it has struck me that this is not done merely to gratify the ear by variety and freedom of sound, but also to aid in giving that pervading sense of intense unity in which the excellence of the sonnet has always seemed to me mainly to consist. Instead of looking at this composition as a piece of architecture, making a whole out of three parts, I have been much in the habit of preferring the image of an orbicular body—a sphere or a dew-drop. All this will appear to you a little fanciful; and I am well aware that a sonnet will often be found excellent, where the beginning, the middle, and the end are distinctly marked, and also where it is distinctly

separated into *two* parts, to which . . . the strict Italian model . . . is favourable.'

Crabb Robinson records in his *Diary*, January 26, 1836, some interesting remarks of Wordsworth's about the sonnet. 'W. does not approve of closing the verse with a full stop, and of giving a turn to the thought in the terzines. This is the Italian mode. Milton lets the thought *run over*. He has used both forms indifferently. . . . He read the first fourteen lines of *Paradise Lost*, which he says are a perfect sonnet. . . . These lines in Milton are essentially a sonnet, a unity of thought.'

PAGE 109. *Prefatory Sonnet*. Date uncertain. The idea of freedom in limitation, and of the spiritual stimulus given by material restriction is essential to Wordsworth's philosophy. Cf. *Ode to Duty*, and *Exc. iv. 824* where the poverty of shepherd life is shown to be

a zone

That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.

7. *murmur by the hour in Foxglove bells*. Wordsworth must often have watched the bees in the foxgloves that are the glory of Bainriggs, a wood lying between White Moss Common and the lake, five minutes' walk from Dove Cottage. It was one of their favourite haunts, *vide D. W.'s Journal*.

PAGE 113. 1. *How sweet it is. . . .* Date uncertain. Wordsworth spoke of this sonnet to Crabb Robinson as almost his only sonnet 'of pure Fancy'.

PAGE 114. 2. *Where lies the Land . . .* Date uncertain.

PAGE 115. 3. *Composed after a Journey across the Hamilton Hills*. 'Composed Oct. 4, 1802, after a journey over the Hambledon Hills, on a day memorable to me—the

day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by these hills is most magnificent.' *I. F.*

The prose version in Dorothy's *Journal* corresponds closely with her brother's poetic rendering. It is not necessary to assume that either was imitated from the other. Both were probably derived from the words which passed between the three companions as they watched the strange shapes in the sky. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, i. 150: 'Before we had crossed the Hambledon Hill, and reached the point overlooking Yorkshire, it was quite dark. We had not wanted, however, fair prospects before us, as we drove along the flat plain of the high hill. Far, far off from us, in the western sky, we saw shapes of castles, ruins among groves, a great spreading wood, rocks, and single trees, a minster with its tower unusually distinct, minarets in another quarter, and a round Grecian Temple also; the colours of the sky of a bright grey, and the forms of a sober grey, with a dome.'

The text of the poem was repeatedly revised. The opening lines were finally (1837) recast thus :

Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell;  
The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour  
When little could be gained from that rich dower

PAGE 116. 4. *These words were uttered in a pensive mood.* Date uncertain. Nothing could be more characteristic of Wordsworth than the thought in this sonnet. For his passion for the immutable and abiding, and his distrust of the transitory and changeable, cf. *Prel. xiii. 20-47*, where he acknowledges his deepest debt to Nature:

'twas proved that not in vain  
I had been taught to reverence a Power

That is the visible quality and shape  
 And image of right reason ; that matures  
 Her processes by steadfast laws : . . .  
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate  
 With present objects, and the busy dance  
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
 Of objects that endure ; and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
 On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
 In man, and in the frame of social life  
 Whate'er there is desirable and good  
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form  
 And function . . . .

With the sky-picture in this Sonnet cf. *Ecc.* ii. 830, and *Sky-Prospect—from the plain of France* (*O. W.*, p. 348) which describes the fantastic shapes of an evening cloud-sky and dismisses them characteristically as

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows  
 That for oblivion take their daily birth  
 From all the fuming vanities of Earth.

Wordsworth distrusted the appeal of colour, as an appeal to the senses and not to moral feeling, of which therefore the effect is evanescent. George Meredith dismisses such a view in his *Hymn to Colour*:

They do not look through love to look on thee,  
 Grave heavenliness ! nor know they joy of sight,  
 Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be  
 Its wrecking and last issue of delight.  
 Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot  
 Of colour unforget.

**PAGES 117, 118, 119.** 5, 6, and 7. *To Sleep.* The date of these three sonnets is uncertain. Wordsworth was often

tormented by sleeplessness, *vide D. W.'s Journal*, Jan. 29, 1802, and other places.

6. 1-4. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, i. i. 41.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streme from high rocke tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne,  
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.

7. 6. Cf. Daniel's sonnet *Care-charmer Sleep*.

PAGE 120. 8. *With ships the sea was sprinkled*. Date uncertain. In a letter to Lady Beaumont, May 1807, Wordsworth uses this sonnet as the text for his plea 'that there is scarcely one of his poems which does not aim to direct the attention to some moral sentiment, or to some general principle, or law of thought'. The principle illustrated in the sonnet is declared to be the tendency of the mind, restless in the contemplation of 'a multitude of objects of which it cannot make one whole, to single out one individual, whereupon may be concentrated the attention'. As soon as one object appeals to the mind as an individual, pre-eminent over the others, it becomes a poetical object. The mind before 'sleepy and unfixed, is awakened and fastened in a moment'.

"Hesperus that led

The starry host,"

is a poetical object, because the glory of his own nature gives him the pre-eminence the moment he appears. He calls forth the poetic faculty, receiving its exertions as his tribute. But this ship in the sonnet may, in a manner still more appropriate, be said to come upon a mission of the poetic spirit, because in its own appearance and

attributes, it is barely sufficiently distinguished to rouse the creative faculty of the human mind to exertions at all times welcome, but doubly so when they come upon us in a state of remissness.' Two main points are raised, (1) that the Imagination or poetic faculty always strives to *unify*, and for this purpose must select some one object or conception to which others can be subordinated; (2) that the Imagination can be awakened without 'gross stimulus': it is the mark of poetic minds that  
 they build up greatest things

From least suggestions ; ever on the watch,  
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
 They need not extraordinary calls  
 To rouse them. [Prel. xiv. 101.]

The Ship which becomes the centre of the poet's thought and feeling is 'merely a lordly ship, nothing more',

This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,  
 Yet I pursued her with a lover's look.

5-8. *Vide* Wordsworth's note, p. 165. The passage to which he refers is in Skelton's *Bowge of Courte*:

Methought I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle,  
 Come saylinge forth into that haven brood,  
 Her takelynge ryche and of hye apparayle.

PAGE 121. 9. *To the River Duddon*. Date uncertain. Afterwards placed in the series of Sonnets entitled *The River Duddon*, published 1820. Those who know the Duddon Valley will feel the full imaginative appeal of this Sonnet. The solitary approach from Wrynose Pass leads out of a wilderness of mountain slopes into a wide, sparsely cultivated valley, through which the river winds, until at Birks Bridge it plunges into a deep rocky ravine.

PAGE 122. 10. *From the Italian of Michael Angelo.* This and the two following sonnets were written in 1805. Writing to Sir George Beaumont, October 1805, Wordsworth speaks of having attempted to translate at least fifteen of Michael Angelo's sonnets, and of finding the difficulty of translating him almost insurmountable,—‘so much meaning has been put by him into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent.’ The thought, especially in the first two sonnets, is clearly in accord with Wordsworth’s own philosophy, *vide Sonnet* (p. 116) and Note, p. 389.

PAGE 125. 13. *Written in very early Youth.* Wordsworth dated this sonnet 1786.

2–4. Cf. Lady Winchelsea’s *Nocturnal Reverie*:

When the loos’d horse now, as his pasture leads  
Comes slowly grazing through adjoining meads,  
Whose stealing pace, and lengthen’d shade we fear  
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear.

Wordsworth’s high opinion of Lady Winchelsea’s poems is shown in his reference (*Essay, supplementary to the Preface, 1815*) to her natural imagery, and in his selections from her poems included in his *Poems and Extracts chosen for an Album and presented to Lady Mary Lowther, Christmas, 1819.*

PAGE 126. 14. *Composed on Westminster Bridge.* ‘Written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France.’ I. F. Wordsworth’s date must be wrong. In September 1803 he was touring in Scotland. Dorothy describes leaving Westminster Bridge on the morning of July 31, 1802, on their journey to France. ‘We left London at half-past five or six.... We mounted the Dover Coach at Charing

Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.'

PAGE 127. 15. *Beloved Vale*. . . . Date uncertain. The vale is probably Esthwaite, where he spent his school-days.

PAGE 128. 16. *Methought I saw* . . . Date uncertain. The opening line is probably suggested by Milton's sonnet, 'Methought I saw my late espousèd saint'.

PAGE 129. 17. *To the* — This sonnet, addressed to Lady Beaumont in the spring of 1807, commemorates Wordsworth's laying-out of a large winter-garden in the grounds of the Beaumonts' house at Coleorton. From October 1806 to August 1807 the Wordsworths occupied a farmhouse close to Coleorton lent them by the Beaumonts. The thought and interest which Wordsworth devoted to the winter-garden is shown in the letter in which he set forth his plans to Lady Beaumont, December 1806, 'the longest letter', he concludes, 'that I ever wrote'. He is reported to have declared in late life that there were three callings for which Nature had fitted him—'the callings of poet, landscape-gardener, and critic of pictures and works of art'.

PAGE 130. 18. *The world is too much with us* . . . Date uncertain. The sonnet was probably written on Wordsworth's return to England in 1802, for in thought and

feeling it corresponds closely with poems composed at that time. Cf. *Sonnet*, p. 147, and Note.

1-9. Cf. Letter to Lady Beaumont, May 1807: 'It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world; among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.'

9-14. For the thought cf. *Exc. iv.* 607-766, where the Wanderer shows how imaginative feeling is the source of rustic superstitions and pagan creeds, and insists on its supreme value in contrast with the apathy induced by worldliness or intellectual scepticism.

11-14 are reminiscent of Spenser's *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, 281-3

The voyagers sight

An high headland thrust far into the sea,  
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,  
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea.

Cf. also 245-8

*Triton* blowing loud his wreathed horne . . .  
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard.

13. rising from the sea. 1827. Cf. Milton *Paradise Lost*, iii. 603 :

and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea.

PAGE 131. 19. *It is a beauteous evening . . .* The sonnet evidently commemorates one of the evenings at Calais described by Dorothy in her *Journal*, August 1802. She

mentions a girl, Caroline, who often joined them, and who was delighted at the spectacle of the dancing lights upon the water.

5. The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea : 1837. The change strengthens what is metrically the weakest place in the line, and the meaning is affected through the new emphasis and movement.

8-14. For the thought cf. *Ode to Duty*, ll. 9-16. p. 79, and his address to the Child,

On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;  
*Ode*, l. 115. (p. 327).

PAGE 132. 20. *To the memory of Raisley Calvert*. Raisley Calvert, an early friend of Wordsworth, died after a painful illness in 1795, leaving Wordsworth a legacy of £900 to enable him to adopt the life of a poet. 'The act was done', Wordsworth says, 'entirely from a confidence on his part that I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind'. Cf. *Prel.* xiv. 354.

PAGE 133. *Part the Second. Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. The influence of Milton's sonnets is particularly felt in the sonnets of this group. Miltonic technique of style and rhythm is borne out in majestic simplicity of language and stately control of movement. Moreover Milton's sonnets to Fairfax and Cromwell and that '*On the late Massacre in Piedmont*', for which Wordsworth records his special liking, reveal a close kinship with his political thought. The two poets were at one in their austere conception of liberty, expressed in their admiration of great men, love of country, and indignation against public acts of tyranny.

The *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty* were written between 1802 and 1807, and they record mental history based on the facts of Wordsworth's life and the events of European politics that fall between these years. In 1793 Wordsworth was amongst those who upheld the French Revolution and condemned England's action in declaring war on France. The rise of Buonaparte and the conversion of the national struggle for liberty into a war of aggression gradually alienated his sympathies from France. Buonaparte's unwarrantable attack upon the democratic mountain-cantons of Switzerland in 1798 set the seal on his altered faith. 'I disapproved of the war against France at its commencement . . .' he writes, 'but after Buonaparte had violated Switzerland, my heart turned against him, and against the nation that could submit to be the instrument of such an outrage'. (*Vide Sonnet 12.*) The Peace of Amiens, which lasted from the spring of 1802 to the spring of 1803, made it possible for Englishmen once more to cross into France. That Wordsworth hastened to take advantage of this is proof that his passionate interest in her destinies had not waned. He arrived in Calais on August 1. He had crossed before (August 1790), at the time when the whole nation was mad with joy in consequence of the Revolution. He could not but feel acutely the change which had come over the spirit of the people. The joyful exultation was no more : in its place there seemed a kind of deadness and desolation (*vide Sonnet 3.*) He was disgusted at the spectacle of the inquisitive crowds who flocked to Paris to pay court to Napoleon, now Consul for life, and assuming the pomp and state of a monarch (*vide Sonnet 2.*) Whilst the rich and the worldly were eagerly paying court to the despot,

the people were sullenly indifferent (*vide* Sonnet 5). Wordsworth saw in Buonaparte the arch-enemy of Liberty and the incarnation of unprincipled ambition. In his great march of conquest he had extinguished the Venetian Republic (*vide* Sonnet 6), and subjugated democratic Switzerland (*vide* Sonnet 12); and it was becoming clear that he was now concentrating all his efforts upon the conquest of England. Wordsworth's absence in France naturally intensified his love of England, and his belief in her as the stronghold of liberty. The sonnets written in France express this love and belief in their purest form (*vide* Sonnets 1, 10, &c.). But the return to England was accompanied by disturbing thoughts. He was painfully struck with the 'vanity and parade' of the English cities in contrast with the 'quiet and desolation' he had witnessed in the towns of France. Society seemed dominated by the spirit of ostentatious worldliness (*vide* Sonnets 13-15), statesmanship by that of rapacity and self-aggrandizement (*vide* Sonnet 21). Noble ideals were everywhere lacking. Wordsworth found himself doubting whether after all England's moral soul were sound (*vide* Sonnet 21). But his belief in her rose triumphant through this conflict of feeling. He felt ashamed of his 'unfilial fears' (*vide* Sonnet 17).

The Peace of Amiens was broken in May 1803 by England's declaration of war. Buonaparte had employed the interval of peace in preparations for his attack upon England. From the summer of 1803 till the autumn of 1805 England was shadowed by the fear of imminent invasion. Buonaparte established a huge camp at Boulogne and prepared for the transport of his great army across the Channel. Pitt busied himself with en-

couraging a great Volunteer movement. England rang from side to side with calls to arm in defence of country and with cries of opprobrium against the tyrant who threatened her liberty. Wordsworth was amongst those who hastened to volunteer his services; and he exerted his moral power to the same end in the *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty* (*vide* Sonnets 23, 24, 25).

Wordsworth's patriotism was of an impassioned kind, but it was not narrow. Stronger with him even than his love for England was his belief in liberty and his sense of the sacredness of nationality. When the people of France asserted their national independence in the events of the Revolution and all Europe seemed bent on snatching it from them, Wordsworth's belief in Nationality was born. It stood the harsh test of the issue. It was not till France 'abandoned the struggle for liberty, gave themselves up to tyranny and endeavoured to enslave the world', that Wordsworth abandoned France and reverted to his faith in England as the bulwark of liberty. He followed the great European war with a passionate interest, watching with anxious hope the awakening of nationality in Germany, Spain, and Italy. 'It would not be easy to conceive', he declared at the end of his life, 'with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle of the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French.' His pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra*,<sup>1</sup> an expostulation addressed to the English Government in 1808 for their failure to support the endangered nationality of Spain, is also a splendid confession of his political faith. It is alive with patriotism. England is praised with an eloquence almost Miltonic. Yet she had proved unworthy

<sup>1</sup> *Pr. W. i. p. 110.*

of her great inheritance. ‘O misery for England, the land of liberty and courage and peace ; the land trustworthy and long approved ; the home of lofty example and benign precept ; the central orb to which, as to a fountain, the nations of the earth “ought to repair, and in their golden urns draw light”;—O sorrow and shame for our country ; for the grass which is upon her fields, and the dust which is in her graves ;—for her good men who now look upon the day ; and her long train of deliverers and defenders, her Alfred, her Sidneys, and her Milton ; whose voice yet speaketh for our reproach ; and whose actions survive in memory to confound us, or to redeem !’

But the cause of the Spaniards, strongly as it appealed to his sense of nationality, was not merely the cause of their own generation, it was ‘the cause of their country and of mankind’. Wordsworth, like Mazzini, believed in love of country as a specialized or concentrated form of love of mankind. Throughout he insists that the principle of liberty is a moral and spiritual principle. National independence is essential not only for the peace of the individual but for his moral and intellectual life. ‘Tyranny is, in the strictest sense, intolerable ; not because it aims at the extinction of life, but of everything which gives life its value—of virtue, of reason, of repose in God, or in truth.’

His enthusiasm for war, which has often been censured,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The lines that most offended were those in the *Thanksgiving Ode* of 1816 :

But thy most dreaded instrument,  
In working out a pure intent,  
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—  
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter !

Wordsworth cut out the last two lines in 1845.

is here explained in his belief that warlike prowess in a nation is the accomplishment and expression of moral virtue and desire for freedom. War was to Wordsworth the means of putting into act the principle of national independence. It was because he thought of military force as a moral instrument that he could urge England to devote her resources unstintingly to the war, and could call upon Englishmen to rejoice 'even in the prospect of our Brethren slain' (*vide* Sonnets 25, 23, 24).

He saw the drama of the European war as a great conflict of principles. Napoleon stood for tyranny. Every nation that allied herself with France or became subject to her was a victim of tyranny. England, the one foe who was a match for France, stood as the champion of all oppressed nationalities ; of liberty herself. The keynote to all the utterances, patriotic, martial, or denunciatory, which Wordsworth delivered upon public events is to be found in the lines :

by the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.

PAGE 136. 2. *Is it a Reed . . .*

1, 2. From St. Matthew, xi. 7: 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see ? A reed shaken by the wind ?'

3-8. On August 2, 1802, Napoleon was appointed First Consul for life. Cf. Romilly's Diary, October 1802 : 'Talleyrand sent me word by Charles Fox that I might be presented to-day to the First Consul, at his levée at the Tuilleries. I had been disgusted at the eagerness with which the English crowded to do homage at the new court of a usurper and tyrant, and I made an excuse.' Thomas Poole's presentation caused such a scandal at home that

it seemed as though ‘people would not have been more shocked if he had been presented to His Satanic Majesty’. In September 1802 there were said to be 10,000 English tourists in Paris.

**PAGE 137.** 3. *To a Friend.* Cf. Wordsworth’s Auto-biographical Memoir, *Mem.* vol. i: ‘In August 1790, I set off for the continent in companionship with Robert Jones, a Welshman, a fellow-collegian. We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution: an event which was solemnised with due pomp at Calais. On the afternoon of that day we started, and slept at Ardres.’

2-4. Urged our accordant steps, this public Way  
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,  
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:

1820.

6. The Antiquated Earth, hopeful and gay, 1837.  
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth 1845.

7. play, 1807-37. mirth, 1845.

13-14. Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

1827.

**PAGE 138.** 4. *I griev'd for Buonaparte. . . .* Dated by Dorothy Wordsworth’s entry in her *Journal*, May 21, 1802, ‘William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton’s sonnets to him.’

5-9. Cf. *Prel.* xiv, 225.

**PAGE 140.** 6. *On the extinction of the Venetian Republic.* Written probably in 1802. Napoleon entered Venice May 16, 1797, and proclaimed the end of the Republic.

In October, by the treaty of Campo Formio, he abandoned the territory of Venice to Austria.

1. In the twelfth century Venice embarked on several Crusading expeditions, which resulted in a considerable accession of territories in the East. The Venetian Republic reached the height of its power at the end of the fifteenth century. Its commercial and political greatness alike depended on its command of the sea.

7, 8. In a solemn ceremony on each Ascension Day the Doge of Venice espoused the Adriatic, dropping a ring into the sea with the words, 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominion'.

PAGE 141. 7. *The King of Sweden*. Written probably in 1802. Gustavus IV, who became King of Sweden as a boy of fourteen in 1792, was of a highly-wrought temperament, bordering on insanity. He had a passionate hatred of revolution, and he was moreover possessed by the idea that Napoleon was the Great Beast of the Apocalypse, whom he was destined to destroy. He joined the Coalition of 1805 against the French, and doggedly pursued the war even after the Peace of Tilsit, at great loss to his own country. His Quixotic enthusiasm worked his ruin, for his own officers conspired against him, and in 1809 he was dethroned and imprisoned. Wordsworth's admiration for him never waned. Cf. Letter, February 25, 1816. 'In verse I celebrated the King of Sweden. He proved, I believe, a madman. What matters that? He stood forth as the only royal advocate, at that time, of the only truths by which, if judiciously applied, Europe could be delivered from bondage. I seized on him as an outstanding object in which to embody certain principles of

action, which human nature has thousands of times proved herself capable of being governed by.'

*Vide* also the three Sonnets, *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, Part II, xx–xxii, O. W. p. 317, in which Wordsworth contrasts the unfortunate King of Sweden, 'great Servant of a righteous cause', with Napoleon, 'the intoxicated Despot' favoured by Fortune.

PAGE 142. 8. *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*. Composed probably August 1802, printed in *Morning Post*, February 1803.

2-4 Whether the all-cheering Sun be free to shed  
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head  
Pilloved in some dark dungeon's noisome den,

1815.

Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or Thou liest now  
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;—1820.

. . . or thy head be now  
Pilloved in some deep dungeon's earless den;—

1827.

Toussaint, son of a negro slave in San Domingo, played a leading part in the insurrection of the negro slaves against the whites which took place in 1791 as a result of the French Revolution. In 1794 the French Republic issued a decree emancipating the slaves. Toussaint became a supporter of France, and as commander-in-chief of the army in San Domingo, managed to set up an excellent government of which he was appointed President in 1801. But Buonaparte resolved to subject the island, issued an edict re-establishing slavery, in December 1801, and sent a large expedition. Toussaint was captured,

brought back to France and secretly conveyed to the Castle of Joux, where he was kept prisoner, subjected to frightful severities, and died in April 1803. His heroic life and wretched death awakened keen sympathy in England, where the movement for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was a vital part of the general awakening of humanitarian feeling. For a vivid picture of Toussaint's life and death *vide* Miss Martineau's *The Hour and the Man*.

PAGE 143. 9. *We had a fellow-Passenger. . . .* First printed in the *Morning Post*, February 11, 1803, under the title *The Banished Negroes*. In later editions the sonnet was headed by the following note: 'Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.'

PAGE 144. 10. *Dear fellow Traveller. . . .* Written August 30, 1802.

1. Here, on our native soil we breathe once more. 1827.

4, 5. In white-sleev'd shirts are playing,—and the roar  
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,—1815.

PAGE 145. 11. *Inland, within a hollow Vale. . . .* Cf. D. W.'s *Journal*, August 1802: 'On Sunday, the 29th of August, we left Calais . . . and landed at Dover . . . on Monday the 30th . . . The next day was very hot. We . . . bathed, and sate upon the Dover Cliffs, and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English Lake.'

3, 4. Cf. Letter of Buonaparte from Boulogne, 1803: 'I have passed three days in the midst of the Camp.

From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen the coast of England as one sees Calvary from the Tuilleries. One can distinguish the houses and objects in motion. It is a ditch that will be leapt over, when we shall have the boldness to make the attempt.'

13, 14. Cf. *Convention of Cintra*: 'In the moral virtues and qualities of passion which belong to a people, must the ultimate salvation of a people be sought for.'

PAGE 146. 12. *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland*: Written in the winter of 1806-7. Wordsworth mentions it in 1808 as 'the best sonnet I have written'. Buonaparte's attack on Switzerland in 1798 (*vide* p. 398 above) inspired Coleridge's *Ode to France*, originally published in April 1798 under the title *The Recantation*, where France is execrated for 'mixing with Kings in the low lust for sway':

with inexpiable spirit

To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer.

10. Cf. *Prel.*, xi. 400 [Wordsworth addresses Coleridge, who is exiled from England]:

thou art gone

From this last spot of earth, where Freedom now

Stands single in her only sanctuary.

and *Convention of Cintra* (*Pr. W.*, i. 192): 'Liberty . . . is the growth and peculiar boast of Britain; and Nature herself, by encircling with the ocean the country which we inhabit, has proclaimed that this mighty nation is to be for ever her own ruler, and that the land is set apart for the home of immortal independence.'

PAGE 147. 13. *Written in London, September 1802*: 'This was written immediately after my return from

France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say desolation, that the revolution had produced in France . . .’ *I. F.*

The opening years of the nineteenth century saw an economic change which rapidly widened the gulf between rich and poor. Between 1791 and 1801 there was an enormous increase in the population and at the same time extreme poverty amongst the lower classes. A succession of bad harvests combined with the conditions of war to produce an alarming rise in the price of food. The effect of the industrial revolution which accompanied the growth of machinery was to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few and to straiten the lot of the many. Patriots and thinkers could not but watch with anxiety the effect of this accumulation of riches.

Cf. Coleridge’s *Fears in Solitude*, written in 1798 :

We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,  
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth ;  
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,  
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man’s life  
For gold, as at a market !

In a letter to Poole in 1801 he warns him of the difficulty of ‘ bearing up against the anti-human Influences of Riches’, and adds, ‘ It is necessary for the human being, in the present state of society, to have felt the pressures of actual hardships, in order to be a moral being’. Wordsworth shared this view. He looked upon riches as the father of worldliness, and worldliness as the destroyer of spiritual life. Cf. Sonnets 17, 20 in this series and Sonnet 18 of the preceding series, *The World is too much with us* (p. 130).

9. Cf. Milton's *Sonnet to Fairfax* :

In vain doth Valour bleed  
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

PAGE 148. 14. *Milton, thou should'st be living . . .* cf. note, p. 396.

13, 14. Cf. Letter, *Mem.* ii. 255 : 'It is the habit of my mind inseparably to connect loftiness of imagination with that humility of mind which is best taught in Scripture.'

PAGE 149. 15. *Great Men have been among us . . .* Probably written in 1802.

3-4. Algernon Sidney, distinguished republican statesman, beheaded for treason 1682; Andrew Marvel, poet and patriot, Milton's friend and once his assistant secretary; Harrington, author of the *Commonwealth of Oceana*; and Sir Henry Vane the younger, to whom Milton wrote a sonnet. Wordsworth again pays tribute to Sidney in *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part III. x :

Ungrateful country, if thou e'er forget  
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !  
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head, . . .

PAGE 150. 16. *It is not to be thought of . . .* First published in the *Morning Post*, April 16, 1803.

4. *with pomp of waters unwithstood*, from Daniel's *Civil Wars*, ii. 7.

5-6. Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands, 1827.  
The change indicates Wordsworth's conservative apprehension of political reform.

PAGE 151. 17. *When I have borne in memory . . .* First published, *Morning Post*, September 17, 1803, under the

title 'England'. It was used by Coleridge in his collected edition of 1829 as motto for the group of 'Poems occasioned by Political Events', including *Ode to the Departing Year; France: an Ode; and Fears in Solitude*.

PAGE 152. 18. *October, 1803.* This and the seven following Sonnets 19-25 were written in or about October 1803, and express Wordsworth's attitude towards England and France at the critical period of Buonaparte's intended attack upon England.

14. Cf. Note to Sonnet 12, *supra*, *Thought of a Briton . . .*  
l. 10.

PAGE 154. 20. *October, 1803.* Cf. note to Sonnet 13, *supra*.

PAGE 156. 22. *October, 1803.* Cf. Sonnet 4 (p. 138). Wordsworth's view of Napoleon did not alter with years. Cf. his letter to Haydon, 1831 (*Letters*, ii. 448): 'I think of Napoleon pretty much as you do, but with more dislike, probably because my thoughts have turned less upon the flesh-and-blood man than yours; and therefore have been more at liberty to dwell, with unqualified scorn, upon his various liberticide projects and the miserable selfishness of his spirit. Few men of any time have been at the head of greater events, yet they seem to have had no power to create in him the least tendency towards magnanimity.'

PAGE 157. 23. *To the Men of Kent. October, 1803:* Wordsworth accepts the legend that the men of Kent were not conquered by the Normans but received from them a confirmation of their charters. Cf. *Drayton Barons' Wars*, I. xli:

Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest  
That to this day maintain their ancient right.

PAGE 158. 24. *October, 1803.* Cf. Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*: 'Sept. 8th, 1803. Before breakfast we walked to the Pass of Killicrankie. A very fine scene; the river Garry forcing its way down a deep chasm between rocks, at the foot of high rugged hills covered with wood to a great height. . . . Everybody knows that this Pass is famous in military history. When we were travelling in Scotland an invasion was hourly looked for, and one could not but think with some regret of the times when from the now depopulated Highlands forty or fifty thousand men might have been poured down for the defence of the country, under such leaders as the Marquis of Montrose or the brave man who had so distinguished himself upon the ground where we were standing [viz. "the impetuous Dundee"].'

11. The anecdote in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* to which Wordsworth refers (p. 166) is as follows: 'Claverhouse's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII, and his glorious death at Killicrankie, have tended to preserve and gild his memory. He is still remembered in the Highlands as the most successful leader of their clans. An old soldier told the editor that on the field of battle at Sheriffmuir an old veteran urged the Earl of Mar to order the Highlanders to charge before the regular army of Argyle had formed their line. Mar repeatedly answered that it was not yet time, till the old chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair, and stamping with rage exclaimed aloud "O for one hour of Dundee!"'

PAGE 159. 25. *Anticipation.* Published in the *Anti-Gallican* 1804, and *Poetical Repository* 1805. Cf. preceding sonnet and note.

PAGE 160. 26. *Another year!*

1, 2. In October 1806, by his victory at Jena, Napoleon overthrew Prussia, the one Power that had seemed capable of resisting his attack.

10–14. *Vide* Wordsworth's Note (p. 166) and cf. Lord Brooke's *Life of Sidney*, Chapter VIII: ‘In which view, Nature guiding his eyes, first to his native country, he found greatness of worth and place, counterpoised there by the arts of power and favor, the stirring spirits sent abroad as fewell, to keep the flame far off: and the effeminate made judges of danger which they fear and honour which they understand not.’

## VOLUME II

PAGE 175. *Poems written during a Tour in Scotland*: The tour was made by Wordsworth and his sister during six weeks of beautiful autumn weather, August 14 to September 25, 1803. Coleridge accompanied them for the first fortnight. Dorothy's Journal, *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, which records their travels with loving minuteness, should be read as a setting to the poems. *D. W.'s Journal*, i. 159.

PAGE 177. *Rob Roy's Grave*: Wordsworth's hero was a famous Highland freebooter (born 1671, died 1734), whom it is curious to think of as a contemporary of Addison and Pope. The first Life of Rob Roy was published in 1723, and entitled ‘The Highland Rogue, or the Memorable Actions of the celebrated Robert MacGregor, commonly called Rob Roy’. Scott gives a lively account of his character and exploits in his Introduction to *Rob Roy*. He was nominally a grazier, driving a trade in

black Highland cattle. One year, ‘finding his affairs backward’, he absconded with large sums of money to the Western Islands, and from this time onwards he lived the life of an outlaw, making occasional raids for plunder, terrorizing whole districts, and maintaining a predatory war against the Duke of Montrose, whom he regarded as responsible for the sentence of outlawry under which he suffered. Scott avers that Rob Roy was a humane and gentle robber, who, while he robbed the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor, and that, daring and successful plunderer though he was, he never countenanced cruelty nor was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed. The love and admiration for Rob Roy still aglow in the countryside was enough to set Wordsworth’s imagination on fire, and his praise of Rob Roy as the people’s champion (ll. 109–12) is what we should expect. His admiration for the ‘wisdom’ and the ‘moral creed’ (ll. 17–20) of the ‘Highland Rogue’ goes beyond expectation; but it is true to his own moral principles (cf. Introduction, p. xlvi). He liked a man’s morality to spring from within, and perhaps what he admired most in Rob Roy was his simple belief in his rights as a man and a Scotsman, and his fearless habit of acting on these rights in defiance of petty laws and conventions imposed from without. Wordsworth was misinformed about the grave. Rob Roy was buried in Balquhidder kirkyard. On their visit to Glengyle and Loch Katrine, August 26 and 27, 1803 (*vide D. W.’s Journal*), they heard many tales of Rob Roy, the hero of the neighbourhood, and on their return, September 12, they went to visit ‘the burying-ground that stood so sweetly near the water-side’, where the ferryman told them Rob Roy was buried.

1-5. *Vide* Wordsworth's Note, p. 335. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, August 27: '[At the farm] we mentioned Rob Roy and the eyes of all glistened . . . He was a famous swordsman. Having an arm much longer than other men, he had a greater command with his sword. As a proof of the length of his arm they told us he could garter his tartan stockings below the knee without stooping; and added a dozen different stories of single combats which he had fought. I dare-say they had stories of this kind which would hardly have been exhausted in the long evenings of a whole December week, Rob Roy being as famous here as ever Robin Hood was in the Forest of Sherwood; *he* also robbed the rich, giving to the poor, and defending them from oppression.'

33-36. Modern biology has destroyed for us the conception of a peaceful, idyllic life in the animal world. Accustomed to see 'Nature red in tooth and claw' and all creation involved in the struggle for existence, we do not now acquiesce in Wordsworth's parallel. But perhaps the weight of the truth is still on his side. The inevitable march of life going forward in Nature still offers a contrast with the fitful progress of human affairs. Nature is patient where man chafes and frets. Nature works ceaselessly from the creative principle within. Man creates from within and then lets the created thing dominate his activities from without. That is, both Nature and man strive after order, but Nature never is, whilst man may be the slave of the order achieved.

PAGE 185. *The Solitary Reaper*. See Wordsworth's Note (p. 336). The Friend was Thomas Wilkinson (see Note to *To the Spade of a Friend*, p. 441), and the MS. was published in 1824 under the title, *Tours to the British Mountains*.

The sentence is as follows: ‘Passed a female who was reaping alone: she sung in Erse, as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard: her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were heard no more.’ Wordsworth was haunted by Wilkinson’s actual words, and it was like him to use them closely. See ll. 6, 13, 28, 32, of the poem. For the conception of the poem *vide* Introduction, p. xlvi.

PAGE 188. 3. *Stepping Westward*. The incident happened on Sunday, September 11, 1803. *Vide D. W.’s Journal*: ‘I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression (“What! you are stepping westward!”) was in that remote place, with the western sky in front, yet glowing with the departed sun.’

PAGE 190. 4. *Glen-Almain, or the Narrow Glen*. Wordsworth and Dorothy walked through Glen Almond, September 9, 1803. Cf. *Poem written in a blank leaf of Macpherson’s Ossian, Oft have I caught . . .* (O. W. p. 472).

23–4. Cf. sonnet ‘A volant Tribe of Bards . . .’ (O. W. p. 259), ll. 12–14 :

Where even the motion of an Angel’s wing  
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

To Wordsworth the stillness and beauty of a mountain vale expressed a peace more absolute than could be wrought by the holiest products of human imagination.

PAGE 192. 5. *The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband*. *Vide D. W.’s Journal*, September 20, 1803: ‘We were received with hearty welcome by a good woman who, though above seventy years old, moved about as briskly as if she were only seventeen. . . . She was a most

remarkable person ; the alacrity with which she ran up-stairs when we rung the bell, and guessed at, and strove to prevent our wants was surprising ; she had a quick eye, and keen strong features, and a joyousness in her motions, like what used to be in old Molly when she was particularly elated. I found afterwards that she had been subject to fits of dejection and ill-health : we then conjectured that her overflowing gaiety and strength might in part be attributed to the same cause as her former dejection. Her husband was deaf and infirm, and sate in a chair with scarcely the power to move a limb—an affecting contrast !'

9. The capacity for happiness was to Wordsworth the most attractive and admirable of human qualities. It delighted him in children by its pure spontaneity and beauty. (*Vide Lucy Gray, We Are Seven, The Two April Mornings, To H. C. &c.*) In old men and old women he admired it as the symptom of moral power. Old Matthew in *The Fountain*, &c., 'the man of mirth', is perhaps his ideal human character. Cf. Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* 1805 : '[Let not] this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. . . . It is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves.'

52-5. Wordsworth's tenderness for children was combined with a woman-like knowledge of their ways. Cf. *The Mad Mother*.

PAGE 197. 6. *To a Highland Girl.* Written 1803. *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, August 28, 1803 : 'When beginning to

descend the hill towards Loch Lomond, we overtook two girls, who told us we could not cross the ferry till evening. One of the girls was exceedingly beautiful; . . . they answered us so sweetly that we were quite delighted, at the same time that they stared at us with an innocent look of wonder. I think I never heard the English language sound more sweetly than from the mouth of the elder of these girls, while she stood at the gate answering our inquiries, her face flushed with the rain; her pronunciation was clear and distinct: without difficulty, yet slow, like a foreign speech.' She then tells how the girl, who was the ferryman's sister, took them to the ferry-house where she gave them dinner, whilst the waterfall roared loudly at the end of the hut.

72. 'The sort of prophecy with which the verses conclude has, through God's goodness, been realized; and now, approaching on the close of my 73rd year, I have a most vivid remembrance of her and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded.' *I. F.*

PAGE 202. 7. *Sonnet.* The reference is to Neidpath Castle near Peebles which Wordsworth visited on September 18, 1803. He wrote the sonnet the same day. 'The surroundings of the ancient keep had then quite recently been the scene of a piece of pitiful havoc on the part of its worthless owner. To spite his heir chiefly, the last Douglas of Queensberry of his line ordered the cutting-down of the old forest-trees that had grown up through centuries. This was carried out and the steep sides of the picturesque gorge of the Tweed were left defaced and bare.' (Veitch, *Border History and Poetry*.)

Wordsworth's love of trees and his interest in their

preservation is often expressed in his writings. Cf. *Guide to the Lakes* and *Inscription VIII* (*O. W.* p. 549).

In these fair vales hath many a Tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared.

PAGE 203. 8. *Address to the sons of Burns*, &c. Composed partly at the time when Wordsworth visited Burns's grave, and finished before the end of 1803. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, August 18, 1803. ‘We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses:—“Is there a man whose judgment clear . . . ?” We talked of Coleridge's children and family, then at the foot of Skiddaw, and our own new-born John a few miles behind it; while the grave of Burns's son, which we had just seen by the side of his father, and some stories heard at Dumfries respecting the dangers his surviving children were exposed to, filled us with melancholy concern, which had a kind of connexion with ourselves.’

The poem is written in Burns's favourite metre (*vide* in particular his *Bard's Epitaph* and *Vision*, to which latter Wordsworth twice refers). Wordsworth added four stanzas in 1827, and revised the whole in a more pretentious style, *vide O. W.* p. 286.

Wordsworth's admiration for Burns is also expressed in the admirable prose letter *To a Friend of Robert Burns*, and in the two poems conceived at the same date with the present but not published till 1842, *At the Grave of Burns*, and *Thoughts suggested the day following*. In the former (*O. W.* p. 284) Wordsworth defines his poetic debt to Burns:

for He was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,

And showed my youth  
 How Verse may build a princely throne  
 On humble truth.

PAGE 205. 9. *Yarrow Unvisited*. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, September 18, 1803: 'At Clovenford being so near to Yarrow, we could not but think of the possibility of going thither but came to the conclusion of reserving the pleasure for some future time, in consequence of which, after our return William wrote the poem [*Yarrow Unvisited*].' Cf. with this poem *Yarrow Visited* (1814) and *Yarrow Re-visited* (1834).

In a letter to Scott (January 16, 1805) Wordsworth says: 'I wrote the stanzas, not without a view of pleasing you, soon after our return from Scotland. . . . They are in the same sort of metre as *Leader Haughs*.' Lockhart relates in his *Life of Scott* how Scott recited to him on a walk over the Eildon Hills the haunting verses ascribed to the last of the minstrels of this district named Burn:

Sing Ereldowne and Cowdenknowes,  
 Where Homes had ance commanding,  
 And Drygrange, wi' thy milkwhite ewes,  
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.  
 The bird that flees through Reedpath trees  
 And Gledswood bank ilk morrow,  
 May chaunt and sing, Sweet Leader Haughs  
 And Bonny Howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage  
 His grief, while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 That fleeting time procureth,

For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,  
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,  
 And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

We can imagine that Scott recited the same lines to Wordsworth and his sister on this very occasion when they visited him at Lasswade, and refrained from turning aside to Yarrow.<sup>1</sup> *Leader Haughs* appears in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. It is one of the many Border poems that take their theme, and along with it some kind of haunting charm, from Yarrow. Perhaps no valley in Scotland or England has been the source of so much legend and song. There are pathetic ballads like 'Willy's rare and Willy's fair' which ends :

She sought him east, she sought him west  
 She sought him braid and narrow;  
 Syne in the clearing of a craig  
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

or that beginning :

I dream'd a dreary dream last night  
 God keep us all from sorrow:  
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green  
 Wi' my true luve on Yarrow.

There is the great tragic ballad of *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which is said to have suggested Hamilton's 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,' praised by Wordsworth. There are many songs in praise of a beautiful maid, the 'Rose of Yarrow'. Throughout, the word 'Yarrow' forms a burden of peculiarly haunting melody, now passionate, now gay, never without an undertone of

<sup>1</sup> *Vide T. H.* ii. p. 183.

sadness. Wordsworth's ear and imagination were charmed by all this traditional song. Like every one else who has come under its spell, he must have been haunted by the Yarrow landscape and have felt the spirit of the place. He confessed that they declined visiting the stream in 1803 'not altogether for the reasons assigned in the poem'. His reasons were perhaps partly a practical shortness of time, partly his instinctive shrinking from seeing in fact what was so real in imagination. In *Yarrow Revisited* he tells how he first

Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days.

Any one who knows the Yarrow poetry and has not seen Yarrow, will understand the feeling.

6. *winsome marrow* is from Hamilton's ballad, *vide* Wordsworth's note under title p. 205. *Marrow* = companion, mate.

20. *lintwhite* = linnet. Cf. *Leader Haughs*:

The lintwhite loud, and Progne proud  
With tuneful throats and narrow,  
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing  
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

35. from Hamilton's Ballad:

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

38. Cf. *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*:

The bonnie forest thorough  
to rhyme with Yarrow.

42. Cf. *Leader Haughs*:

In Burnmill bog and Whitslade Shaws  
The fearful hare she haunteth.

Wordsworth in a letter to Scott, January 16, 1805, asks him to substitute for Burnmill Meadow something that actually is in Yarrow Vale. Scott suggested Broad Meadow, but Wordsworth never effected the alteration.

PAGE 211. *Moods of my own Mind*. The *Simpliciad* scoffs at the naïvely egotistic title of this group of poems. Wordsworth himself alludes to them in a famous letter to Lady Beaumont (May 1807); ‘Again, turn to the “Moods of my own Mind”. There is scarcely a poem here of above thirty lines, and very trifling these poems will appear to many; but, omitting to speak of them individually, do they not taken collectively, fix the attention upon a subject eminently poetical, viz., the interest which objects in Nature derive from the predominance of certain affections, more or less permanent, more or less capable of salutary renewal in the mind of the being contemplating these objects? This is poetic, and essentially poetic . . . because it is creative.’

PAGE 213. 1. *To a Butterfly*. Written at Dove Cottage, March 14, 1802. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*.

This and the other *To a Butterfly* (p. 234) suggest the mood which underlies this group of poems. Thought irradiates from the personal centre of the love between Wordsworth and his sister, the joy of linking human companionship with the companionship of Nature, and stirring memories of his childhood. [A]

PAGE 215. 2. *The sun has long been set*. Written June 8, 1802. Vide *D. W.'s Journal*. The *Eclectic*

*Review*, January 1808, selects this poem as ‘the worst of the poet’s trifles’ in the 1807 volumes. It was omitted from the editions 1815–32, but republished in that of 1835.

8–9. These two lines in themselves make the poem worth preserving. Wordsworth’s imagination was haunted by the cuckoo at this period.

10–11. *Vide Burns, The Twa Dogs :*

At operas an’ plays parading,  
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading.

PAGE 216. 3. *O Nightingale ! thou surely art.* Written 1806. Wordsworth’s conception of the nightingale strikes across a poetic convention. The nightingale of literary tradition is Philomel, the wronged lover, ‘mournfully bewailing’ her woes in sweet and plaintive song. Coleridge in his *The Nightingale* of 1798 had already protested against the distempered imagination which branded the nightingale ‘most musical, most melancholy’. He appeals to Wordsworth and his sister:

My Friend, and thou, our Sister ! we have learnt  
A different lore : we may not thus profane  
Nature’s sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance ! ’Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music.

To Wordsworth the nightingale’s song becomes symbolical of violent and fleeting passion, as the dove’s song is symbolical of the steady, quiet, deep-rooted affection, ‘slow to begin and never ending’, which was after his own heart.

2. *a fiery* 1807. *ebullient* 1815. *a fiery restored* 1820-43.  
*'fiery heart'* 1845.

6. *Valentine* here means lover. The day on which St. Valentine was beheaded, February 14, was also the day on which birds were supposed to choose their mates (cf. Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*). A sweetheart chosen on this day was called a valentine.

13. Wordsworth quotes these lines in his Preface, 1815, to illustrate the effect of imagination working upon impressions of sound. “His voice was buried among trees”, a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.’

Cf. *To a Butterfly* (p. 234) 7-9:

What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
 Hath found you out among the trees,  
 And calls you forth again!

For the fact on which the imagination works, cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, February 14, 1798: ‘Sat down in a thick part of the wood. The near trees still, even to their topmost boughs, but a perpetual motion in those that skirt the wood. The breeze rose gently; its path distinctly marked, till it came to the very spot where we were.’

PAGE 218. 4. *My heart leaps up . . .* Written 1802. *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, March 26, 1802: ‘While I was getting into bed [William] wrote *The Rainbow . . .* March 27. A divine morning. At breakfast William wrote part of

an Ode' (probably the Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*) and May 14, 1802, 'William very nervous. After he was in bed haunted with altering *The Rainbow*.' [A]

The poem was placed first and the Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*, &c., last in the edition of 1815. The two poems hold the key to Wordsworth's philosophy of life.

PAGE 219. 5. *Written in March*, . . . *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, April 16, 1802: 'When we came to the foot of Brothers Water, I left William sitting on the bridge. . . . When I returned, I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding. . . . The people were at work ploughing, harrowing and sowing.'

The poem is reminiscent of an anonymous Scottish song, mentioned by Gawain Douglas in 1512, as a favourite among the vulgar, of which the first stanza runs:

Hey now the day dawis,  
The jolie cok crawis,  
Now shroudes the shawis  
Throw Nature anon.  
The Thissel cok cryis  
On lowers wha lyis,  
Now skailis the skyis,  
The night is neir gone.

[A]

PAGE 221. 6. *The small Celandine*. Dated by Wordsworth 1804. Placed in 1815 among the *Poems referring to the Period of Old Age*.

PAGE 223. 7. *I wandered lonely as a Cloud*. Dated by Wordsworth 1804. *Vide D. W.'s Journal*, April 15, 1802:

'When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside . . . as we went along there were more and yet more ; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them ; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness ; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake ; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. The wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up ; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway.'

4. The *Simpliciad* burlesqued Wordsworth's habit of endowing animals and plants with human activities and aimed a shaft at this particular poem, which Wordsworth seems to have felt. Poets are ridiculed who

Hunt waterfalls that gallop down the hills,  
And dance with dancing, laughing daffodils.

In the edition of 1815 Wordsworth altered 'dancing' to 'golden' and 'laughing' (l. 10) to 'jocund'.

6. Ten thousand 1807. Fluttering and 1815. After the first stanza appeared in 1815 a new stanza as follows :

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

15, 16. These lines are designated in Wordsworth's remark to Miss Fenwick. 'The two best lines in the poem are by M. W.' [viz. his wife]. Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.*, ch. xxii, quotes the lines as an instance of 'mental bombast', i.e. 'disproportion of thought to the circumstances and occasion'. He thinks that the lines would fitly describe the joyful retrospection of the conscience upon images and actions of a well-spent life—that 'we seem to sink most abruptly, not to say burlesquely . . . from this couplet to—

And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the *daffodils*'

Coleridge never fully understood the spiritual value of Wordsworth's intercourse with Nature.

**PAGE 225.** 8. *Who fancied what a pretty sight.* Dated by Wordsworth, 1803.

8. gentle maid, 1836.

**PAGE 227.** 9. *The Sparrow's Nest.* 'Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.' I.F. Dated by Wordsworth 1801. The poem is referred to in *A Farewell*, O. W. p. 106:

And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,  
Of which I sang one song that will not die.

9. My sister Dorothy and I. *MS. sent to the Printer.*

11. She looked at it and seemed to fear it; 1845.

15. Cf. *Prel.* xiv. 225:

—he whose soul hath risen  
Up to the height of feeling intellect  
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart  
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;  
Of female softness shall his life be full,  
Of humble cares and delicate desires,  
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents ! Sister of my soul !  
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere  
 Poured out for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed. [A]

PAGE 229. 10. *Gipsies*. ‘Composed at Coleorton. I had observed them, as here described, near Castle Donnington, on my way to and from Derby.’ *I. F.* Dated by Wordsworth 1807.

Coleridge quotes the latter half of the poem, *Biog. Lit.*, ch. xxii, as an instance of thoughts and images too great for the subject, or *mental* bombast. He points out that the gipsies after tramping for weeks had every right to rest, and that ‘such repose might be quite as necessary for *them*, as a walk of the same continuance was pleasing or healthful for the more fortunate poet’, who, ‘expresses his indignation in a series of lines, the diction and imagery of which would have been rather above than below the mark, had they been applied to the immense empire of China improgressive for thirty centuries’.

Sara Coleridge (*Memoirs*, ii. 43) writes: ‘I cannot yet feel quite satisfied with this poem. I wish that such fine language had a more clearly justifying subject. Mr. de Vere alleges that though, if the reality of the case be considered the “tawny wanderers” were quite in the right to take their rest, yet the poet looking at the matter poetically did very well to be indignant at them and to express his indignation in the most magnificent manner. Now I know that the poetical aspect of things and the common sense are very different, but can it be right to make them clean contrary the one to the other?’

Wordsworth’s reply to the criticism of Coleridge and

others was to make matters worse by adding a self-righteous apology for the gipsies. *Vide* note on lines 21-4 *infra*. The original poem suggests nothing more than the sublime poetic expression of a mood, in which the poet active in mind and body, feeling himself consciously at one with the activities of the universe, is impressed by the spectacle of stagnant life, so picturesquely presented to his imagination by the gipsies. To defend this impression in cold blood as a serious and permanent criticism upon gipsy-life, and to bulwark it by moral rebuke and apology, is to violate the imaginative mood in which the poem was first conceived.

21-4. . . . oh better wrong and strife,  
 (By nature transient) than such torpid life !  
 The silent Heavens have goings-on ;  
 The stars have tasks—but these have none !  
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven and earth !  
 In scorn I speak not ;—they are what their birth  
 And breeding suffers them to be ;  
 Wild outcasts of society ! 1820.

23-4. Life which the very stars reprove  
 As on their silent tasks they move ! 1827.

Wordsworth admits that ‘Goings-on is precisely the word wanted’ but thinks that ‘it makes a weak and prosaic line, so near the end of a poem’. Letter to Barron Field, October 24, 1828. Cf. Coleridge’s *Frost at midnight*:

Sea and hill and wood

With all the numberless goings-on of life.

and a cancelled fragment of Wordsworth’s *Michael* (*Knight’s Life*, i. 388) ‘The goings on of earth and sky.’

March 23 and 26, 1. 802: 'William worked at *The Cuckoo* poem.' The text of this poem underwent frequent and detailed revision.

[A]

6-8. Thy loud note smites my ear!—

From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near! 1815.

[In 1820 line 7 became

It seems to fill the whole air's space,]

Thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
As loud far off as near. 1827.

Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near. 1845.

9-12. I hear thee babbling to the Vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours. 1815.

Though babbling only, to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale 1827:

PAGE 234. 12. *To a Butterfly*. Written April 1802.  
*Vide D. W.'s Journal*, April 20: 'A beautiful morning. The sun shone. William wrote a conclusion to the poem of the *Butterfly*:

'We watched you now a full half-hour.'

7. Cf. *O Nightingale*, 13 (p. 216) and note.

10. For an account of the orchard-garden, cf. *A Farewell* (*O. W.*, p. 106), and *D. W.'s Grasmere Journal*, [A]

PAGE 236. 13. *It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown*

Cf. the lines used by Wordsworth as an inscription following the title-page of his collected poems, ‘If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven’ *O. W. v.*

PAGE 239. *The Blind Highland Boy*: ‘The story was told me by George Mackereth, for many years parish-clerk of Grasmere. He had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the little fellow had met with on the shore of the Loch.’ *I. F.*

Wordsworth and Dorothy visited Loch Leven September 2, 1803. *Vide D. W.’s Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*. The poem represents a return both in theme and style to the narrative manner of the *L. B.* Cf. in particular *The Idiot Boy*. The *Simpliciaid* ridicules the poem as follows:

Or the blind Highland Boy who went to sea,  
Highland ’tis called because it is not low,  
And land because it is not sea, I trow ;  
He went, and how ? in Household Tub, like those  
Which washerwomen use to wash their clothes.

In 1815, in deference to criticism Wordsworth withdrew the tub and replaced it by a turtle-shell, and the textual changes in the poem are the result of this substitution.

Lamb writes to Wordsworth, 1815 : ‘I am afraid lest that substitution of a shell (a flat falsification of the history) for the household implement, as it stood at first, was a kind of tub thrown out to the beast, or rather thrown out for him. The tub was a good honest tub in its place, and nothing could fairly be said against it. You say the alteration was made for the “friendly reader” but the “malicious” will take it to himself.’ *Letters*, ed. Ainger, i. p. 283.

Wordsworth writes to Barron Field, October 24, 1828 : ‘The “shell” was substituted for the “washing-tub” on the suggestion of Coleridge ; and, greatly as I respect your opinion and Lamb’s, I cannot now bring myself to undo my work ; though if I had been aware beforehand that such judges would have objected, I should not have troubled myself with making the alteration.’

106-20. These three stanzas were replaced in 1815 by nine stanzas substituting the turtle-shell.

205. The following stanza was added in 1815 :

And in the lonely Highland Dell  
Still do they keep the Turtle shell ;  
And long the Story will repeat  
Of the blind Boy’s adventurousfeat,  
And how he was preserved.

PAGE 253. *The Green Linnet*. Dated by Wordsworth 1803. ‘Composed in the Orchard, Town-end, where the bird was often seen as here described.’ *I. F.*

1-4. Cf. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth, spring 1802 (*Letters*, i. 145) : ‘Our garden is in great beauty. The brooms are covered with blossom, and we have a fine stock of flowers. I wish you could see it at this moment. Then I should wish the rain to stop, so that you might sit on the orchard-seat by the bower . . .’

1-8. Rehandled, perhaps in response to the *Simplicia*d’s ridicule of poets who ‘sing *With fancy tether’d to a Linnet*, wing.’

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of spring’s unclouded weather,

In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my Orchard-seat !  
 And Flowers and Birds once more to greet,  
 My last year's Friends together. 1815.

- 33-40. My sight he dazzles, half deceives.  
 A Bird so like the dancing Leaves ;  
 Then flits, and from the Cottage eaves  
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
 While fluttering in the bushes. 1827.

Lines 33 and 34 were altered again in 1832, 1843, and received their final form in 1845 as follows :

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A Brother of the dancing leaves.

Wordsworth writes to Barron Field October 24, 1828 : 'The stanza, as you have been accustomed to quote it, is very faulty. "Forth he teems" is a provincialism. Dr. Johnson says, "A low word, when used in this sense." But my main motive for altering this stanza was the wholly unjustifiable use of the word *train* as applied to leaves *attached* to a tree. A train of *withered* leaves, driven by the wind along the ground . . . might be said.'

PAGE 256. *To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country.* 'Composed at the same time and on the same view as "I met Louisa in the shade": indeed they were designed to make one piece.' I. F. Cf. note on *Louisa*. The poem first appeared in the *Morning Post*, February 12, 1802.

7-18. For the value Wordsworth set on the capacity for joy cf. Introduction, pp. xlvi-vii, and notes p. 415.

16. . . . serene and bright, 1815.

17. Cf. Letter of Wordsworth to Mathews, 1791: 'Such an excursion would have served like an Aurora Borealis to gild your long Lapland night of melancholy.'

PAGE 258. *Pleasure is spread through the earth.* 'Suggested on the Thames by the sight of one of those floating mills that used to be seen there. This I noticed on the Surrey side between Somerset House and Blackfriars Bridge. Charles Lamb was with me at the time; and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to him, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform.' *I.F.* Dated by Wordsworth 1806. This poem and the two following were doubtless the product of Wordsworth's visit to London in the spring of 1806.

16. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 978:

Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky.

De Quincey writes (*On Wordsworth's Poetry*, Works, ed. Masson, xi. 294): 'Wordsworth does not willingly deal with a passion in its direct aspect, or presenting an unmodified contour, but in forms more complex and oblique, and when passing under the shadow of some secondary passion. . . . I remember to have heard a man complain that in a little poem of Wordsworth's having for its very subject the universal diffusion of joy, a picture occurs which overpowered him with melancholy, "In sight of the spires" [he quotes lines 13-19]. Undeniably there is (and without ground for complaint there is) even here, where the spirit of gaiety is professedly invoked, an

oblique though evanescent image flashed upon us or a sadness that lies deep behind the laughing figures, and of a solitude that is the real possessor in fee of all things, but is waiting an hour or so for the dispossession of the dancing men and maidens who for that transitory hour are the true, but alas ! the fugitive tenants.'

34. Cf. Drayton *The Muses' Elysium*, Nymphal, vi. 5-8:
- The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss  
That closely by it grew.

PAGE 261. *Star-gazers*. 'Observed by me in Leicester Square as here described.' I. F. Dated by Wordsworth 1806. See note to preceding poem. Placed among *Poems of Imagination* in 1815. For the thought cf. George Meredith's *Meditation under Stars*. The key to the disappointment of the London star-gazers is perhaps to be found in Wordsworth's explanation of the relation between Science and poetry, *Preface, 1802*: 'If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution . . . in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science . . . he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these Sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.'

The ignorant London crowd stood in need of a more familiar contact with the knowledge offered by the telescope and also perhaps of a poet's quickening power to recommend that knowledge to the imagination and the heart.

PAGE 264. *Power of Music.* 'Taken from life.' I. F.  
Dated by Wordsworth 1806. See note to *Pleasure is spread through the earth.* Placed among *Poems of Imagination in 1815.*

The communication of pleasure was to Wordsworth's mind the prime function of the artist. The destiny that he hoped for his own poems was 'to console the afflicted ; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier'. Letter to Lady Beaumont, May 21, 1807.

PAGE 267. *To the Daisy:* cf. Wordsworth's note to *To the Daisy*, p. 163.

21. Cf. Chaucer's description of his Queen crowned like a daisy in the *Legend of Good Women.*

41. Cf. note to *Resolution and Independence*, l. 64.

PAGE 271. *To the Same Flower.* 'This and the other poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—"thy function apostolical"—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so ? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission ; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes.' I. F.

2. Bold in maternal Nature's care, 1843.

21-24. *Vide the Simplicial :*

Of apostolic daisies learn to think,  
 Draughts from their urns of true devotion drink.  
 And cf. *I. F.* above. Wordsworth withdrew the stanza in  
 1827, but restored it in 1837.

**PAGE 273.** *Incident characteristic of a favourite Dog.*  
 Written 1805. The dog belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who lived at Sockburn on the Tees.

**PAGE 276.** *Tribute to the memory of the same dog.*  
 Written 1805. The *Simpliciad* scoffed at poets who  
 'Pray for their spaniels, consecrate their spades . . .' Wordsworth subsequently altered the text of the poem so as to banish the words 'holy' and 'pray' in connexion with the dog. *Vide* notes *infra*.

1, 2. Omitted 1827.

13. I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ;  
 1820.

29, 30. For love, that comes wherever life and sense  
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense ;  
 1837.

**PAGE 279.** *Sonnet, Admonition.* Date uncertain.

1. Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening  
 eye ! 1837.

**PAGE 280.** *Sonnet :*

Written at Coleorton, Leicestershire. The Old Man lived in the neighbourhood, *vide, I. F.* The quotation in the title is from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 916. For the thought cf. the Wanderer's defence of superstition, *Exc. iv. 607*, and *707 et seq.*

9-14. *Vide* Wordsworth's Note, p. 336.

9-11. In the *Colliery Guardian*, May 23, 1863, the

superstition of the 'Seven Whistlers' is recorded. The pitmen take the aerial whistlings as a warning against the pit. The sound can probably be traced to the cry of curlews passing overhead. 'The whimbrel is known in the South and West as the Seven Whistlers, the rippling whistle being often repeated seven times.' Saunders, *Manual of British Birds*.

12-14. 'At Wednesbury in Staffordshire, the colliers going to their pits early in the morning hear the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, to which they give the name of Gabriel's Hounds, though the more sober and judicious take them only to be wild geese, making this noise in their flight.' (Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033.) According to a widespread belief Gabriel's hounds (or Gabble Ratchets) yelping at night foretell death: they are the souls of unbaptized children wandering through the air till Judgement Day. Wordsworth seems to have linked these native superstitions with the German legend of the wild huntsman. The legend (*vide* Scott's *Wild Huntsman*, translated from Burger's *Der Wilde Jäger*) runs thus. A certain Waldgrave, cruel and profligate, pursued the pleasures of the chase so madly that he maltreated his peasants and outraged God: after death he was doomed to pursue his infernal chase as a phantom, and was heard riding with his hounds overhead by night.

PAGE 281. *Sonnet. A Prophecy.*

4. Arminius, hero of the Germans, who delivered them from the Roman yoke in the first century A. D.

10-14. Several of the lesser German princes were united as Confederate States of the Rhine under the Protectorship of Napoleon by the Treaty of Paris, 1806. Frederick Augustus, the Elector of Bavaria, received the royal title

in 1805 in reward for his alliance with Napoleon. He supported Napoleon in his attack on Austria in September 1805. Other South German states followed his example later.

14. First open Traitor to the German name. 1837.

**PAGE 282.** *Sonnet to Thomas Clarkson.* Thomas Clarkson, born 1760, devoted the best years of his life to the cause of the abolition of slavery. As a Bachelor of Cambridge he won the prize in 1785 for a Latin dissertation on the subject 'Anne liceat invitatos in servitutem dare'. His interest in the subject became an absorbing passion, and from this time forward he worked unremittingly for the cause. Whilst he pursued propaganda work by every available means outside Parliament, his friend Wilberforce brought the question repeatedly before the House of Commons, and the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade finally became law on March 25, 1807. Clarkson was a personal friend of Wordsworth's, and valued by him for the sympathy and humanity which he combined with dogged courage.

**PAGE 283.** *Once in a lonely Hamlet I sojourn'd.* 'Suggested by what I have noticed in more than one French fugitive during the time of the French Revolution.' *I. F.* Written March 16–17, 1802. See D. W.'s *Journal* for these dates. The poem was afterwards entitled *The Emigrant Mother*, and placed under *Poems of the Affections*.

9–11. Once did I see her take with fond embrace  
This infant to herself; and I next day,  
Endeavoured in my native tongue to trace 1820.

55–64. Coleridge quoted this passage, *Biog. Lit.*, Ch. xxii (italicizing the phrases, *let me do my best*, l. 55

and *as it is*, l. 63), under his indictment of Wordsworth's first characteristic defect, *inconstancy or disharmony of style.*

55–56. 'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget ;  
There was a smile or two—yet—yet      1820.

63–4. By those bewildering glances crost

In which the light of his is lost. 1827.

For they confound me ; where—where is

That last, that sweetest smile of his ? 1836.

[A]

PAGE 289. *Foresight.* Written April 28, 1802 ; see D. W.'s *Journal*, 'William was in the Orchard . . . I happened to say that when I was a child I would not have pulled a strawberry blossom . . . At dinner time he came in with the poem of *Children gathering Flowers*, but it was not quite finished, and it kept him long off his dinner. It is now done.'

1. That is work of waste and ruin—1815. [A]

PAGE 291. *A Complaint.* 'Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by a change in the manner of a friend.' I. F. Dated by Wordsworth 1806.

The friend was probably Coleridge, who, on his return from Malta in 1806, distressed his friends by his apathy, miserable spirits, and inability to answer letters or take action of any kind. He had already begun to take opium.

PAGE 293. *I am not One who much or oft delight.* The date of composition of this sonnet sequence is uncertain.

3. Of friends, . . . 1815.

6. Reminiscent of Milton's *Comus*, l. 743 :

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languished head.

7, 8. Lines chalked on the floor to guide the dancers.

12. 'In the lov'd presence of my cottage-fire', 1815. Wordsworth says: 'the last line but two stood at first, better and more characteristically, thus

"By my half-parlour and half-kitchen fire".

My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves.' *I. F.*

25. From Collins' Ode, *The Passions*, l. 60 :

In notes by distance made more sweet.

Wordsworth had already quoted the phrase in his *Evening Walk*, l. 237 :

Yet hears her song, 'by distance made more sweet'.

32. Which with the lofty sanctifies the low: cf. *Prel.* xiv. 271:

To penetrate the lofty and the low;

*Epitaphs Translated from Chiabrera*, iv. :

To equalize the lofty and the low

(also quoted in *Essay on Epitaphs*, i.); and *Exc.* vii. 1047:

I blend

Low things with lofty.

I have been unable to trace the origin of this phrase, which appears to be a familiar quotation. The line translated in Chiabrera runs 'Che le disuguaglianze un' ora adegua'.

41. Wordsworth said that 'the Tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's record of the last scenes of the career of Socrates, and Isaac Walton's *Life of George Herbert*, were in his opinion the most pathetic of human compositions'. *Life*, ii. p. 327.

42. Wordsworth records his love for the story of Una and the Lion (*Faerie Queene*, Book I), once more in his Dedication to *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

PAGE 237. *Yes! full surely 'twas the Echo*: Dated by Wordsworth 1806. ‘Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The echo came from Nab-Scar, when I was walking on the opposite side of Rydal Mere . . . On my return from my walk I recited these verses to Mrs. Wordsworth.’ *I. F.* Wordsworth remarks in his *Guide to the Lakes* on the ‘imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from anything which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country’. Though the verses were quickly composed, they underwent afterwards a long process of revision. All the important textual changes are given below.

1-4. Yes, it was the mountain Echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound! 1827.

5-8. Ridiculed in the *Simplicial*:  
Echo whose birth the cuckoo cannot tell,  
Though that 'tis sound, the bird must know full well.  
and omitted by Wordsworth, 1815.

9-10. Unsolicited reply . . .  
To a babbling Wanderer sent; 1815.

21-7. Such rebounds our inward ear  
Often catches from afar;—  
Giddy Mortals! hold them dear; 1827.  
Such rebounds our inward ear  
Catches sometimes from afar;  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear; 1836-50.

PAGE 299. *To the Spade of a Friend*: Dated by Wordsworth 1804. Thomas Wilkinson, to whom these lines were addressed, was a Quaker gentleman of delightful

character and studious tastes who lived and worked upon a small hereditary estate on the banks of the Emont not far from Penrith. In his earlier days he followed his plough and used his own scythe. Wordsworth assisted him one day in his favourite work of ‘twining pathways along the banks of the river’, and this was the occasion of the verses to the Spade. He wrote a book of *Tours to the British Mountains* which suggested to Wordsworth one of his most beautiful poems (cf. note to *The Solitary Reaper*), and he published with the Tours two descriptive poems, *Lowther* and *Emont*.

28. No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate. 1837.  
The *Simpliciad* had scoffed at poets who

Pray for their spaniels, consecrate their spades.

PAGE 302. *Song, at the feast of Brougham Castle.* See Wordsworth's Note (p. 337). Dated by Wordsworth 1807.

The poem is a characteristic example of Wordsworth's treatment of romance. Dr. Johnson's definition of 'romance' in his dictionary as 'A military fable of the middle ages; a tale of wild adventures in war and love', would fit Scott's romantic poems but not Wordsworth's. See I. F. to *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In that poem Wordsworth's interest lies not in the external action, but in the internal development of character. He treats the military action as 'the mere business parts of the story' and concentrates his imagination upon the spiritual triumph of Emily. So in the present poem the warlike virtues are exalted only to be cast down before the spiritual virtues of love, patience, and humility. A fine parallel both in mood and thought will be found in Milton's Chorus, *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1268, beginning

O how comely it is and how reviving  
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer  
 Puts invincible might,  
 To quell the mighty of the earth, . . .

and passing into the quiet lines :

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude, . . .

2. Brougham Castle stands above the Emont about two miles from Penrith.

7. The thirty years of the Wars of the Roses, 1455–85.

27. See Wordsworth's Note, p. 342.

42. Pendragon Castle, near Appleby, was a border fortress belonging to the Cliffords.

46. Brough Castle, near Appleby, also in the hands of the Cliffords, stands on the banks of a small tributary of the Eden.

48. Appleby Castle, on the banks of the Eden.

57. Note the metrical change from rising to falling rhythm (so-called iambic to trochaic). The movement quickens.

74. The metre reverts to the quieter rising rhythm.

75. The places mentioned here and in lines 91–7, and 126, are all in the neighbourhood of the great mountain Saddleback (whose ancient name was Blencathara), near Keswick. Bowscale Fell with Bowscale Tarn (l. 126) lies close to Saddleback NNW., and a few miles beyond, due north again, Carrock Fell. Mosedale (l. 91) lies between the two Fells. Glenderamakin (l. 94) rises in Saddleback and flows NW. towards Mosedale. Threlkeld village is under the southern slope of Saddleback.

91. See note on l. 75.

126-7. See Note on l. 75 and Wordsworth's Note, p. 343.

141. After a gradual infusion of lines of falling rhythm, the metre here breaks free from rising rhythm altogether and the cadence is 'trochaic' with the effect of gathering excitement right on to the end of the song (l. 160).

146. See Wordsworth's Note, p. 343.

161. Note the effect of the transition from the lively swift movement of the short 'trochaic' lines, to the slow quiet flow of the elegiac quatrain.

**PAGE 313.** *Lines, composed at Grasmere, &c.* Written September 1806.

Charles James Fox died on September 13, 1806. Wordsworth liked him in his public capacity for his support of the French Revolution and his efforts for the abolition of the slave trade. He did not sympathize with his general politics. His respect for Fox's character is revealed in his letter, January 14, 1801, accompanying a presentation copy of his *Lyrical Ballads*. He here pays tribute to Fox for his sensibility of heart, his power to view men not only in classes but as individuals. 'This habit cannot but have made you dear to poets; and I am sure that if, since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single true poet living in England, he must have loved you.'

10. See Wordsworth's Note, p. 344.

**PAGE 315.** *Elegiac Stanzas, &c.* Composed in the summer of 1805. John Wordsworth, whose death suggested the leading thought of the poem, was drowned in the wreck of the *Abergavenny*, on February 25, 1805. Wordsworth's grief was overpowering (see Introduction, p. xx). 'At first,' he writes, May 1, 1805, 'I had a strong

impulse to write a poem that should record my brother's virtues and be worthy of his memory. I began to vent my feelings, with this view ; but I was overpowered by my subject and could not proceed.' He never wrote this poem, but he fulfilled the chief part of his wish by the indirect tributes to his brother in the present poem and in *The Happy Warrior*.

1. The Peele Castle of Sir George Beaumont's picture is on the Lancashire coast just south of Barrow-in-Furness. Wordsworth once spent four weeks of a college vacation at Rampside, a neighbouring village.

14-16. . . . add a gleam,  
The lustre known to neither sea nor land,  
But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream ;

*erratum 1820*

In 1832 the original reading was restored. Professor Raleigh points out that the original lines are open to misinterpretation and that the second version was an attempt to make the meaning perfectly clear. But the first version is the more poetic and therefore, surely, the more true to Wordsworth's meaning.

The light that never was on sea or land  
is born of the unspoilt vision of youth. Middle-age in its  
more ideal mood recognizes this light, now no longer seen,  
as sacred and essentially poetic, 'The consecration and  
the poet's dream', but degrades it in a less ideal mood to  
a 'lustre' which is 'borrowed' from a 'dream'. Cf.  
'the visionary gleam' of the *Ode*.

21-4. Omitted 1820-43. Restored 1845 with l. 21  
altered as follows :

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house divine.

35. Cf. *Letter to a friend* (March 16, 1805), where  
Wordsworth speaks of John's death : 'For myself, I feel

that there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored'.

37-9. Writing to Wrangham (April 1808) in reply to his suggestion that he should build him a house by the sea, Wordsworth says, ' . . . since the loss of my dear brother we have all had such painful and melancholy thoughts connected with the ocean, that nothing but a paramount necessity would make us live near it'.

PAGE 321. *Ode*. Written at Town-end, Grasmere. See *D. W.'s Journal* for March 27, 1802: 'A divine morning. At breakfast Wordsworth wrote part of an Ode.' (Cf. Note to *My heart leaps up . . .* p. 423.) And June 17, 1802: 'William added a little to the Ode he is writing.' Wordsworth himself dated the poem (probably by a slip) 1803-1806.

'Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there is no harm in advertiring here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere

A simple child

That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade

myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines, 'Obstinate questionings', &c. To that dreamlike vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, everyone, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here ; but having in the Poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in Revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind ? Having

to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the *Immortality of the Soul*, I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a Poet.' *I. F.*

The ideas of the pre-natal existence of souls and of the recollection of a former spiritual state as 'the master light of all our seeing' are Platonic ideas, though Wordsworth disclaimed Platonic influence. *Vide Phaedrus*, 245-52; *Phaedo*, 73-77.

The thought of the *Ode* is rooted in Wordsworth's conception of childhood. His mature observation of children gave him a strong impression of their unworldliness or other-worldliness. The mysterious, withdrawn life of children, which no grown person can penetrate, suggests naturally to a religious mind their nearness to God. Cf. Wordsworth's *Exc.* iv. 83 :

Thou, who didst wrap the cloud  
Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed.

His own experience bore witness in two ways to the fact (denied by Coleridge, *vide* note on lines 108-19 below) that the child is conscious of the spiritual life within him. 'This poem [the *Ode*]', he writes, 'rests entirely upon two recollections of childhood: one that of a splendour in the objects of sense which is passed away; and the other an indisposition to bend to the law of death, as applying to our own particular case.' *Letters*, ii. 43.

The first four stanzas of the *Ode* reflect a mood in which the poet views his mountain vale on a lovely morning of May, with the sad conviction that the radiant splendour,

in which as a child he would have seen it invested, is now for ever vanished. Conscious that his depression is out of key with the joyous scene around him, he strives to put it from him and to force himself into a sympathetic gaiety. But the sight of a single tree calls up unbidden a memory of his childhood and speaks of 'something that is gone'. He relapses into his former melancholy.

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ? (1-57). So ends the first part of the poem. The second part was written more than two years later, and in the interval Wordsworth had lost his brother John. Sorrow has thrown him back upon the deepest resources of his nature. He has bent his mind to meet the questions that assailed him : 'Is death what it seems, the abrupt end of life ? What is the meaning of the dim and saddened vision which has blotted out the radiant vision of youth ?' He reaches the answer to both questions through an intense study of the child's soul, and the history of its relations with the world. He realizes that all that truly lives is continuous, subject indeed to change and development but not to dislocation nor discontinuity. The spiritual life of the child has its source behind birth and its goal beyond death.

The second part of the poem opens on a note at once deep and sure, contrasting with the hesitating music of the foregoing lines.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting . . .  
The soul of the child 'cometh from afar', bringing with it from its celestial home a spiritual light and glory which transforms the world of sense. The growing boy is still attended by the vision. The grown man sees it fade into the light of common day (58-76). The earth has weaned

him from his spiritual food by offering all the pleasant sustenance she can give (77-84). The child is essentially imitative, and he applies himself in play to copy the manners and habits of his elders (85-107). Yet this same child has the hold on spiritual life, the conviction of immortality and the visionary outlook which we lack and painfully strive to attain. Why is he so ready to part with these treasures ? Soon enough the pressure of mundane life and the weight of custom will do its work. (108-31). But 'though much is taken, much is left'.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !

He pours out thanks and praise for his memory of his own early experience—his strange sense of the unreality of external things in contrast with the reality of his own mind, his instinctive feeling of union with things unseen, and his vague memories of pre-natal existence (132-50). These feelings are the guiding light of our earthly life. They keep us in touch with eternity. In a mood of quiet contemplation they can lead us back to a realization of the pure spirituality that was once ours (151-70). In the joyful exultation of this thought the poet turns once more to the scene about him and is now able to rejoice with true sympathy in its gaiety. (171-77). This time he makes no attempt to cheat his melancholy by glossing over distressing fact. He accepts the fact but finds consolation in thought that probes below it :

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight, . . .  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind . . .

The primal sympathy that linked the child's soul to the universe remains intact; the belief in immortality, once a triumphant instinct, is now hard-won by suffering and thought (178-89).

And he turns once more to Fountains, Hills, and Groves, to declare his undiminished love for them. He has lost the sense of strange radiance with which they were surrounded of old, but he is linked to them by stronger ties of association and affection. To one who has suffered in heart and soul the earth can never be what it once was. The mystery of birth and death, of spirit life and of mortal woe, broods over the common forms of things.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live;

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. (190-206)

The best commentary on the Ode is Wordsworth's *Prelude* i. and ii. and his first essay on Epitaphs. *Pr. W.* ii. p. 145. Cf. also lines *Composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty*, *O. W.* p. 457, reminiscent of the *Ode* in thought and word.

Interesting parallels in thought are to be traced in the seventeenth-century mystic poets, Vaughan and Traherne. Wordsworth's library included a copy of the rare first edition of Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans*, 1650. Traherne, whose thought comes still nearer to his, must have been unknown to him, for his chief works have only recently been discovered and published. *Vide The Poetical Works*, ed. Dobell, 1903; *Centuries of Meditation*, ed. Dobell, 1908; *Poems of Felicity*, Clarendon Press, 1910.

1-9. Cf. Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 156: 'Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious

apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child. All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. . . . The corn was Orient and immortal wheat, which should never be reaped, nor was ever sown. . . . The green trees when I saw them first . . . transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap.'

5. *The glory and the freshness of a dream.* To Words-worth the dream vision is not vague and dim, but radiantly clear and distinct. Cf. *Exc.* i. 143, where he describes the way in which the Wanderer, trained by the sharp impressions he received from Nature, grew 'unsatisfied with aught of dimmer character', and attained the power

to fasten images

Upon his brain ; and on their pictured lines  
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
*The liveliness of dreams.*

12, 13. Cf. Blake's *Night* :

The moon, like a flower,  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight  
    Sits and smiles on the night.

28. *The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.* Professor Hales explains, 'The yet reposeful slumbering country-side' ; Professor Dowden suggests, 'Perhaps it merely means that a west wind blows ; the west, where the sun sets being emblematic of sleep. Or are the "fields of sleep" those shadowy parts of our own souls which lie out of the view of consciousness ?' Surely the simplest explanation is the best. The echoes come from the mountains, the winds from the sleepy fields. The line recalls the image in Sidney's *Arcadia* of the 'gentle south-

west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the heat of summer.'

58. Here begins the second part of the poem, written, Wordsworth said, at least two years after the first four stanzas.

58-76. See Vaughan's *Retreat* for an interesting parallel in thought.

86. *four year's Darling*. six years' Darling 1815.

89. *light upon him from his father's eyes*. Cf. Coleridge's *Christabel*, 656 :

A little child, a limber elf . . .

Makes such a vision to the sight

*As fills a father's eyes with light.*

103. 'humorous stage' is quoted from Daniel's sonnet introductory to *Musophilus*.

108-19. This passage is quoted by Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.* ch. xxii, as an instance of *mental bombast*, or *thoughts and images too great for the subject*. 'In what sense', he asks, 'is a child of that age a *philosopher*? In what sense does he *read* "the eternal deep"? In what sense is he declared to be "*for ever haunted*" by the Supreme Being? or so inspired as to deserve the titles of a *mighty prophet*, a *blessed seer*? By reflection? by knowledge? By conscious intuition? or by *any* form or modification of consciousness? These would be tidings indeed, . . . Children at this age give us no such information of themselves; and at what time were we dipped in the Lethe, which has produced such utter oblivion of a state so godlike? . . .

'In what sense can the magnificent attributes, above quoted, be appropriated to a *child*, which would not make them equally suitable to a *bee*, or a *dog*, or a *field of corn*:

... The omnipresent Spirit works equally in them as in the child ; and the child is equally unconscious of it as they.'

111. *Thou Eye among the blind . . . &c.* Traherne's recollection of his childish experience offers an exact parallel. Cf. *The Preparative* :

Then was my Soul my only All to me,  
A living endless eye,  
Just bounded with the sky,  
Whose power, whose act, whose essence, was to see :  
I was an inward *Sphere of Light*,  
Or an interminable Orb of *Sight*.

112. *That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep.* Cf. Traherne's *Dumbness* :

Sure Man was born to meditate on Things,  
And to contemplate the Eternal Springs  
Of God and Nature .  
And therefore Speechless made at first, that He  
Might in himself profoundly busied be . . .  
Wise Nature made him deaf, too, that he might  
Not be disturbed, while he doth take Delight  
In inward Things.

117-19. 'Cf. *Essay upon Epitaphs*, i, *Pr. W.* : ii. p. 127. 'If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being the mind was without this assurance, [that some part of our nature is imperishable].'

120-23. Omitted 1820 and never restored. Coleridge stigmatized these lines at the end of the passage (*Biog. Lit.* ch. xxii) quoted above (see note to l. 108). He protested against 'the frightful notion of lying *awake* in the grave'. To Wordsworth the idea was evidently a familiar and a happy one. Cf. *D. W.'s Journal*, April 29, 1802 : 'We

went to John's Grove, sate a while at first; afterwards William lay, and I lay, in the trench under the fence—he with his eyes shut, and listening to the waterfalls and the birds. . . . William heard me breathing, and rustling now and then, but we both lay unseen by one another. He thought that it would be so sweet thus to lie in the grave, to hear the peaceful sounds of the earth, and just to know that our dear friends were near.'

124-25. Cf. *Prel.* v. 507 :

Our simple childhood sits upon a throne  
That hath more power than all the elements.  
I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come.

*untam'd pleasures.* heaven-born freedom. 1815.

130-31. Cf. *Prel.* xiv. 157 :

. . . The tendency, too potent in itself,  
Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
And substitute a universe of death  
For that which moves with light and life informed,  
Actual, divine, and true.

137. Perpetual benediction : 1827. . . .

138-41. Cf. *Essay on Epitaphs.* i : 'Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature is endowed.'

140. Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
breast :—1815.

146. *Fallings from us, vanishings*: Professor Knight quotes a letter from Professor Bonamy Price giving Wordsworth's spoken explanation of this line: 'The venerable old man raised his aged form erect; he was walking in the middle, and passed across me to a five-barred gate in the wall which bounded the road on the side of the lake. He clenched the top bar firmly with his right hand, pushed strongly against it, and then uttered these ever-memorable words: "There was a time in my life when I had to push against something that resisted, to be sure that there was anything outside me. I was sure of my own mind; everything else fell away, and vanished into thought".' Cf. Traherne, *My Spirit*:

An object, if it were before  
 My eye, was by Dame Nature's law,  
 Within my Soul . . .  
 . . . I could not tell  
 Whether the things did there  
 Themselves appear,  
 Which in my Spirit *truly* seemed to dwell;  
 Or whether my conforming Mind  
 Were not even all that therein shined.

152. *Those shadowy recollections*, cf. *Prel.* i. 606 :  
 obscure feelings representativo  
 Of things forgotten.

155. After this line, in a MS. copy of the poem appear the two following :

Throw off from us, or mitigate, the spell  
 Of that strong frame of sense in which we dwell;  
*Vide Longman MSS.*

156. Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make 1815.

163. *abolish or destroy*: an instance of *hysteron proteron*. Wordsworth is unconsciously haunted by Milton's lines, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 92 :

More destroyed than thus,  
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.

'Destroy' suggests the process of undoing, 'abolish' the final act. For the figure, cf. 'Nor Man nor Boy' l. 161, above. The illogical inversion, like many poetic figures, is rendered possible by the carrying power of metre. A line of poetry is to the ear and imagination one moment, not a logical sequence.

164-70. These lines, the most beautiful in the poem, are at the height of imaginative vision. The image has a magic and a sensuous beauty rare in Wordsworth : yet it is finely characteristic in its union of real and ideal, energy and peace, simple picture and far-reaching thought. It brings together the peaceful remoteness of life inland and the stirring sight and sound of the open sea. It touches the homely vision of children playing on an earthly shore with the mystic radiance of the spiritual world. And it clarifies and crystallizes the thought of the stanza, setting the seal on the idea of tranquillity, the soul's 'season of calm weather', as the one fruitful state for meditation, and of the undying memory by which childhood links us to eternity.

184. *primal sympathy*. Cf. *Prel.* i. 555-8.

193. I only have relinquish'd one delight  
~~Divine indeed of sense~~  
~~A blessed influence,~~  
 To acknowledge under you a higher sway.  
 Dear are the brooks which down their channels fret,  
 More dear than when I tripp'd lightly as they ; *MS.*

202. This line has been fantastically interpreted (e. g. by Dowden<sup>1</sup>), but, read simply, it presents no difficulty. It says again in another way what is said in l. 193-4 above, summing up in a single image the contrast that has been drawn through the last two stanzas from l. 171 between the intuitive joy of youth and the meditative faith of man. The race of youth wins one prize, the race of manhood the other. The image is itself so time-worn as to have become one of the unconscious metaphors of speech (cf. 'bear the palm'). In using it Wordsworth relies on its familiarity to produce an effect not startling but deeply stirring. If the image had been arresting, it would have checked the steady movement of the thought towards its quiet culmination in the final lines. As it is, it hardly ruffles the surface. Cf. for this particular artistic effect Wordsworth's use of language in the best of the *Lyrical Ballads* or in *Resolution and Independence* (*supra*, p. 97), where the diction, just because of its familiarity, seems to efface itself or to be caught up entirely into the spirit of the thought.

205. *The meanest flower that blows . . .* Cf. Gray, *Ode on the pleasure arising from Vicissitude*:

The meanest flowret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common Sun, the air, the skies  
To him are opening Paradise.

<sup>1</sup> 'A sunset reflection. The sun, "like a strong man going forth to his race", has now reached the goal and won the palm; and so with the life of man when death comes.'

## APPENDIX I.

### WORDSWORTH'S TEXT.

WORDSWORTH'S handling of the text of his poems presents a record more remarkable than is to be found in the work of any other English poet. For each successive edition of his poems, notably those of 1815, 1820, 1827, 1832, 1836-7, 1845, and 1849, he carefully reconsidered and revised the text, and manuscript records reveal the same detailed process of correction. The impression left by a study of the evolution of his text is as follows. The manuscripts reveal a surer critical instinct than might be expected, in the rejection of ludicrous or feeble lines. Compare the cancelled manuscript reading in *The Seven Sisters* (p. 66), ll. 51-2 :

The sisters ran like Mountain Sheep,  
And in together did they leap.

The changes in the published text show a singularly detached and disinterested attitude towards his poems. In his letters he often asks a friend to suggest a word or phrase to improve a particular passage. Thus he writes to Barron Field, October 1828, on line 5 of *Beggars*, 'If you could substitute a line for the villainous "What other dress, &c." I would willingly part with it.' His alterations were most frequently made in response to external pressure. If Coleridge, for instance, dislikes the homely 'household tub' in *The Blind Highland Boy*,

and suggests 'the turtle-shell' as an alternative; Wordsworth obediently responds by writing six new stanzas to insinuate the shell into its incongruous surroundings. Two facts explain this seemingly unpoetic attitude. First, Wordsworth was consciously no artist in words. He was by instinct one of those poets in whose souls 'words are but under-agents' (*Prel.* xiii. 274). The things he had to express were really inexpressible. He used words as useful makeshifts to convey what he felt to others with the power to feel. Secondly, with his growing popularity his attitude to his public became more friendly and responsive. At the *Lyrical Ballads* period and for years after he felt every man's hand against him, and his attitude was defiant and uncompromising. When Crabb Robinson in 1815 ventured to remark of the lines in *The Thorn*, 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide', that he *dared not read them in public*, all Wordsworth would say was, 'They ought to be liked.' But in 1819 Crabb Robinson records that 'Wordsworth was very pleasant—indeed he is uniformly so now . . . and much more open to argument in favour of changes in his own poems'. When he felt that his public understood him he was ready to meet public opinion and to put his meaning in such words or images as his critics thought clear and suitable.

The general value of his alterations is damaged by this detached and tinkering procedure. He patched his poems from the outside instead of reshaping them from within. Often he revised in rational or moralistic mood what was conceived with imagination and passion. The close of *Laodamia* is an unforgettable example. But to his credit stand a number of instances in which he restored

an original bold reading in place of its tame substitute (cf. *Elegiac Stanzas*, p. 315, ll. 14–16, and note), and in many cases where simplicity and ruggedness of conception are sacrificed there is a noticeable improvement in dignity and smoothness of expression (*vide Ode to Duty* throughout).

His alterations, which throw strong light upon his mind and art, may be grouped according to their motive as follows :

#### ARTISTIC MOTIVES.

Numerous small changes were made in the interests of euphony and smoothness of expression.

e.g. (1) *Beggars*, ll. 13–16, altered to avoid the clash of ‘sea’ with ‘see’. *Vide note*, p. 377.

(2) Sonnet, *I am not One*, l. 3 (p. 293) :

About Friends, who live within an easy walk, 1807.

Of Friends, who live within an easy walk, 1815

#### REVISED VIEW OF DICTION.

Wordsworth came to moderate his extreme view of realistic language. Most of the alterations in point appeared in 1820.

e.g. *Beggars*, l. 38 :

Sweet Boys, you’re telling me a lie ; 1807, 1836–43.

Sweet Boys, Heaven hears that rash reply ; 1827–32.

*Vide note to Beggars* (p. 378).

#### CONCESSION TO CRITICISM.

(a) Contemporary Journals.

e.g. *Alice Fell* (p. 92) was withdrawn 1815–27 in response to the ridicule of the *Edinburgh Review*, October 1807.

## (b) Contemporary Satire.

*The Simpliciad* (1808), an anonymous Satire in heroic couplets, ridiculed the poetry of the 'Lake School'. Wordsworth was troubled by its shafts. *Vide note to The Daisy*, ll. 60-4 (p. 355), to *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, l. 4 (p. 425), &c.

## (c) Coleridge.

Coleridge's spoken criticism led to many changes.

e.g. the substitution, in 1815, of the turtle-shell for the household tub in *The Blind Highland Boy*.

*Vide note*, pp. 430-1.

His criticism in *Biographia Literaria* published 1817 influenced Wordsworth's revision in 1820.

e.g. *Gipsies*, remodelled, 1820. *Vide note* (p. 427).

Ode (*Intimations of Immortality*), ll. 120-3, omitted 1820. *Vide note* (p. 454).

## CHANGE IN OUTLOOK OR OPINION.

## (a) Growing propriety.

e.g. *Louisa*, l. 4 (p. 15).

That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong; 1807.

That she is healthful, fleet, and strong; 1836.

That nymph-like she is fleet and strong; 1845.

*Vide notes* (p. 356).

## (b) More pronounced theological bias.

e.g. (1) *Exc. i.* 934-55, &c., where religious passages are retouched with a definite doctrinal colouring.

(2) *Tribute to the Memory of a Favourite Dog*, l. 13 (p. 277):

I pray'd for thee, and that thy end were past; 1807.

I grieve'd for thee, and wished thy end were past; 1820.

*Vide note* (p. 436).

## (c) Change in moral outlook.

The creed of liberty tempered by faith in law.

e.g. *Ode to Duty*, ll. 41–8 omitted 1815. *Vide notes* (p. 371 et seq.). . .

## (d) Change in political outlook.

e.g. (1) Sonnet, *Jones ! when from Calais*, ll. 12–14 (p. 137).

Yet despair

I feel not : happy am I as a Bird :  
Fair seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair. 1807.

Yet despair

Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare. 1827.

(2) Sonnet. *It is not to be thought of*, ll. 5–6 (p. 150).

Road by which all might come and go that would,  
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands ; 1807.

Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands, 1827.

Poems of particular textual interest in the present volume are *Ode to Duty* (p. 78), *Beggars* (p. 85), *To the Cuckoo* (p. 231), and *Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle* (p. 315). *Vide notes*, where a selection of the important readings is given, and compare the present text with Wordsworth's final text in the Oxford edition.

## APPENDIX II.

### METRES.

SCHIPPER's notation has been used for the metrical formulae: *vide A History of English Versification*, by Jakob Schipper, Oxford, Clarendon Press. The rhymes are represented by letters, feminine rhyme by the sign ~, and the feet by numbers. Thus *aaa<sub>1</sub>,b~<sub>2</sub>,ccc<sub>1</sub>,b~<sub>2</sub>* = a stanza of eight lines in which lines 1–3 are on one rhyme, and have four feet, lines 4 and 8 rhyme together on a feminine rhyme and have two feet, lines 5–7 are like 1–3, but on a different rhyme.

The following scheme, which excludes the Sonnets, aims at showing the extent and variety of Wordsworth's metrical experiment in these volumes. For a thorough treatment of Wordsworth's use of the sonnet-form, *vide T. H. i. 208.*

<i>Stanza.</i>	<i>Title of Poem.</i>	<i>Metrical Form.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>	<i>Wordsworth's Probable Source.</i>
'ail-rhyme stanzas	Louisa (p. 15) Dear Child of Nature (256) Address to the Sons of Burns (203)	$aa_4b_3cc_3b_3$	Common form known as Romance Six. Used from M.E. period. Favourite metre of Burns. Used also by Wordsworth in other poems connected with Burns (vide note, p. 417).	Burns's <i>Vision or Bar'd's Epitaph</i> .
To the Daisy (9, 267, 271)		$aaa_4b_2ccc_4b_2$	Form used from M.E. period.	Ben Jonson's <i>Epitheme in Underwoods</i> , influenced by Drayton's <i>Nimphidia</i> .
Four-line stanzas	The Green Linnet (253) I travelled among unknown Men (76) To the Cuckoo (231)	$aaa_4b_2ccc_4b_2$	Form used from M.E. period. Known as Common Measure. Derived from the split-up septenarius. A very common metre, used in ballads, &c.	Drayton's <i>Nimphidia</i> .

Stanza.	Title of Poem.	Metrical Form.	Remarks.	Wordsworth's Probable Source.
Four-line stanzas (continued)	Rob Roy (177) [from line 9] Loud is the Vale (313) Alice Fell (92)	a <b>a</b> <b>b</b> <sub>3</sub> , : abab <sub>4</sub>	Used by Coleridge in <i>Love</i> . Form akin to Common Measure, <i>supra</i> . Common form from M.E. period. Common form from M.E. period. Common form from Wyatt onwards.	
	Yes! full surely (297) Among all lovely things (74) Small Celandine (221)	abab <sub>4</sub> in falling rhythm. abab, Elegiac quatrain.		
	To the Spade (299) Brougham Castle (302) [lines 1-4 and 161-76] Elegiac stanzas (315) Once in a lonely (283) [lines 1-12]			
	Star-gazers (261)	abab <sub>7</sub>	Two pairs of rhymed se- tenarius. Form used by Scott and Byron.	

<b>Four-line stanzas (continued)</b>	Power of Music (264) Blind Highland Boy (239)	<i>aabb</i> , in triple rising rhythm ('anapaestic'). <i>aabbcc<sub>4</sub></i>	Many instances in seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry. Used also by D. Wordsworth in <i>Cottage to her Infant</i> . Very common metre from Elizabethan period onwards.
<b>Six-line stanzas</b>	I wandered lonely (223) Who fancied (225) Complaint (291) The Sailor's Mother (27) Beggars (85) By their floating mill (258)	<i>ababc<sub>4</sub></i>	Used by Cowper in <i>Translation of Francis's Ode to Milton</i> .
		<i>aa'b<sub>2</sub>c'd'e<sub>2</sub>b<sub>3</sub></i> , in triple rhythm; lines 5 and 6 have internal rhyme.	A form allied to tail-rhyme stanza.
<b>Seven-line stanzas</b>	Affection of Margaret (53) Resolution and Independence (97)	<i>ababcc<sub>4</sub></i>	No close parallel found.
		<i>abahbc<sub>5</sub>g<sub>6</sub></i> (rhyme scheme that of rhyme-royal).	A modification of the Srenserian stanza. Used by Phineas Fletcher, Milton in <i>Nativity Ode</i> , Chatterton, &c.
<b>Eight-line stanzas</b>	Small Celandine (30), 35 Foresight (289)	<i>ababccdd<sub>4</sub></i> in falling rhythm.	No close parallel found.

## APPENDIX II.

<i>Stanza.</i>	<i>Title of Poem.</i>	<i>Metrical Form.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>	<i>Wordsworth's Probable Source.</i>
Eight-line stanzas (continued)	Incident characteristic (273) Horn of Egremont (45) Castle (17) Fidelity (17)	$a \sim b a \sim b c c d d_5$ , falling rhythm. $a \sim b c \sim b d d_5 e_5$ , falling rhythm. $a b c_5 d d e_4$ .	An allied form is found in Shirley's <i>Death's Final Conquest</i> .	Gray's <i>Ode to Adversity</i> . Leader Haughs Allan Ramsay's <i>Tea-table Miscellany</i> .
	Solitary Reaper (185)	$a b a b_3 c c d d_4$ . Stanzas i and iv are like Fidelity, <i>supra</i> . $a b a b c d d_6$ .	Closely allied form in Burns's <i>Address to the Unco Guid</i> .	
	Ode to Duty (78)	$a_4 b \sim c_4 b \sim d_4 e \sim f_4$ , $e \sim_3$		
	Yarrow Unvisited (205)			
Nine-line stanzas	Seven Sisters (67) To a Butterfly (213) My heart leaps up (218)	$a_4 b \sim c^e b \sim d e d d_4 e$ , with refrain $f f_4$ $a a b c_4 d c c_4 d_3$ , $a_4 b_3 c c a_4 b_2 c d_4 d_3$	Unusual form, not exactly paralleled. Unusual form. Form not paralleled elsewhere.	

Ten-line stanzas	The Sparrow's Nest (227) The Cock is crowing (219) Once in a lonely (283) [from line 15]	<i>aabbcc,d<sub>3</sub>cc,d<sub>3</sub></i> <i>a~a~b~b~c<sub>3</sub>d~</i> <i>d~e~e~c<sub>3</sub></i> <i>aabbccdee<sub>4</sub></i>	No exact parallel. No exact parallel. Used also by Words- worth in <i>Her Eyes are Wild and Forsaken In- dian Woman</i> .
<i>anzas</i> formed of groups of couplets	Stepping Westward (188)	<i>aabbccdd<sub>4</sub></i> ; last stan- za adds <i>ee<sub>4</sub></i>	Common form in seven- teenth and eighteenth century poetry.
	She was a Phantom (22)	<i>anbbccdee<sub>4</sub></i>	
	O nightingale (216) To a Highland Girl (197)	Groups of 4-beat couplets ending in a triplet. Stanza i, 19 lines; ii, 25 lines; iii, 15 lines; iv, 17 lines.	
	Gipsies (229)	Groups of 12 lines, •consisting of alter- nate 5-foot and 4-foot couplets.	
Four-beat couplets	The Kitten and the Falling Leaves (58)	Falling rhythm.	Wither's <i>Shep- herd's Hunting</i> .

<i>Stanza.</i>	<i>Title of Poem.</i>	<i>Metrical Form.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>	<i>Wordsworth's Probable Source.</i>
Four-beat couplets <i>(continued)</i>	Glen Almain (190) Matron of Jedburgh (192)	Rising rhythm.		
Brougham	Castle (302)	Alternation of rising and falling rhythm.	wide notes pp. 443-4.	
Heroic couplets	Happy Warrior (39)	Mixture of double and triple rhythm.		
Irregular stanzas	Tribute (276) Redbreast and Butterfly (24)	Lines vary from 5 to 2 feet. Rhymes both masculine and feminine.		
	To H. C. (71)	Lines from 2 to 5 feet. Rhymes occasionally feminine.		
	To a Skylark (88)	Lines from 2 to 4 feet, triplerhythm, but irregular.		
	Ode (321)	Irregular Pindaric	Great variety throughout in arrangement of rhymes; and length of lines varying from 2 feet to 6 feet.	

## APPENDIX III.

IN a small notebook of Sara Hutchinson now in the possession of Miss Joanna Hutchinson, and kindly lent to me by her, I find transcripts of twenty-four poems of Wordsworth all except one of which were, as it appears, composed between the end of 1801 and June 1802, and sent to Mary and Sara Hutchinson at Gallow Hill, perhaps in batches, as they were composed. The dates, as we follow the poems through, are nearly all clearly confirmed by entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal or by reference in letters. Clinching, and most interesting evidence of date is found in the transcription by Sara here of an early version, unfortunately mutilated by the tearing out of a page, of *The Leech-gatherer*, later called *Resolution and Independence*. Between May 3 and 9, as Dorothy records in her Journal, W. composed his first draft of *The Leech-gatherer*. On June 14 he writes to Sara (*v. Early Letters*, ed. E. de S., pp. 304-6) rebuking her with severity for her failure to understand his main purpose in the poem—of which he must have sent this first draft to her and Mary in the interval:

My Dear Sara,

I am exceedingly sorry that the latter part of the Leech-gatherer has displeased you, the more so because I cannot take to myself (that being the case) much pleasure or satisfaction in having pleased you in the former part. I will explain to you, in prose, my feeling in writing that poem and then you will be better able to judge whether the fault be mine or yours or partly both. I describe myself . . . *the passage continues as on p. 381 supra, q.v.*

W. in this letter (*vide supra*, p. 382) quotes phrases from the poem which do not appear in any printed version, nor in any of the known MSS., viz. a lonely place, 'a Pond, by

which an old man *was*, far from all house or home ;' and 'How came he here? thought I'. Now Sara's version holds the lines

I to the borders of a Pend did come,

By which an Old Man was, far from all house or home.

Sara had evidently expressed feelings of boredom in reading the second part of the poem which gave the old man's tale of his loss of wife and ten children and details of his travels and his difficulties in his un lucrative occupation.

In her transcript of the early version of the poem the stanza immediately following the line just quoted

' By which an Old Man was, far from all house or home ' opens thus :

He seem'd like one who little saw or heard

For chimney nook, or bed, or coffin meet.

This suggestion of the sort of dead-alive old figure often seen in a cottage chimney-corner did not invoke in Sara that sense of ' spirituality or supernaturalness ' which W. meant to give to his vision of the old man.

It is much to Wordsworth's credit that he digested Sara's criticism, at first unpalatable, but found later to be sound and even stimulating. He cut out the stanza of which I have just quoted the beginning, and put in its place that stanza which is surely the imaginative core of the poem ; setting the old man in a wild desolate landscape, and making him partake of its strangeness :

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie

Couch'd on the bald top of an eminence . . .

Further he cut out from the Leech-gatherer's speech his account of his family losses, and some at least of his difficulties over the leeches. Sara's copy clearly gave that first version which W. completed on May 9 : and which is not found in any other known MS.

The revision was done, as D. W. records in her Journal, by July 4th. For full record of the variants *vide infra*, p. 477.

To read that first version, patched together as well as we can from what remains of Sara's transcript, is to realize most sharply the move forward that W. was making in the spring of 1802 from the matter-of-fact descriptive style of the *Lyrical Ballads* of which some examples survive in the volumes of 1807 (e.g. in *Alice Fell* and *The Sailor's Mother*) to the freer imaginative art which finds its release in these volumes (e.g. in *The Solitary Reaper*).

Sixteen of the poems in Sara's notebook were included in *Poems in Two Volumes*, 1807. Nearly all represent earlier versions than those of the printed text. For completeness I have included in my record the other poems of the transcript that were not printed in 1807. In recording the chief variants below, I follow the order in which the poems stand in Sara's notebook, and for convenience I give references both to the present edition of the two volumes of 1807, thus: 1807, p. 92, and to the edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, 1940-9 (ed. E. de Selincourt and H. Darbishire) thus: i, p. 232. The line-numbers in the left-hand margin refer to the text of the 1807 Poems, those in square brackets in the right to the final text in *Poetical Works*, wherever the numbers differ.

*Alice Fell*, 1807, p. 92. i, p. 232.

The top of the page is torn off so that at least one stanza is wanting from the beginning of the poem. Sara's transcript starts thus:

The sky grows wild—a storm is near  
Clouds gather and the moon is drown'd—  
What is it that strange sound I hear ?  
What is the meaning of that sound ?

As if the wind blew many ways  
 I hear the noises more and more ;  
 —Down go the windows of the chaise,  
 And the noise follows as before.

‘ Hola ! what noise is that,’ said I,  
 The Post Boy halted at the word  
 I listened, neither voice nor cry  
 Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The Post Boy smack’d his whip, and fast  
 The horses scamper’d through the rain ;  
 And as before between the blast  
 I heard the self-same sound again.

Two stanzas are now missing from the verso of the page of which the top was torn off. The transcript continues :

- 26        ‘ ’Tis torn in pieces look !—look here ’  
 Entangled in the wheel it hung,  
 A weather-beaten rag, as e’er  
 Upon a murderer’s gibbet hung.
- 29        ‘ Twas twisted, etc., as text.

The rest of the poem corresponds with the text of 1807 with very slight variations.

*The Emigrant Mother*, 1807, p. 283. ii, p. 56.

The first 14 lines, also the last two stanzas, of the printed ed. 1807 are missing. The Poem begins after the title :

- 15 Dear Babe ! thou daughter of another  
 45 My own dear Harry he  
 48 his day  
 64 those two  
 74 any Babe  
 75–95 om.

*To a Butterfly*, 1807, p. 213. i, p. 226.

- 2 A little moment

3 Much reading

4 Thou Bible

12 My sister Dorothy

18 his wings

' My heart leaps up ', 1807, p. 218. i, p. 226.

The heading in transcript is *Extempore*

8 And I should wish that all my days may be

[*The Sailor's Mother*: no title in transcript] 1807, p. 27. ii, p. 54.

1 The day was cold and rain [*clearly a slip of the pen for raw*] & wet

5 —Majestic seem'd she as a mountain storm ;

6 A Roman matron's gait—like feature & like form  
11 of low estate ;

16 What is it you are carrying there ?'

19 ' My eldest son, a Sailor, sail'd

' With God's good blessing many a day

' But at the last, his fortune fail'd—

' —In Denmark he was cast away :

' At Hull he liv'd where I have been to see

' What Clothes he might have left, or other property.

24/5 ' The room in which he lodg'd was small,

' And few effects were in it, when

' I reach'd the place ; I sold them all,

' And now am travelling home again.

' I live at Mary-port, a weary way !

' And scarcely what I have will for my journey pay.

Lines 29–34, 1807, *om.*

For the last stanza, MS. reads first four lines as 25–8.  
1807 ; followed by

35–6 ' And I, God help me ! for my little wit

' Trail't with me, Sir ! he took so much delight in it ! '

*The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly*, 1807, p. 24. ii, p. 149.

- 6 the Charles of Swedish Boors,  
 8/9 In Germany their little Hans,  
 The Frederick whom they love in France,

[*Beggars* : no title in transcript] 1807, p. 85. ii, p. 222.

- 16 Such woes thought I can  
 17-18 —‘ And yet some small assistance you shall have  
 And for your beauty’s sake—you are a woman  
 brave ’

A line is drawn here, and below stands the heading *Second part.*

- 20 before me, did I spy  
 25-30 *om.*

- 31 They spied me all at once—and lo ! [37]  
 35 ‘ That could not be,’ said one, ‘ my mother’s dead.’ [41]  
 41 said one, [47]

*To a Butterfly*, 1807, p. 234. ii, p. 22.

- 8 Shall find  
 9 And call  
 13 And feed  
 18 And childish summer days as long (altered to 1807  
 text)

[*Repentance*: no title in transcript] Not in 1807 volumes,  
 ii, p. 46.

O, Fools that we were, etc., as MSS. quoted, ii, p. 46,  
 in *app. crit.* [1]

Half a dozen snug fields fat, contented, and gay ; [2]  
 For the rest the transcript corresponds with the  
 MSS. (generally with MS. 3) except :

Let him come, let him come with his bags [6]  
 Sometimes when I lift up the latch of a gate [15]  
 on the fields and the cows & the sheep [31]

' Among all lovely things my Love had been ', 1807, p. 74.  
ii, p. 466.

The chief variations are those recorded in *app. crit.* ii,  
p. 466 except :

19 *For Lucy* read Mary. The copy sent to S. T. C. reads  
Emma. For date of composition and of the in-  
cident of the poem *vide supra*, p. 369.

*Written while resting upon the Bridge near the foot of Bro-  
ther's Water—at noon Ap. 15th. 1802*, 1807, p. 219. ii, p. 220.

The correct date is given both in W.'s letter to S. T. C.  
16th April 1802 and in *D. W.'s Journal* 'April 16th, Good  
Friday.' [April 16, 1802 was Good Friday.]

6-7 The horse and his marrow

Drag the plough and the harrow,

*The Sparrow's Nest*, 1807, p. 227. i, p. 227.

W. dates the poem 1801, but it surely must belong to  
Spring 1802.

4 this simple

6 little bed

9 My Sister Dorothy

*The Leech-gatherer* [*Resolution and Independence* 1807], 1807,  
p. 97. ii, p. 235.

This version of the poem was composed between May 3 and  
9 (*vide D. W.'s Journal*), and sent to Sara and Mary some  
days before June 14 when W. writes the letter answering  
Sara's criticism (*vide supra* p. 471 and pp. 381-2.) The revi-  
sion made in response to Sara's objections was done between  
July 2 and 4 (*vide D. W.'s Journal*). Unfortunately Sara  
tore out the page containing most of the early version can-  
celled by W., but a good deal of it can be reconstructed

from the remaining stub, which on the recto sometimes gives the first letters of the lines, and on the verso in one instance the last two words, making identification possible.

38-9 Who will not wade to seek a bridge or boat,  
How can he ever hope to cross the flood ?

55-6 I to the borders of a Pond did come [54-6]  
By which an Old Man was, far from all house or  
home.

57-60 He seem'd like one who little saw or heard  
For chimney-nook, or bed, or coffin meet.  
A stick was in his hand wherewith he stirr'd  
The waters of the pond beneath his feet.

The torn-out page follows and the stub shows the following words at the beginning of the next three lines :

How [

But [

How [

I suggest that the last line began 'How came he there, thought I . . .' Of the next stanza little can with confidence be reconstructed, but its 4th, 5th, and 6th lines, judging from the stub, seem to have been

74-6 Com[ing together in life's pilgrimage] [67-9]  
As if [some dire constraint of pain, or rage]  
Of [sickness had by him in times long past]

For 'had by him', the early reading, *vide* W.'s letter to Mary, May 14, 1802.

The next stanza is indicated by the stub quite clearly as that which occurs in the copy sent to Longman for printing in 1807.

[MSS. formerly in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman, now in that of Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein.]

- 84/5 He [wore a Cloak, the same as women wear]  
 As [one whose bloōd did needful comfort lack :]  
 His [face look'd pale as if it had grown fair]  
 An[d, furthermore, he had upon his back,]  
 Ben[eath his cloak, a round and bulky Pack ;]  
 A l[oad of wool or raiment, as might seem ;]  
 [That on his shoulders lay as if it clave to him.]<sup>1</sup>

Two more stanzas should follow but the stub gives no help in identification. This brings us to the bottom of the torn-out page. On the verso the stub makes it possible to identify the first stanza as lines 99–105, 1807, or stanza XIV, ii, p. 238: the word on the stub at the end of the first line is ‘chest’ at the end of the last, ‘dues’.

Three stanzas and the first five lines of a fourth, telling of his loss of wife and ten children and his struggle for a living, must have followed on the verso. The next page runs:

- 131–3 I yet can gain my bread, tho’ in times gone [124–6]  
 I twenty could have found where now I can find one.

[om. 1807] Feeble I am in health these hills to climb  
 and all Yet I procure a living of my own  
 other This is my summer work, in winter time  
 editions] I go with godly Books from Town to Town.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This stanza was withdrawn at the last moment, perhaps in response to the criticism of Coleridge, who remarked as a characteristic defect in Wordsworth’s poetry, ‘the insertion of accidental circumstances in order to the full explanation of his living characters.’ (*vide Biog. Lit.*, ch. xxii.) ‘This accidentality’, he urged, ‘contravenes the essence of poetry.’

<sup>2</sup> *vide D. W.’s Journal*, Oct. 3, 1800.

Now I am seeking Leeches up and down  
 From house to house I go, from Barn to Barn  
 All over Cartmell Fells & up to Blellan Tarn.<sup>1</sup>

141–7 With this the Old Man other matter blended

[134–40]

Which he deliver'd with demeanour kind  
 Yet stately in the main—etc. as *text of 1807*

*To a Cuckoo*, 1807, p. 231. ii, p. 207.

The text is identical with that of 1807 except:

6 hollow for restless.

18–19 I listen'd to, whom I

Look'd for a thousand, thousand ways

*Sonnet 'I grieved for Buonaparte'*, 1807, p. 138. iii, p. 110.

The text is identical with that of 1807.

*The Tinker*: in Longman MSS. but not printed in 1807, nor ever by W. W. iv, p. 366.

The text is identical with that of Longman MSS. except:

42 Not doubting of her dread

Like a Bullfinch black & red.

*To a Skylark*,<sup>2</sup> 1807, p. 88. ii, p. 141.

5 all the clouds about us ringing

6–7 We two will sail along [This line provides a rhyme to line 2, which in the printed version ends in a blind rhyme]

<sup>1</sup> For W.'s eliminations of local names and details in later versions cf. *A Farewell*, p. 482 *infra*, and *The Prelude* *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> W. dated the poem 1805, but Mr. T. Hutchinson suggested that from its style it belonged to 1802, and further that it was probably conceived on W.'s visit on foot to Scotland in 1801. W. went by the same route that he and L. W. followed in 1803, on which D. W. notes, in her Journal, of their journey through Solway Moss, 'the dreary waste cheered by the endless singing of skylarks', *vide* lines 8–9.

- 8-9 I have sung in wildernesSES dreary  
But today
- 13/14 Up with me, up with me powerfully  
I will yoke myself to thee  
And we'll travel merrily ;
- 18 nest, which thou lov'st best ;

[*Stanzas written in my pocket-copy of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'* ii, p. 25. 'Within our happy Castle . . .' No title in transcript.] Not in 1807 volumes. First printed in 1815.

Text identical with MS. quoted in *app. crit.* ii, pp. 25-7, except :

large dark eyes	[39]
Ah God forefend !	[46]
And leaves & flowers, & herbage green & gold	[62]
Most happy livers	[69]

[*Foresight* : No title in transcript.] 1807, p. 289. i, p. 227.

- 16 Spare the little  
21 Daisies must be daisies still

*Travelling.* iv, p. 423. Not in 1807 volumes.

Text identical with MS.M. (with same title) except :

- 2 these fading leaves.

'The Sun has long been set', 1807, p. 215. iv, p. 9.

Text identical with 1807 except :

- 4 and the trees  
5 There 's the Cuckoo.

'These chairs they have no word' : *Half an hour afterwards* :

(one poem in two parts.) Not in 1807 volumes. iv, p. 365.

Text as in iv, p. 365 except that it omits the penultimate line "Be but thou ever as now."

*A Farewell.* ii, p. 23. Not in 1807 volumes. First printed in 1815.

This version was transcribed after receiving W.'s letter of June 14, 1802: it embodies the corrections there made. The text corresponds with that of the manuscript quoted in *app. crit.* ii, pp. 23-5 except :

Of Fairfields mighty temple	[3]
distant Chattels	[13]
love this Bower	[26]
Dear Spot whom	[33]

' Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay '.  
iii, p. 6. Not in 1807 volumes. Composed in 1811. First printed in 1815.

Line 6 is omitted in the transcript, which otherwise corresponds with the text of 1815, except

by <i>for</i> with	[11]
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*Indexes will be found on pages 346 and 349*

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